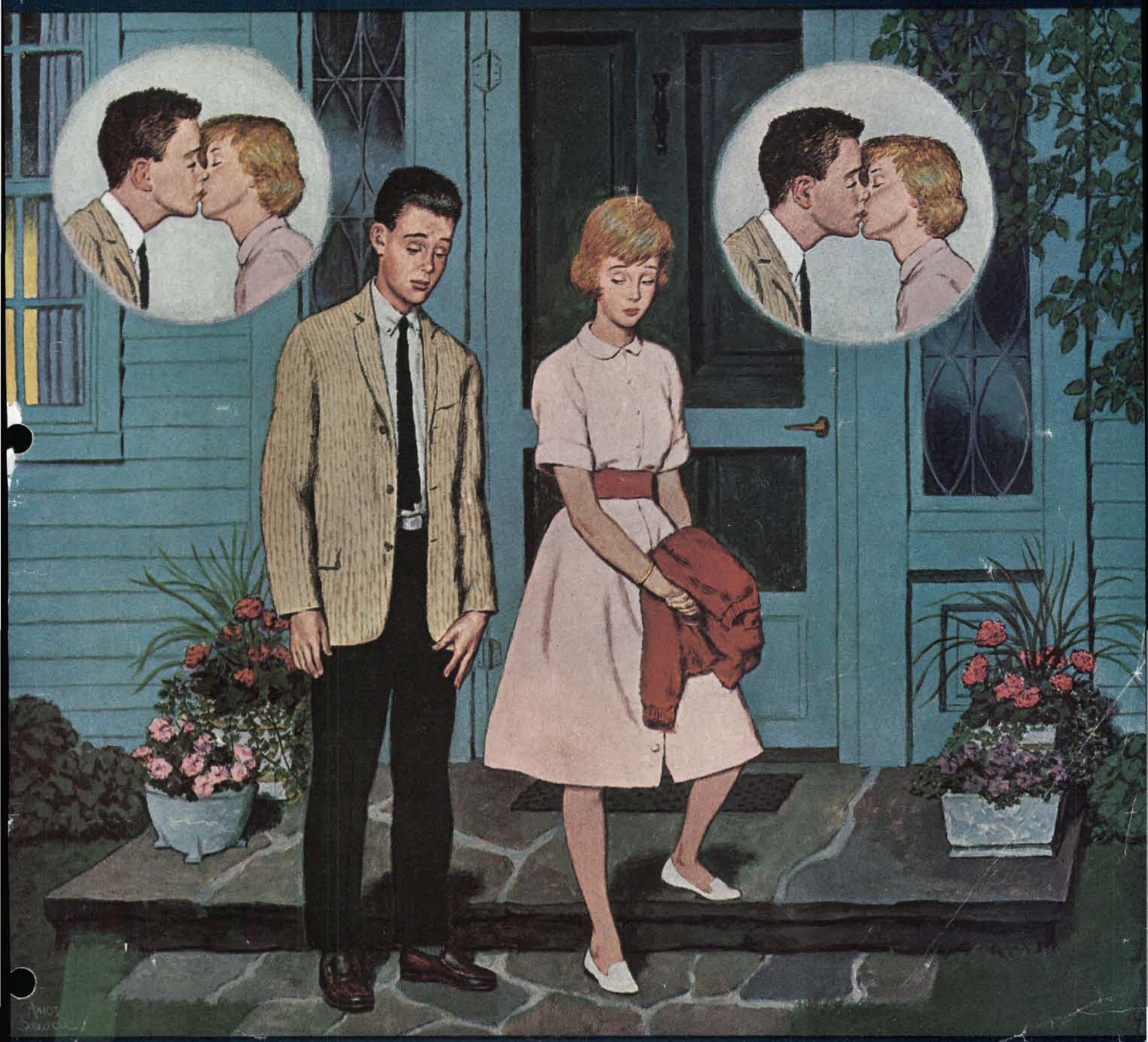
The Saturday Evening
POST
July 28-August 4, 1962
20¢

Guadalcanal
By Samuel Eliot Morison

Psychiatry For the Family



Also in this issue

Space Warfare by Stewart Alsop

Hayley Mills by Pete Martin

Herbert Hoover

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Admiral Morison. Literary critics have a habit of declaring that not since Thucydides wrote his *History of the Peloponnesian War* has the world seen such a readable and scholarly admiral as **Samuel Eliot Morison.** A professor emeritus of Harvard and a retired rear admiral of the Navy, Morison has won two Pulitzer prizes—for biographies of Christopher Columbus and John Paul Jones. A Boston Brahmin, he lives in the Beacon Hill section, in the house where he was born. In fact, he relives his life there in a new book, *One Boy's Boston*, to be published this fall. Like Thucydides, Admiral Morison participates as much as possible in the events he chronicles. Voyaging in sailing vessels, he retraced Columbus's routes. And much of his fifteen-volume *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* concerned battles he witnessed from the decks of eleven warships. Now, twenty years after the event, Admiral Morison writes of that "bloody and desperate campaign for control of an island that neither side really wanted, but which neither could afford to abandon to the enemy."

Other By-Lines. **Stewart Alsop** recently rose more than an inch on our masthead—from Contributing Editor to Washington Editor. . . . Hayley Mills is the first child star since Shirley Temple to get the **Pete Martin** treatment. . . . Reporter-at-large **Jack Alexander** unpacks his suitcase most often in Zurich, St. Louis and New York. . . . *Post* newcomer **Jerry Holtzman** covers major-league baseball for the Chicago *Sun-Times*. . . . **Milton Silverman,** holder of a Ph.D. in biochemistry and past winner of the Albert Lasker Award for Medical Journalism, collaborates with his wife this week. . . . **Ben Hibbs**'s byline returns to our pages for the first time since his retirement as Editor. He has spent most of his time since then editing other writers' copy. . . . **Nathan A. Haverstock,** who is fluent in Portuguese (also Spanish, Italian, Latin, classical Greek), had no trouble communicating in Brazil. . . . CHICKEN COLONEL is drawn from **Frank Harvey**'s research on *The U.S. Strike Command*, a forthcoming nonfiction book about our "lightning warriors". . . . A recent addition to our staff: Contributing Editor **Roul Tunley,** former teacher, editor and naval officer; he has written two dozen *Post* articles. *Newsweek* calls his current book, *Kids, Crime and Chaos*, "a fresh and jolting book" which "cuts through the cliché that improved living conditions help deter delinquent behavior." This point was, literally, brought home to Tunley: While he was researching the book, his house was ransacked by the son of a well-to-do neighbor.

The Cover. The night no longer is young, but the lovebirds, as portrayed by Amos Sewell, are. And they're perplexed. He: *If I try to kiss her on our first date, she'll figure I'm a real creep.* She: *I wonder why he doesn't want to kiss me. Does he think I'm funny-looking?* Ah, the agonies of adolescence. Puppy love must have been invented by a basset hound—it wears such a sorrowful face.

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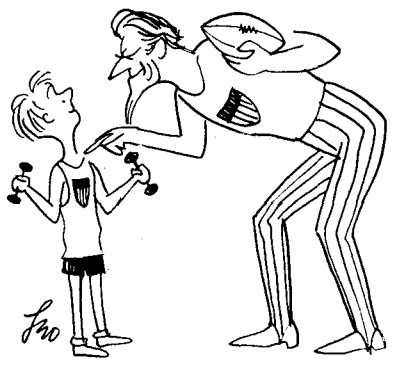
LETTERS

Putting Steel in Our Muscles

Dear Sirs:

Wasn't the article, TOUGHENING OUR SOFT GENERATION [by R. M. Marshall with William Gill, June 23], a little superfluous? I thought everybody knew by now that the way to put more of that



good old United States steel in our muscles is to play touch football.

S. OMAR BARKER
Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Marshall was so right when he said parents coddle their children. After seventeen years as a scoutmaster, I will most emphatically say that Boy Scouts do accept the challenge—provided the parents permit it. . . . I am sure Mr. Marshall's article will be a wonderful boost to scouting and the youth of our country.

D. M. MARSTERS
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Are we not concerned about our girls? The female was hardly mentioned in your article. Most people will readily accept a toughening-up program for boys, but try to convince parents that girls need to be toughened up also,

JUDITH BROWN
Downsville, N.Y.

America: Ugly or Beautiful?

Dear Sirs:

Re Stewart Alsop's SPEAKING OUT: AMERICA THE UGLY [June 23], I'm fed to the gills with two kinds of garbage: (1) bottles, cans, old newspapers, soft wrappers and orange peels lining our roadways, and (2) irresponsible allegations against billboards. . . . Billboards rarely mar the beauty of our countryside, because few buyers are so stupid as to purchase boards in low-traffic-count areas.

LOU LETTS
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop's article could not have been more timely, as my family and I have just completed a trip to the Seattle World's Fair. Neon signs and billboards literally line the freeway along the 180 miles from Portland, Oregon, to Seattle.

JANET ROGERS (age 14)
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

For everyone looking for ugliness, there will be ugliness. For those seeking beauty and release from their daily lives, America still and always will offer such a release in her countryside and her peoples, regardless of the scars incurred from our great population. . . . How can people maintain pride in their country if it is constantly undersold?

PATRICIA CARLSGAARD
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

U.S.A. has definitely come to mean the United Sloppiness of America.

CHARLES A. MASON
Windsor, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop said so well what must be said "again, and again, and again." I love the outdoors. . . . Yet nearly everywhere I go I have been completely disgusted with the utter filth created by those whose only interest seems to be to contribute to ugliness.

JUDGE JAMES F. BELL
Supreme Court of Ohio
London, Ohio

Readers vs. Williams

Dear Sirs:

I have just read the series of articles by Edward Bennett Williams [ATTORNEY FOR THE ACCUSED, June 9–23], and I am not convinced. It appears that everything the law does today favors the lawbreaker with money. . . . If a man commits a crime, he is guilty in my book regardless of all the fancy words and miles of testimony thrown up to protect the guilty and impede the true process of law.

L. H. LINDSAY
Hendersonville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

One of the most courageous, sincere, forthright series of articles I have ever read.

BARBARA SHERMAN
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Surely Mr. Williams's profound insight concerning wiretapping reflects the ideals of true American democracy. I was reminded . . . of George Orwell's novel, *1984*, in which the word "privacy" simply did not exist. . . . I hate to think of our trusted police forces personifying Orwell's Big Brother.

NORMAN A. BARRON
South Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

It appears to make no difference to Edward Bennett Williams if his clients are guilty or not, as long as he can make use of the Fourth Amendment, which is outmoded in this modern day. If a person has done no wrong, why should he object to wiretapping in any form? Justice should be served. . . . Why hamstring our law-enforcement agencies?

GLEN WELLS
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Pill Pusher: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:

John Kobler's article on Carlton Fredericks [RADIO'S PILL PUSHER, June 16] supported what I had felt about this man. However, it leaves me feeling the real problem has not been touched. . . . Why are people so gullible? . . . In short, it springs from ignorance—

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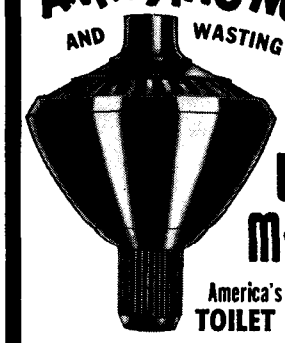

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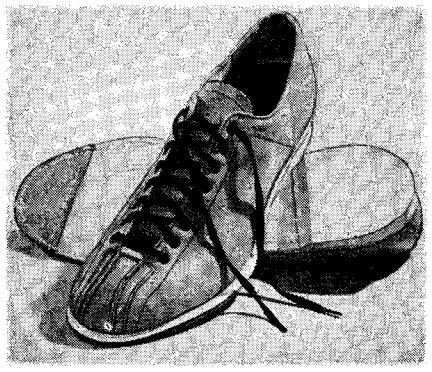

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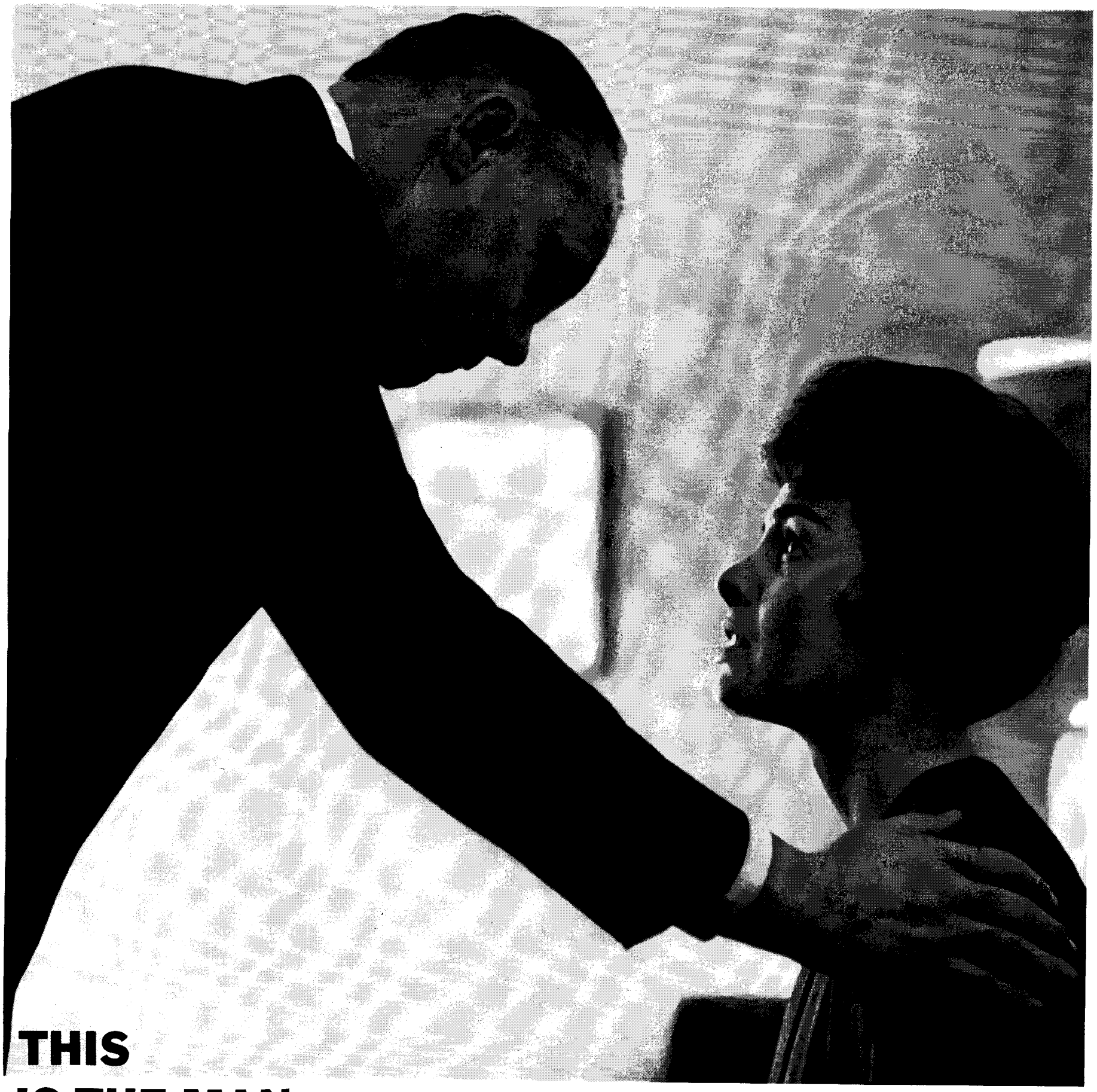

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LETTERS

which is not only encouraged but generally enforced by the orthodox medical profession. . . . When the medical profession can act in a little more enlightened manner toward its patients, there will be less room for people like Fredericks to get such a hold.

NORMAN H. CROWHURST
Gold Beach, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

No matter what *The Post* writes about him, three cheers for Doctor Fredericks and all his good works.

JANET PAQUETTE
New Britain, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

This article is a real contribution to aid the public in understanding the economic waste and potential danger of unnecessary food supplements.

ISABEL PATTERSON
Brookline, Mass.

Bee Lovers, Arise!

Dear Sirs:

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH THE BEES, by Murray Hoyt [June 16], may be a well-intended article. Yet to this friend of the most beneficial and certainly most misunderstood insect, it seems you have done much harm to the beekeeper, who has enough trouble to save his pollenizing, honey-producing bees from getting poisoned by the very people who benefit most from the insect, by harvesting bigger fruit and seed crops. This important fact should have been stressed more strongly.

JUDITH HARRIS
Columbia, S.C.

Hurrah for Filibuster

Dear Sirs:

I agree with the sentiments expressed by Hodding Carter [SPEAKING OUT: LET'S KEEP THE FILIBUSTER, June 16]. Any legislation that is violently opposed by any group of law-abiding citizens should be most carefully considered before being passed, and those citizens should be given every opportunity to state their case. Silencing the opposition has always been the first step on the road to dictatorship.

WINIFRED SYZE
Douglaston, N.Y.

Brando Plays New Role

Dear Sirs:

When the June 16 issue arrived I thought it was a picture of Napoleon on the cover. After reading the article [THE MUTINY OF MARLON BRANDO, by Bill Davidson] I know you have a picture of Napoleon on the cover.

RUTH V. WIETING
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I'll be danged. Six wasted pages and one cover dedicated to (in my opinion) a slob.

MRS. FRANK H. NEWMAN
Fairhope, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Bill Davidson's article was ridiculous—one-sided, prejudiced, knocking a superb performer.

MARIANNA HOOPES
Norwich, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [DEAR LIZ, DEAR MARLON, June 16] amused me very much. . . . My own thoughts were that Taylor and Brando should marry and adopt Marilyn Monroe as their child.

CATHERINE PARRISH
Homewood, Ill.

Coming... in the next Post

Are We Headed in the Wrong Direction?

BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Shelley Winters, Compulsive Talker

ALSO:

Help for the Hard of Hearing

Let's End the Civil War!

By Harry Golden

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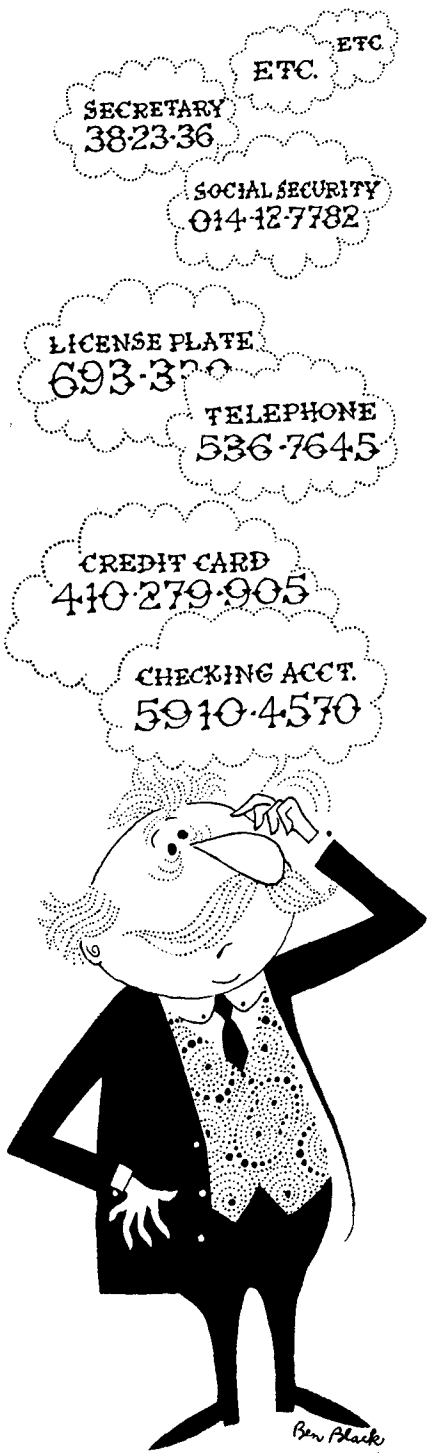
Are We a Nation of Digits?

It won't be long before we have numbers instead of names.

By JESSE STUART

Jesse Stuart lives on the land where he was born, in the valley of W-Hollow, Kentucky. The first member of his family to graduate from high school, he went on to receive six honorary doctorates for the eloquent poems and stories he has written about his beloved Kentucky hills.



In World War II, when I served in the United States Naval Reserve, I was given a number to use instead of my name. I thought then that the number was merely a substitute for my name, that after the war ended I would get my name back. But have any of us? In the last twenty years the trend to substitute numbers for names has grown with such momentum that there seems to be no way to head it off. The number mania is like a large snowball rolling down a mountainside, sweeping its path clean.

I have already become a seven-digit telephone number. I'm 473-4813. "Is this No. 473-4813?" the operator asks. And I have to answer "yes" to get the call. My number used to be Grover 3-5613. I liked that, because it had a name in it. In those days I could call Sue, Nell or Tillie at the Greenup telephone exchange and ask them the time of day or what was news in Greenup. I'd call them by their first names and they would call me by my first name. Jesse sounds better to me than 473-4813. Jesse is a good old Hebrew name. I like it. But gone is Grover 3-5613, and gone is the Greenup telephone exchange. Gone too are Nell, Sue and Tillie. Gone is Jesse Stuart, for he is now 473-4813.

I've got more number names too. I got a gasoline credit card once, before driving to California. My credit card was a number, ten digits, something like this: 132-577-5482. This was too big a number for me to tote around, even in my billfold. In disgust I threw it from my car window, onto the salt plains of Utah.

Now I've been told that I must have a bank number very soon and I won't be able to throw that away. Meanwhile, I sometimes get letters addressed to Occupant, Box 1000, Greenup, Kentucky, as if I had no other name. This makes my blood pressure rise. Some letters are merely addressed to Box 1000. To bring my blood pressure back to normal, I throw all these letters into the wastebasket without opening them.

Numbers for a Schoolboy

I have never wanted to be called a number in my life. Not from the time when I was a small boy at Plum Grove Rural School, when the teacher called our numbers in the order we had been chosen to come up front and spell. I resented being called a number then as much as I do now.

In our school there were forty to fifty pupils. Being Number One on either team was important to the pupil, perhaps more important to him than his name. Those chosen Number Two, Three, Four, Five and Six, among the twenty or twenty-five on either side, felt important too. But getting down toward the end of the line, I'd have a number such as seventeen or eighteen, if I were lucky, or it might be twenty-three or twenty-four. My number depended on how many took part in the spelling match—how many were in school, for everybody took part. If there were forty or fifty in school, they were divided into two groups, making the last pupil on each side Number Twenty or Twenty-five.

At Plum Grove, studying grammar like a hungry chicken foraging for worms in the springtime, I learned that a number was defined as a numerical adjective (adjective: kind, comparison, and use). I couldn't see a picture when I thought of a number. I could see only vague nothingness, a pale abstraction, a ghost rising from one of the thousand Plum Grove graves behind our little one-room school. I could see emptiness, space, an indescribable color of the wind. I hated the vagueness of abstractions. An abstraction was a mark which meant little to me. This was why I resented being called a number when I went up to spell. It was not because my number, nineteen or twenty-four or twenty-five, meant I was such a poor speller that the team captain didn't choose me until the last.

A Beautiful and Proper Noun

When Carrie Burkhart, a pretty, blond-haired, blue-eyed girl who lived on a farm near Cedar Riffles, had her name called—which was always Number One—I wondered why the teacher did this. Number One was an abstract numerical adjective. Carrie Burkhart was a name to me—a person I had seen so often walking along a Plum Grove path in spring and summer, barefooted, with a blue ribbon in her hair. Carrie was a beautiful noun (noun: kind, number, gender, case and relations), a proper one, for it was the name of an important person, place or thing. When it applied to Carrie Burkhart it was a very beautiful and proper noun.

Then there were Clara Sinnett, Rhetta and Pauline Jordan, Edith Green, Martha and Minnie Howard, my cousins Grace, Essie and Eva Hilton, and my sisters Sophia, Mary and Glenna—all given these abstract numbers. I could not understand why nice names had to take numbers for substitutes—names so pretty in the mind's eye. When these names were called, my mind formed pictures. And there was music in the sounds of these names—music that reminded me of the wind in spring in willow leaves and in the frosted multicolored leaves on white oaks and red oaks in October.

Then there were the names of the boys: Everett Preston Hilton, Glen Hilton, Frank and Fred Hilton, my cousins: and Charlie Dials, Lonesome and Roy Perkins; Big Aaron Howard, Estil and Ramey and Little Edd Howard—all hunters and fishermen who went to school during the weekdays and hunted and fished at night. They loved hunting when they heard the wind in the pine tops at night and when moonbeams were coming through the pine boughs. These were my classmates, friends, neighbors, and playmates, and their names were stamped indelibly on my memory.

The Images That Names Evoke

Just hearing the real name spoken let me see the image of one of my friends shaking a possum from a persimmon tree, or standing by a fire built on a high ridge and listening to our hounds chase a fox, or pulling a catfish from the Little Sandy River in the spring fishing season, which we always knew because red worms came to the top of the ground and crawled at night. Red worms made crazy hieroglyphics in the sand.

Then, my own name: I never thought it was as pretty when written on paper, blackboard or slate as some of the others. It didn't have the musical sound of many, but it was my name, and a name meant something more to me than beauty and sound and what our ancestors had done. The name belonged to me. I had to wear it, like my skin.

Sitting dreamily in the Plum Grove School, I thought my name would become a very respectable and pretty name if I did good things. If I did evil things, it would become distasteful, no matter how musical its sound or how pretty it looked written down. My name would be what I made it. Whether I made it good or distasteful, it would still be a proper noun and a picture image. And good or bad, my name would be more than an abstract number could ever be.

Later, when I played high-school football, I had a number on my jersey. But why not my name? I wondered. Later I was on a college track team, where I wore another number. I had to accept the abstract numerical adjective over the mental image and the music of the noun.

In later years, when I became a teacher, I put names to everything. I loved any and all names of my students over numbers. Each name meant something to me—an image, a musical sound, all depending on what my youthful student was about to pack into that name.

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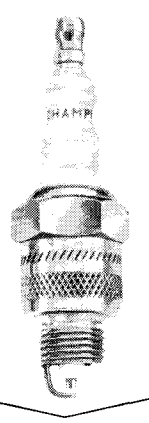

CHAMPION

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SPEAKING OUT

Names always mean more than numbers. I remember the last year I was principal at McKell High School, South Shore, Kentucky, when Coach Ben Webb got so tired of numbers on his football team he decided to do something about them. Each player was a number and each signal was a number. Our quarterbacks and players had trouble remembering all the signals. We had mix-ups and confusion. We lost games. Then this brilliant coach stumbled onto an idea that caused him to win games and almost made him immortal. He changed signal numbers to the names of high-school girls his players dated. There were no more passes to the wrong man down the field and there was no more trying to go through the wrong side of the line. Our team began to win games and influence fans.

Each play, whether it was Betty Mercer, Nadia Ratcliff, Yvonne Bentley, Sabrina Tolliver, Janice Quillen, Marilyn Timberlake, Loretta Phillips, Sue Ellen Major, Carol Sherman, or one of a dozen other names, was executed without error. We won games and Ben Webb gained a reputation. Comments were heard up and down the sidelines at every game that our coach had the best set of working signals they had ever seen in football.

A Number on a Dogtag

In this period of my life I thought I was through forever having to substitute numbers for names. I was wrong, though. When I joined the United States Naval Reserve in World War II, I had number 958-63-00 on my dogtag, which I kept on a little chain around my neck, and on a bracelet on my arm and on a piece of paper in my pocketbook, so that if I were killed at sea or on land they could identify my body.

After the war I said I'd never have another number, that I wouldn't be a numerical abstraction any more. Here is where I was fooled again. Because I didn't work for anybody, being self-employed, I didn't need a Social Security number—at least I thought I didn't.

Then, a few years after World War II, an attorney filling in my income tax returns warned me I would now have to pay into Social Security, although I had been exempt as one who earned money not from wages. He said he had already obtained a number for me. He warned me I could not escape. So my Social Security number is 405-44-5654. It is too long, too abstract, too colorless to remember. And I haven't tried very hard to memorize it.

While I served in World War II, I did try to memorize my serial number, because there was hardly a day when I didn't have to give my number—not my name—to somebody. This somebody, another number, recorded my number on paper, making copies in duplicate or triplicate. Since I was an officer, I was expected to have enough sense to remember my number, instead of having to read it from my identification bracelet. But I never did succeed in memorizing it, and after the war I stopped trying.

Fourteen years later Kentucky voted a bonus for Kentuckians who had served in the Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, and the Korean conflict. I had voted against this bonus, but I figured that because my taxes had to help pay for it, I ought to collect. I had to have my discharge to apply. I searched everywhere for this document but couldn't find it. I wrote to the Navy, asking for a photostatic copy, signing my full name, Jesse Hilton Stuart, to the letter. I thought my full name would suffice.

I waited a long time but received no reply. Then I wrote a senator from my state, asking if he could help me get my World War II discharge. In his reply he told me he had to have my serial number before he could do anything. I had forgotten my number. I searched everywhere for it. My wife, luckily, found my identification bracelet in her jewelry box. I sent this number to our senator in a hurry, for it was my number, not my name, that counted.

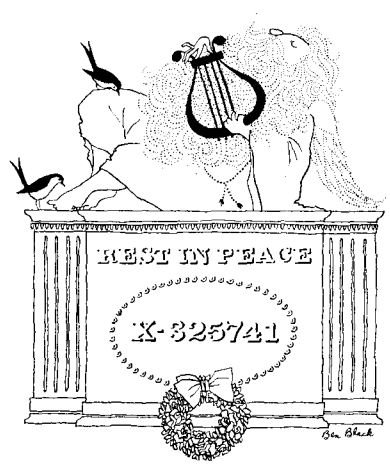
Recently, just before flying to the University of Florida to give a lecture, I received a letter from the member of the university's English Department who had invited me, telling me to be sure to bring my Social Security number, for I could not be paid without it. This brought up another problem. I had once carried my Social Security card in my billfold, but my billfold had been stolen with everything in it (including seventy-eight dollars) in Cairo, Egypt. And I couldn't remember the number at all.

So I drove off to the airport without my number, hoping that my name could substitute for it so I would be paid for my lecture. I was running low on money. It sounded crazy to me that I had to have my Social Security number before I could be paid. I thought, *No wonder so many Americans have need of a psychiatrist.*

(Luckily I found the number later on some old income-tax returns. I sent it to the University of Florida and they paid me.)

Have Names Lost Meaning?

Maybe I'd made a mistake by not memorizing my Social Security number, or by not wearing it on a tag around my neck or having it engraved on an identification bracelet to wear on my wrist at all times. I had learned that digits—which might be called a collective numerical adjective—were what counted, instead of the name Jesse (Hilton) Stuart. Yes, I carried my name among neighbors and friends, and it was attached to stories, poems and articles in magazines and in literature textbooks; but owing to changes in America, this, my real name, was mere window dressing. My name, the one that had real meaning in Social Security and death, had been recorded for all eternity in groups of figures with dashes separating them. We are becoming, if we haven't already made it, a country where number substitutes have become names, and names have been reduced to substitutes. I wonder whether in years to come numbers will be more appropriate for tombstones than names. I suppose that for the sake of our descendants we had better have numbers marking our graves, so they can identify us without mistake. **THE END**



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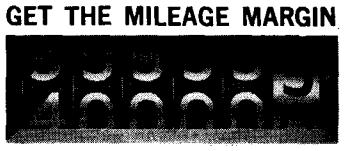

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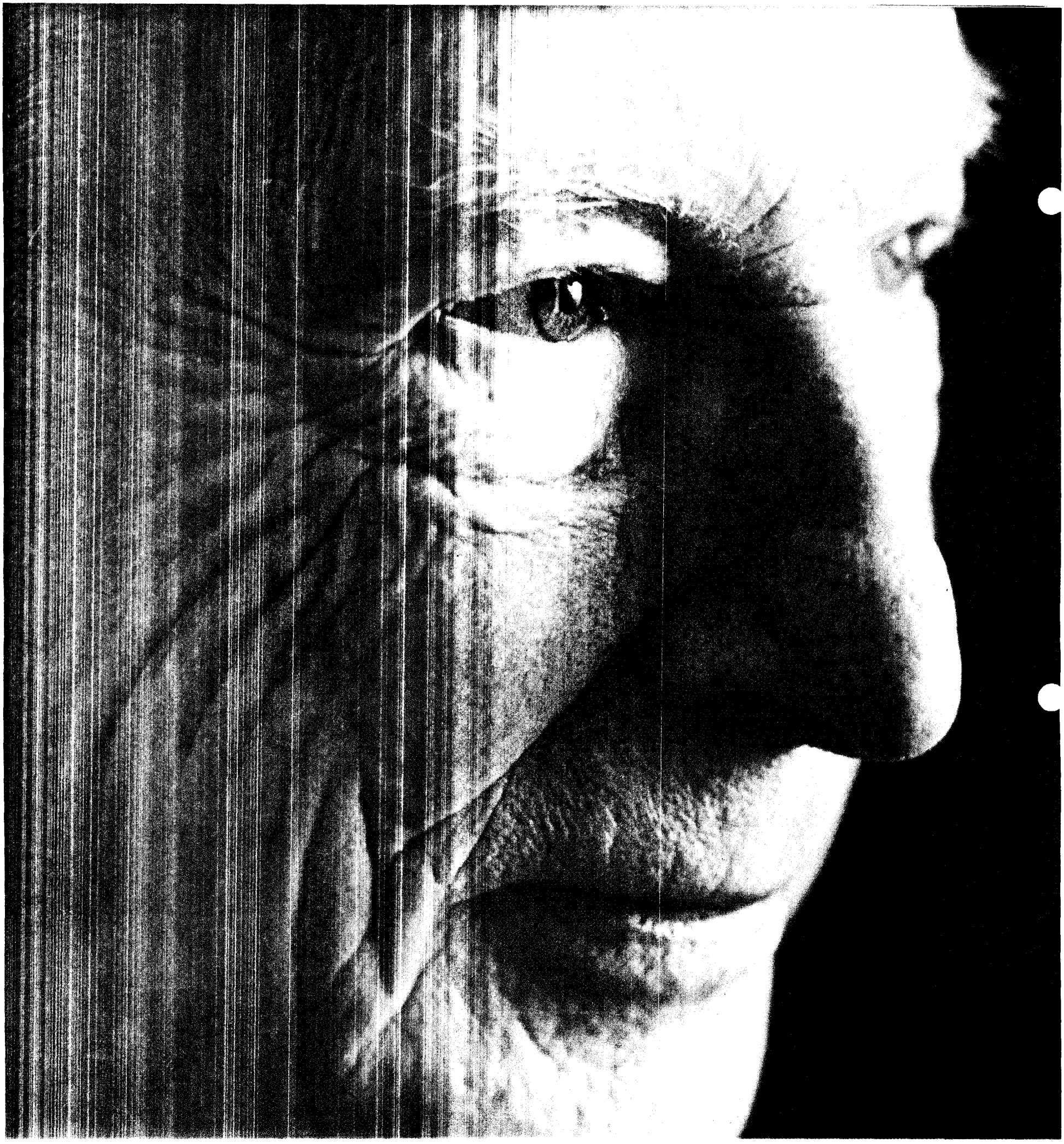

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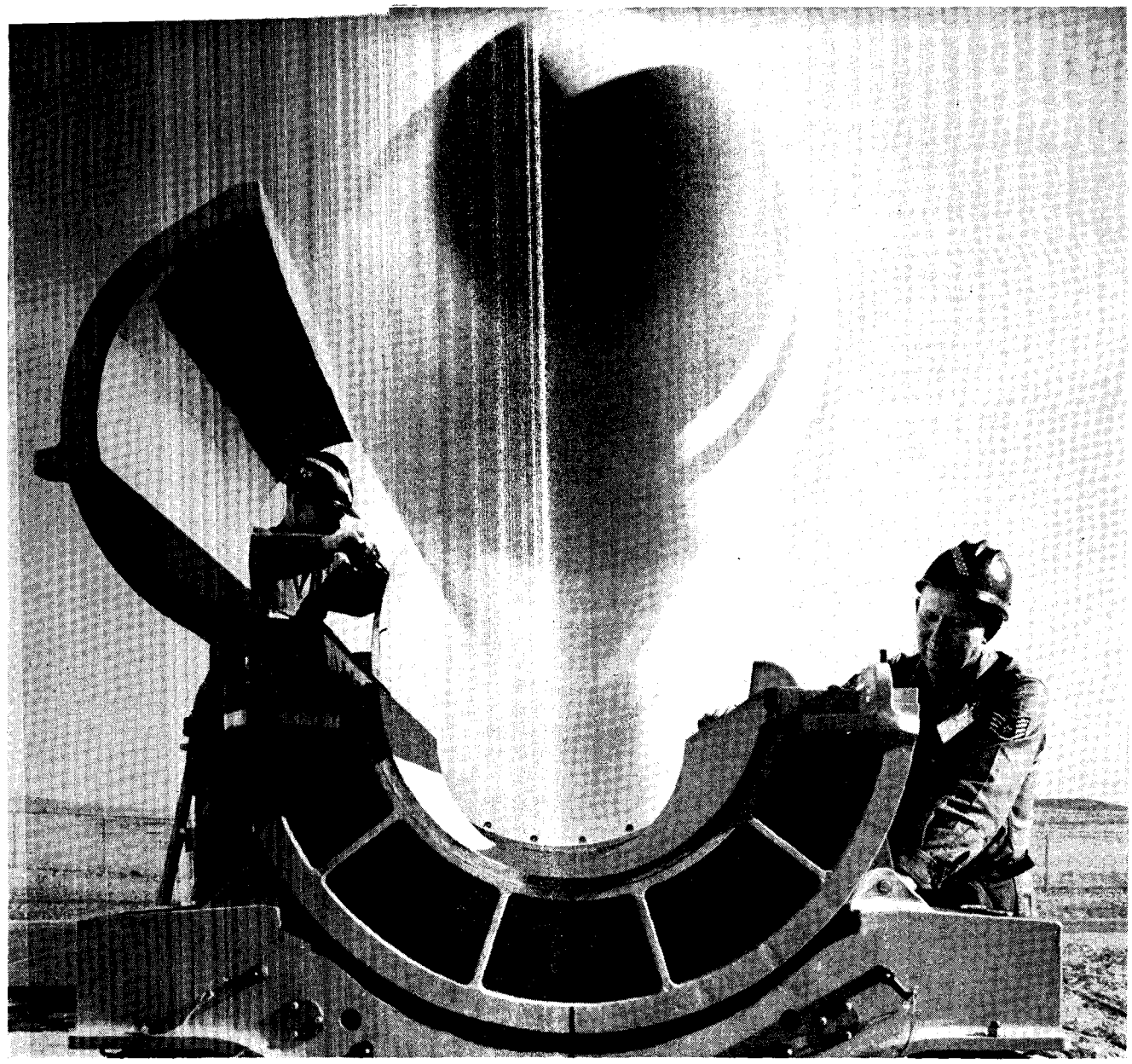

Air Force technicians ready a nuclear warhead for mating to an Atlas ICBM at a Wyoming missile base.

Outer Space: The Next Battlefield?

New developments in the space race include death rays and gigaton bombs. A *Post* editor considers their use in a fourth-dimensional war. • By STEWART ALSOP

The warhead of the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile is about as big as a small Christmas tree. It could be carried in a large pickup truck, and a big man could put his arms most of the way around the warhead's stubby, cream-colored snout.

Looking at that cream-colored snout, which I saw at an Atlas base in Iowa, I found it somehow hard to believe that it could really destroy a great city halfway round the world and kill perhaps half a million people. It was hard to believe that it could do those things in less than thirty minutes after the base commander pushed the plastic-covered GO button back in the command post. But it could.

As Archibald MacLeish has written, "It is now possible, for the first time in human history, to know as a mind what you cannot comprehend as a man." That Atlas missile, or ICBM, with its cream-colored snout, is our first true space weapon. It is already obsolescent—follow-on missiles, like the Titan and the Minuteman, will do the job better. And the emptiness of space, which alone makes it possible to hurl that cream-colored snout halfway round the world, will no doubt in time be used for other, even more terrible, weapons of war. Yet phrases like "space warfare" are unreal to us—we neither "know as a mind" nor "comprehend as a man" what they really mean.

It is a cliché nowadays to say that the struggle for supremacy in space may determine the future of mankind. But like many clichés, this one happens to be true. This is why, after seeing that cream-colored snout, I decided to try to write about space warfare in terms that even a scientific illiterate like myself could understand.

The official U.S. policy, of course, is that space should be used only for "peaceful purposes." But no military man on either side of the world believes that space will be used for peaceful purposes alone. "The struggle in and for outer space," Gen. G. I. Pokrovsky of Russia announced two days before the launching of the first Sputnik in 1957, "will have tremendous significance in the armed conflict of the future." More recently, Gen. Bernard Schriever, chief of our military space program, said that in the future "the important battles may not be sea battles or air battles, but space battles."

We are already spending over $5,000,000,000 a year on the conquest of space, for military as well as peaceful purposes. That sum may double and even triple. The Soviets are making a similar investment in order to assure victory in the "struggle in and for outer space." What is the struggle all about? What form might those "space battles" take?

As of today, neither General Pokrovsky nor General Schriever nor anyone else can give

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"For the first time in human history, you can know as a mind what you cannot

precise or detailed answers to those questions. But on both sides the specialists in this strange new form of warfare are beginning to get a glimmer of what the answers might be. In order to get such a glimmer, it is first necessary to understand the peculiar nature of the space environment.

We live, as every knowledgeable sixteen-year-old boy knows nowadays, at the bottom of a great sea of air, or atmosphere. But there is no sharp break between air and space, as there is between ocean and air—it is as though the air-ocean dissolved into an ever-thinning mist.

One scientist gives this ungrammatical and unscientific definition of space: "Space is where there ain't nothin'." In a sense, space begins at about 55,000 feet, where most aircraft begin to "mush out" for lack of air to press against their wings—thus a reader who has flown at altitudes above 30,000 feet in a jet has been closer to the beginnings of space than to the earth. But true space can be said to begin 100 miles up, about the lowest altitude at which a satellite can orbit without being slowed down by the atmosphere and forced to reenter it. Up there the molecules of air are hardly within speaking distance of one another, and there is *almost* "nothin'."

It is curiously difficult to "comprehend as a man" the characteristics of nothingness, just as it would be difficult for even an intelligent fish to comprehend the characteristics of air. In trying to comprehend the nature of nothingness, one phrase constantly repeats itself—"there is no."

There is, first and foremost, no air in space. Thus a space vehicle does not "fly" in an earth-bound sense—it has no wings because there is no air for its wings to press against. "My pa was a flying man in his day," says one Air Force general, "and the old man just can't get it through his head how we can send a big thin-skinned balloon around the earth at 18,000 miles an hour." A space vehicle, once in orbit, can be any old size and shape.

No Sound, No Horizon, No Weight

There is no sound in space, only an unending silence, and there is no blast from an explosion in space—blast, like sound, needs air. There is no horizon in space, and no air to limit vision, or to cushion or attenuate the emission of light, or power, or neutrons. Finally, as everyone knows since the Glenn and Carpenter flights, there is no weight in space—not in our conventional sense. The characteristic of weightlessness derives from the fact that the velocity of a vehicle in orbit balances the gravity of the earth.

This characteristic is almost as difficult to "comprehend as a man" as the notion of nothingness. We instinctively tend to think of a space vehicle as though it were just another kind of airplane, higher up. The best way to understand the vital difference between the two is to imagine a rather homely little scene.

The chief actors in this little scene are a boy on a lawn and a bird in the air above him. The boy picks up a stone and throws it at a tin can. The boy's arm determines the speed and distance and direction of the stone, but once it has left his hand, he has no more control over it. The stone is a ballistic missile. But unlike the stone, an ICBM travels through the unresistant nothingness of space to its target. Thus it is the nothingness of space that makes it possible to hurl a nuclear warhead, like that cream-colored snout I saw in Iowa, to a target 6000 miles away. To throw its warhead halfway round the world, an ICBM requires a speed of upward of 16,000 miles an hour.

Now the boy picks up another stone and ties a string to it and whirls it about his head. He lengthens the string and whirls the stone faster, or he shortens the string and whirls it slower. To this extent the stone can change its position in relation to the boy's head—the stone can "maneuver." But its field of maneuver is strictly limited and, if the boy whirls too slowly, the stone falls to the ground.

Stepping on the Gas in Space

The bird, by pressing its wings against the air, can maneuver freely in any direction. In this analogy the bird is an aircraft and the whirling stone is a space vehicle. "Orbital velocity"—a bit more than 18,000 miles an hour—is the string, which balances the gravitational pull of the earth. Increase this speed, and the string is lengthened, and the orbital vehicle goes higher above the earth. Increase it to about 25,000 miles an hour, and the string, as it were, escapes from the boy's hand, and the stone-space-vehicle flies free of the earth's gravitational pull.

The analogy, like most analogies, is imperfect. But it suggests why, as Under Secretary of the Air Force Joseph Charyk has remarked, "Space is inherently hostile to maneuver."

To understand why space is hostile to maneuver, imagine two manned satellites, or orbital vehicles, piloted by a couple of astronauts we shall call John and Ivan. Both are in the same orbit. Ivan's satellite is whirling about the earth a hundred miles or so ahead of John's. John wants to catch up. So he steps on the gas—he uses some means of propulsion to increase his speed. But by increasing his speed, John forces his vehicle into a higher orbit—the string, in the boy-and-stone analogy, is lengthened, and John is frustrated.

The only way for John to catch up with Ivan is to "duck down and come up again"—decrease his speed, get into a lower orbit, and then step on the gas to catch up with Ivan in the old orbit. Obviously this is a neat trick if you can do it. It is all the neater because, although an orbital vehicle is getting a free ride as long as it remains in its own orbit, it takes a lot of power for a vehicle to *change* its orbit, or even to change direction in an existing orbit. Power means fuel, and fuel means that much more weight to hurl up into space. Thus in the nature of things John's fuel supply is strictly limited, and this will still be true even when means of propulsion other than chemical fuel are perfected—ion energy, perhaps, or nuclear energy.

This is why Dr. Harold Brown, the Pentagon's youthful chief scientist, confidently predicts that "there aren't going to be any dogfights in space." And there are other ways, which may not have occurred even to the most space-minded sixteen-year-old, in which the peculiar characteristics of space will affect the "aerospace mission," as all Air Force officers are now taught to refer to the Air Force's job.

The space part of the aerospace mission can be divided into four parts. Here are the ways in which the newly usable environment of space can be used for military purposes:

First, the long-range ballistic missiles, like that Atlas I saw in Iowa and its more efficient descendants.

Second information—space vehicles for reconnaissance, for "surveillance" (sending up one satellite to have a look at another), for early warning, navigation, communication, weather information, mapping and the like. In these categories we already know pretty well where we are and where we are going. So do the Russians.

Third, the Active Defense—using the space medium to destroy hostile space vehicles or ICBM's.

Fourth, the Active Offense—using space vehicles, other than the ground-based ICBM's, to destroy enemy cities or other targets.

In these last two categories neither we nor presumably the Russians really know where we are or where we are going, though the specialists have some interesting gleams in their eyes. Let us have a look at each of these ways in which space can be used for making war.

The essentials of the ICBM story are quickly told. By the end of this year we will have more than 200 operational ICBM's, most of them "soft" Atlas missiles, above ground and unprotected from surprise attack. By the end of 1964 we will have more than 1000 ICBM's, most of them "hard" Titans and solid-fueled Minutemen. Add several hundred Navy Polaris missiles and the still-strong bomber force of the Strategic Air Command and you have a powerful deterrent force indeed.

If the intelligence estimates are accurate, this means that it is now the Russians who must worry about a "missile gap." Current estimates put Soviet ICBM strength at well under 100 missiles, instead of the 500 or more predicted four years ago. The Soviet production rate is also believed to be markedly lower than ours.

This raises an interesting question. If the intelligence was so wrong four years ago, how can we be so confident that the current estimates are right? If we have a look at the second way in which space can be used for military purposes—information—we can guess at a possible answer to that question.

Veil of Secrecy Descends

In the first days of his Administration, President Kennedy announced that the famous U-2 spy plane would not overfly the Soviet Union. But he said nothing about space reconnaissance vehicles. These days nobody else is saying anything about reconnaissance satellites either.

A year or so ago the Samos and Discoverer satellite programs got a lot of publicity. Now there is the silence of the grave—or of space. An order has gone out from the White House forbidding all public discussion of reconnaissance satellites. The order is meticulously obeyed. Whenever, in the course of doing my reporting for this article, I brought the *verboten* subject up, an opaque glaze would come over the eyes of knowledgeable officials.

Therefore I asked nonofficial experts with no access to secrets: Can a reconnaissance satellite do the same job the U-2 did? Common sense alone would suggest that the answer is "no." The U-2 took its pictures flying at an altitude of less than fourteen miles, at a speed of less than 1000 miles an hour. Could a satellite, moving at 18,000

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comprehend as a man."

miles an hour 100 miles or more above the earth possibly do the same job?

Marry a little knowledge of the characteristics of space to common sense, and you may conclude that the answer is not necessarily "no." For the great altitude of a satellite slows its speed *in relation to the earth.* And even more than speed and altitude the great obstacle in high-level photographic reconnaissance is the earth's obscuring sea of atmosphere. The U-2, at fourteen miles up, flew at the outer edges of this air ocean. Thanks to the nothingness of space, for all practical purposes there is no more obscuring atmosphere between a satellite and the earth than there was between the earth and a U-2.

Saint, Midas, Tiros and Anna

Even at satellite altitudes, modern photographic techniques make it possible to identify objects smaller than a jeep. For a time the satellite recovery program was well publicized. Put these facts together, and they may suggest one possible answer to the question: How can we be so confident of our estimates of Soviet ICBM strength?

This is also enough to suggest that, in the matter of using space for militarily useful information, we already know pretty well where we are and where we're going. For example, there is the Saint surveillance project (renamed Project 621A after religious groups protested). The Saint satellite is designed to be shot into the same orbit with another satellite and have a good look at it, with television, cameras, and special sensing devices. This is a neat trick, for reasons already explained. But the experts are confident that the trick can be done, if the satellite to be inspected is an unmanned vehicle in a fixed orbit.

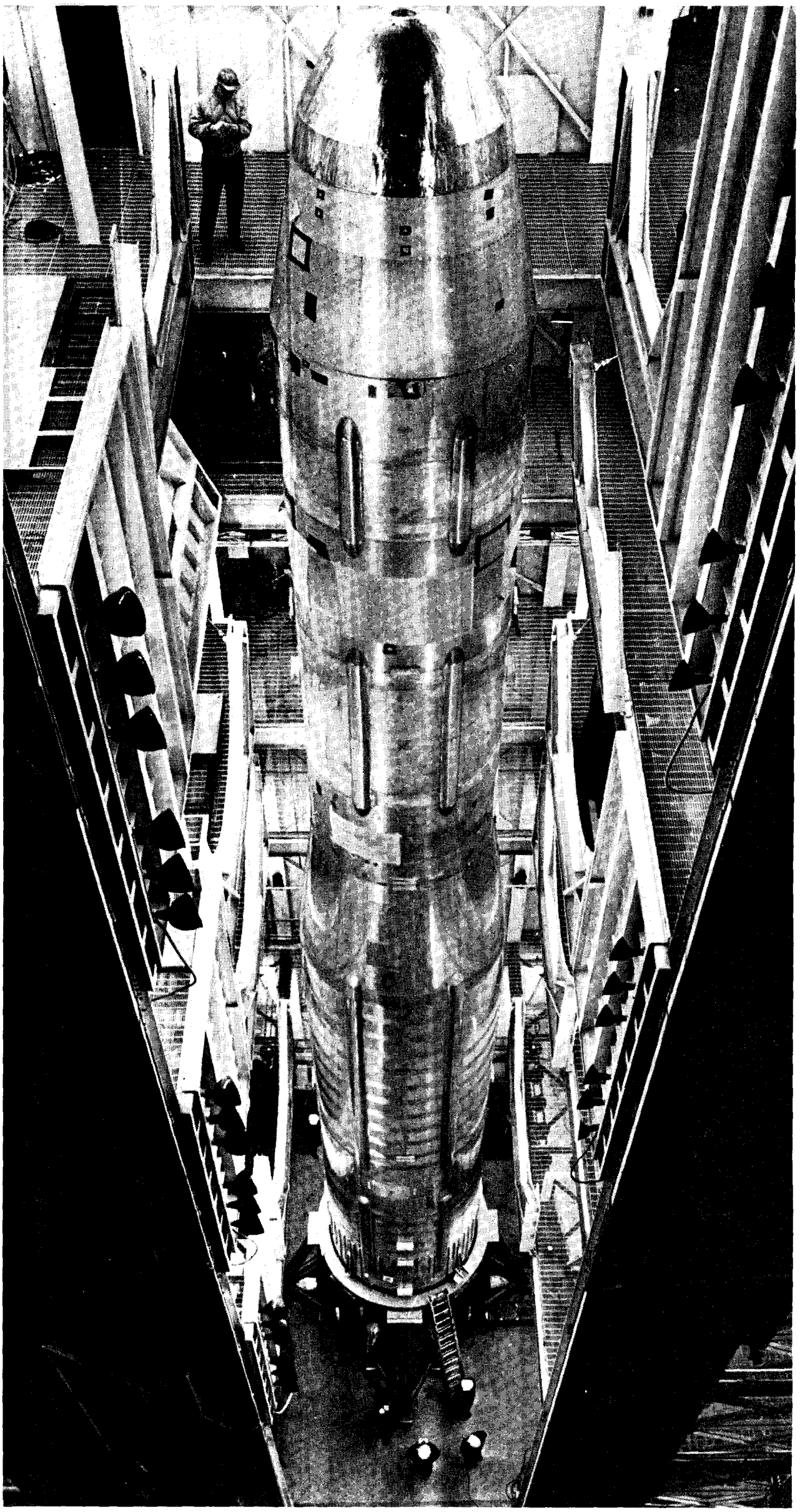
There are other projects for using satellites to gather militarily useful information—the Midas project, which calls for launching a dozen or more satellites with infrared sensing devices, to double the warning time in case of an enemy missile attack; Tiros, a weather satellite; Transit, a navigational aid; Anna, a mapping satellite. Although the Midas project has run into snags, the others are already operational, or will be rather soon.

These space vehicles are meant, in one way or another, to *see.* How about the Active Defense—using space to *kill* what otherwise might kill you?

Much depends on what you want to kill. An enemy ICBM? Very difficult. A hostile satellite in fixed orbit? Not so difficult. A man in a space vehicle? Rather easy. And there are all sorts of things you can use for the kill, ranging from steel pellets to the death ray of science fiction.

An ICBM is very difficult to kill for a simple reason. As one Pentagon scientist has remarked, "You've got to catch your rabbit before you can skin it." Because it is a one-shot proposition, an ICBM is very hard to catch. There is no way to predict its trajectory, and it can also be equipped with radar-fooling decoys—fake warheads of one sort or another. For these reasons among others, Secretary of Defense McNamara decided that the many billions of dollars which would be required to make an operational weapons system out of the Army's ground-based Nike Zeus anti-ICBM missile could better be spent for other purposes.

But orbital satellites are not one-shot propositions. They circle the earth in their preordained orbits and, as we have seen, it is not easy to shift them from one orbit to another. It is thus not



Titan ICBM's, like the one shown above, are being installed in underground silos across the nation.

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"Because man is half monkey, it is almost sure he will use the fourth dimension

hard to predict where they will be and when, and they are therefore far more vulnerable to interception in space than ICBM's.

There are various ways to intercept them. A ground-based missile like the Nike Zeus is one way, and though here again it would be unwise to go into detail, the Nike Zeus is being readied for this role. There are, in fact, all sorts of ways to destroy a satellite, or render it useless.

For example, there is the Early Spring project, which got its name as a result of the protests against the name of the Saint project. Someone suggested that nobody was against motherhood or early spring—and the second designation was chosen. Early Spring is the pellet project.

Suppose you could shoot a large number of steel pellets, like the shot in a shotgun shell, into the path of a satellite rushing through space at 18,000 miles an hour. The collision of the satellite with even one pellet would tear it to bits, as a well-aimed shot kills a quail.

Tight Lips on "Neutron Flux"

A nuclear warhead is a more likely kill instrument than a pellet, because a nuclear warhead need not make direct contact with the object to be killed. As we have seen, because there is no air in space, there is no blast in space. But by way of compensation, the two other major effects of a nuclear explosion—heat and radiation—are greatly extended in range, because there is no air to cushion or attenuate them.

Thus the heat of a nuclear explosion might melt a satellite. Or the neutrons spat out by a nuclear explosion might interfere with the firing mechanism of a hostile nuclear weapon, or even "get into the nuke" of a nuclear bomb by starting a slow fission reaction.

Here we get into the phenomenon known as "neutron flux," and on this subject, too, the knowledgeable are tight-lipped. No one really knows for sure just how vulnerable a nuclear warhead might be to the explosion of another nuclear weapon in space. But there are two things which are unquestionably vulnerable to the radiation in space of a nuclear explosion.

One is photographic film, which can be clouded at great distances by nuclear radiation, thus rendering useless a reconnaissance satellite. The other is human tissue. An unprotected man in a satellite would be killed almost instantly by the radiation of a submegaton bomb exploded in space within fifteen miles of him. He would be killed, though less rapidly, by a very big bomb—say ten megatons—at a range of 500 miles.

Either pellets or bombs would be fired against a hostile satellite from a ground-based missile. But a satellite might also be used to kill another satellite. A surveillance satellite like Saint could kill as well as inspect—for example, a simple plastic explosive, like the bombs used by the anti-Gaullist *plastiqueurs* in Algeria, might be used for the job. But the job could hardly be done in such a way against a manned space vehicle capable of even limited maneuver.

If those "battles in space" between manned, maneuverable space vehicles, of which the Air Force men like to talk, ever take place, the weapon in these duels may be something called a Laser beam. The Laser beam (for Light Amplification by Stimulated Electromagnetic Radiation) is the space equivalent of the death ray.

Theoretically, light concentrated in a narrow "coherent" band would produce in the nothingness of space a short burst of energy, traveling at the speed of light—maybe enough energy to kill or render useless a missile or satellite. This notion is one of those difficult to "comprehend as a man." But it is taken seriously.

"We've looked into the phenomena associated with this kind of weapon," Gen. Curtis LeMay has said. "We have evidence from scientific papers that the Soviets also are interested." The Laser beam, LeMay points out, could be a decisive weapon, not only against space vehicles but "for the intervention of ICBM warheads and their decoys."

In fact, all the techniques mentioned so far, from the simple steel pellets to the Buck Rogers-like Laser beam could be used against ICBM's as well as against satellites. But because it is a one-shot proposition, the ICBM is very hard to catch at the receiving end.

Yet at the launching end, an ICBM is highly vulnerable. It is sending out a huge infrared signal, and even a gentle shove at this stage—perhaps with a Laser beam—will send it thousands of miles off course. This is why the idea of using satellites against missiles at the launching end is one of the gleams in the eyes of the space scientists.

The Bambi project is such a gleam. The idea is to orbit tens of thousands of small satellites, perhaps the size of a grapefruit, with a complex "brain" built into each. The brain would have to be pretty bright. It would have to detect the firing of any potential enemy missile, calculate its trajectory and decide whether to go after it, or to leave the job to some other Bambi missile in a better position to kill.

Gigaton Bomb: Possible Terror Weapon

This idea seems fantastic. But it, too, is taken seriously, and for a simple reason. If the Bambi project or something like it were ever perfected by any nation, that nation could deny space to any other nation.

This is enough to suggest the incredible complexities of the Active Defense in space. How about the Active Offense—the use of space vehicles to destroy enemy cities or other targets on the ground?

One "disturbing possibility" has been cited by Dr. Donald Brennan, president of Hudson Institute, Harmon-on-Hudson, New York, a nonprofit research organization looking into problems of national security. Doctor Brennan has written of the possibility of "placing in orbit a limited number of devices of very large yield (a few hundred megatons or more) which could be detonated at orbital altitudes (say 150 miles). . . . The thermal effects from such a high-yield device could set fire to a large fraction of a continent . . ."

Now hear Nikita Khrushchev, holding forth as usual in Moscow in December, 1961: "You do not have fifty- or one-hundred-megaton bombs. We have bombs more powerful than 100 megatons. We placed Gagarin and Titov in space, and we can replace them with other loads that can be directed to any place on earth."

Does Khrushchev have in mind Doctor Brennan's "disturbing possibility"? He has tested far-more-powerful bombs and missiles than we have tested. From his point of view there might be a certain logic in marrying his "gigaton" bombs ("gigaton" is a new word of art for bombs of enormously high yield) to the brute power of his huge missiles, to produce Doctor Brennan's terror weapon.

This might even explain in part the initial overestimation by our intelligence of Soviet missile production—Khrushchev might have opted instead for a "limited number" of terror weapons. Fortunately, most experts doubt that this is so.

As we have seen, a satellite is far more vulnerable than an ICBM. And as Doctor Brennan has pointed out, although a gigaton bomb might fry all New England on a clear day, on a cloudy day the thing might not work at all. "Areas covered by cloud at the time of detonation," Doctor Brennan writes, "probably would not be ignited."

On our side of the world most of the space-warfare specialists believe that a space vehicle capable of decisive offensive action will probably be manned and will probably *combine* the characteristics of an aircraft and an orbital vehicle.

It will be manned because, as one Air Force general puts it, "Man is still better than any black box, because he is more reliable and can exercise judgment—and being mass produced, he's a damn sight cheaper." And it will have the characteristics of a plane as well as a space vehicle because only thus can the inherent hostility of space to maneuver, and the dreadful vulnerability of both man and spacecraft, be overcome.

The American taxpayer is already contributing millions of dollars to the development of this kind of vehicle. There is Dyna-Soar (X-20), which will be a manned glider which can be shoved into orbit, and which will then be able to glide back to earth through the atmosphere to a dead-stick landing. Dyna-Soar may have its first test flight as early as 1965—already test pilots for aerospace vehicles like Dyna-Soar are in training at Edwards Air Force Base.

Much farther down the road—if it is down the road at all—is the aerospace plane. The aerospace plane, on its journey toward space through the atmosphere, would manufacture its own fuel from the air's oxygen. This fuel would then drive the plane into orbit and, when necessary, back down into the atmosphere for more fuel, like a cow returning to pasture. A vehicle capable of doing these things, and capable also of carrying weapons or acting as an invulnerable command post, would be a useful thing to have indeed. The trouble is that nobody really knows how the thing is to be done.

Our Moon as a Missile Base

Even Dyna-Soar will be a strictly experimental, nonmilitary vehicle, like the X-15 plane. "No one in his senses would propose building a complete space-weapons system today," says General Schriever. "The state of the art is just not that advanced—we're about where we were in aviation in 1910. But we do know, though we can't prove it, that space power will be as important as air power. And we also know, though we can't prove that either, that man will be as important in space as in the air."

The scientists are not so sure of these things as General Schriever is. In fact, there is a clear division of opinion between the scientists and the Air Force men. One disagreement concerns the establishment of a missile base on the moon. Given such a base, as one official report puts it,

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to assert his power."

"any enemy . . . would have to launch an overwhelming attack toward the moon from its own land bases before attacking the U.S.A. or face certain destruction from moon bases within forty-eight hours." Most of the scientists consider this sort of thing mere moon madness. They contend that the deterrent role can be performed far more effectively from the earth's surface than from the moon.

Some of the more enthusiastic Air Force men—not Schriever—talk as though armadas of manned spacecraft would be flitting about through space tomorrow or the day after. The reason for this enthusiasm is obvious.

Whatever the outcome of the RS-70 controversy, the manned, air-breathing bomber is already on the way out, to be replaced in time by the ICBM's. The men of the Strategic Air Command especially dislike the notion of getting out of the wild blue yonder and into the ICBM command posts 150 feet underground. They would much rather get into the wild black yonder of space.

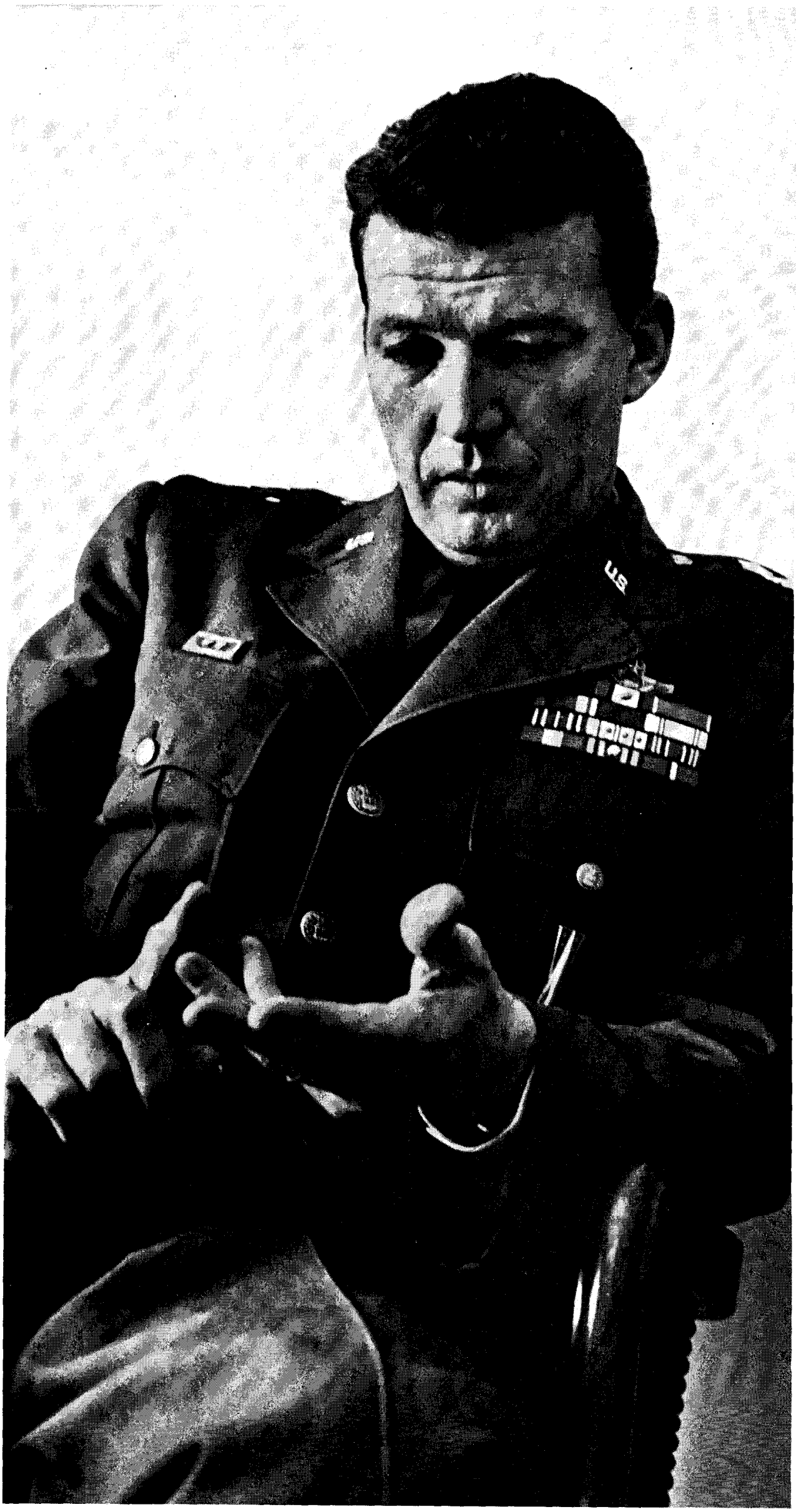
War in Space, Peace on Earth?

The scientists, vividly aware of the inherent hostility of space to maneuver and man's terrible vulnerability in space, are skeptical. Some, like Doctor Brown, even doubt that there is any useful military role for man in space at all. Most are convinced that for the foreseeable future the main deterrent role will be played by ICBM's, not space vehicles, simply because the ICBM can do its grisly task more neatly and more cheaply than any satellite.

To an outsider like this reporter, the scientists seem to have the better of the argument. Yet here one caveat must be entered. The scientists have consistently underestimated their own ability to meet the technical challenges of the new weapons. To cite two examples, Dr. Albert Einstein, in his famous letter to President Roosevelt, warned that an atomic bomb, if it could be made at all, could in all probability never be carried in a plane. And a big majority of President Truman's scientific advisers voted against proceeding with the H-bomb project, on the grounds that such a bomb was not technically feasible.

Certainly those "battles in space" between manned spacecraft are not going to take place tomorrow or the next day. What seems more possible—although this, too, is hard to "comprehend as a man"—is a sort of limited warfare in space, with both sides trying to knock out the other side's "eyes in the sky" and other space devices. This kind of warfare might even go on while the earth continued to spin on its axis beneath its life-giving sea of atmosphere, unaffected by the doings in space. In any case, the race for supremacy in space is not squarely joined.

Man, it has been said, is half god and half monkey. Because man is half god, his conquest of space, which has now begun, will one day surely be completed. Because man is half monkey, it is almost as sure that man will use the fourth dimension of space as he has used the earth, the sea, the air—to assert his power, to make his will prevail, perhaps to make war on other men. Because this is so, bar a firm and unlikely agreement with the other side to keep the heavens uncontaminated by the weapons of war, we cannot afford to fall behind in the race for space. **THE END**



General Bernard Schriever, tough boss of the Air Force Systems Command, ponders the U.S. military mission.

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Backstage With

When Hayley looks in a mirror, she doesn't like wh..

Hayley Mills, who has just turned sixteen and is already a film star of considerable magnitude, has a snub nose, a high dome of a forehead, a stubborn chin and pale-blue eyes. When a director asks her to be happy, she can look as if she had just been given the world on a string. When she weeps, her face breaks into fragments of grief.

Hayley can produce the equivalent of a Gallic shrug by wriggling her nose like a rabbit or by turning down the corners of her mouth. She can look at a person sideways, narrow her eyes to slits, let the audience know she is lying, and at the same time seem to stare, guilelessly, straight into the camera.

Moreover, her method of locomotion is as eloquent as her nose. She can dawdle, skip, hop, shamble, scuff her feet, approach hesitantly, rush pell-mell. She has done all of these in the five movies in which she has appeared thus far. Each gait tells more than pages of dialogue.

Psychological Growing Pains

Russell Harlan, who filmed her in *Pollyanna* and later in the smash-hit movie, *The Parent Trap*, has said of Hayley: "She has the most photogenic face I've seen in twenty years."

One way to explain Hayley Mills is to say that she is an accomplished actress who also happens to be a child, but Hayley herself disagrees with this characterization. On one of several occasions when I talked with her—she was still fifteen at the time—she said, "I am no longer a child. I am that much worse thing—neither child nor woman. Between fifteen and sixteen, everything is either just awful or absolutely wonderful. I usually feel as if I have four legs and six knees, and I'm sure people are staring at me even when they aren't."

Hayley is so full of psychological growing pains that she hasn't learned how to look at herself across a washbasin in the morning without a feeling of active distaste. She solves that one by covering the mirror with a towel. "I don't like what I see," she told me. "My face is all nose. I have no mouth. One eye is on the bridge of my nose. I look just plain horrible. Mummy says it's just my imagination, but she's not me. Of course, when I'm working I have to get up at half past five, and nobody looks her best then."

Hayley's coworkers in filmland chuckle at this self-portrait. Last August in England, I stopped in at Maurice Chevalier's dressing room, when he was working with Hayley as her costar in her next film, *In Search of the Castaways*. "I have been around longer than I have any right to be," Chevalier said, "and I have seen them all. If this girl sails with a good wind she will pull the biggest audiences any actress has had in a score of years. She is not pretty; she is more than pretty. She has youth, which always has a shine upon it. Moreover, she has vivacity, warmth and feminine wisdom. Not all English girls," he added with a French glint in his eye, "have warmth."

Hayley was born in London on April 18, 1946. Her father is John Mills, the distinguished British actor. Her mother is Mary Mills, who had a brief career on the London stage and then became a novelist and playwright. Mrs. Mills writes under the name of Mary Hayley Bell. Her recent novel, *Whistle Down the Wind*, has been made into a film, and Hayley stars in it. Hayley's older sister Juliet, who is now twenty and married, has won renown on the stage in London and New York. Brother Jonathan, who is two years younger than Hayley and has had his first screen test, rounds out this remarkable family.

I ran across Hayley for the first time on the island of Tobago in the British West Indies. I had gone there to do a location story about the making of Walt Disney's film, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, in which John Mills played the father.

After I had been there a day or two, I became aware of a small figure in faded blue jeans, running about Tobago's beaches and obviously having the time of her life. When I asked a cameraman who she was, he said, "Why, that's Johnny and Mary Mills's little girl Hayley." She had already worked before the camera in a film, *Tiger Bay*, with Horst Buchholz. The film later won for her the Berlin Silver Bear Award, as the best actress—young or old—for 1959.

One day when Hayley was twelve the Millses had asked a film-director friend, J. Lee-Thompson, to have lunch with them at their Sussex farm. Lee-Thompson was about to make *Tiger Bay*. As originally written, it starred a little boy. During the luncheon he happened to look out the window and saw Hayley in the garden, doing a burlesque of a television commercial to amuse herself.

Turning to Hayley's parents, he said, "I think I'll change the lead in *Tiger Bay* from a small boy to a small girl."

How to Dazzle a Movie Director

In *Tiger Bay* Hayley played a small, grubby girl who was the sole witness to a murder. John Mills took the part of the detective. In the car going to the studio each morning, he and Hayley talked about the scenes they would make that day. There was one long sequence in which Hayley ate caramels while Mills asked her a series of questions, knowing she was lying. Lee-Thompson had expected the scene would need about twenty takes. Once it began, Hayley went through the whole thing nonstop and with complete aplomb.

The director looked at her in a dazed way, then shot another scene, and another, and still another. Then he called the lunch break. He said to Hayley, "You go to the cafeteria and have lunch. I want to talk to your daddy."

Mills and Lee-Thompson got into a car and drove to a pub. The director ordered a bottle of champagne. Raising his glass, he said, "I've been in this business for twenty-two years, and this is the most exciting morning I've ever had. I can't believe what your daughter has just done."

The critics who reviewed *Tiger Bay* announced bluntly that Hayley had stolen the picture from her father. One of them said, "She acts him right off the screen." Hayley tore the reviews from the papers and hid them hoping her father wouldn't see them. But her parents explained to her how proud they were of her. They also told her that her father had taken a small part in her first film so that he could be with her and guide her.

But it is on record that, when Mills was asked by a fellow worker how he would like to appear in another picture with his daughter he recoiled at the suggestion. "Good Lord, no," he said. "No more films for me with that small, lovable scene-klep—not while I'm in my right mind."

When the Mills family went to California before the shooting of *The Swiss Family Robinson* began on Tobago, Hayley had already appeared in the title role in *Pollyanna*. Walt Disney had seen her in *Tiger Bay* and had visited her in London. He had decided she was ideal for the part.

Special Oscar for Pollyanna

The saccharine story of the "glad and happy" little heroine—written by Eleanor H. Porter and first published in 1912—was a great favorite in that simpler age. But David Swift, the writer-director who made the Disney film, decided that the girl Pollyanna was just a bit too cloyingly sweet for these more realistic days. She needed, he thought, a higher mischief content. But he didn't change Pollyanna's basic philosophy—she still saw the silver lining in every cloud. Hayley Mills caught the idea and passed a minor miracle in making the hard-to-take heroine believable. For this performance Hollywood awarded her a special Oscar.

Hayley has a five-year contract with Disney for five films and is currently being paid $28,000 a picture. The stipend rises with each picture. After *Pollyanna* she worked in *The Parent Trap*, playing identical twin girls, Susan and Sharon. The parents of the twins were separated, and Susan lived with her father in California, while Sharon lived with her mother in Boston. Consequently, Hayley had to learn to speak in differing accents, Bostonian Brahmin and California conglomerate. To complicate the problem, the twins, in a scheme to bring their mother and father together, switched places halfway through the picture—unknown to the parents. Then Hayley had to talk like a Bostonian imitating a Californian and a Californian imitating a Bostonian. So in a sense she had to play four parts.

"In Boston they do funny nasal things with their *r*'s." Hayley told me. "They say stuff like 'Pahk yoah cah in the yahd.' In the end I decided not to give it too much of that Boston business; just plain jolly old English, as we speak it over there, seemed to work better."

The Disney costume department had its problems with *The Parent Trap*. During the filming

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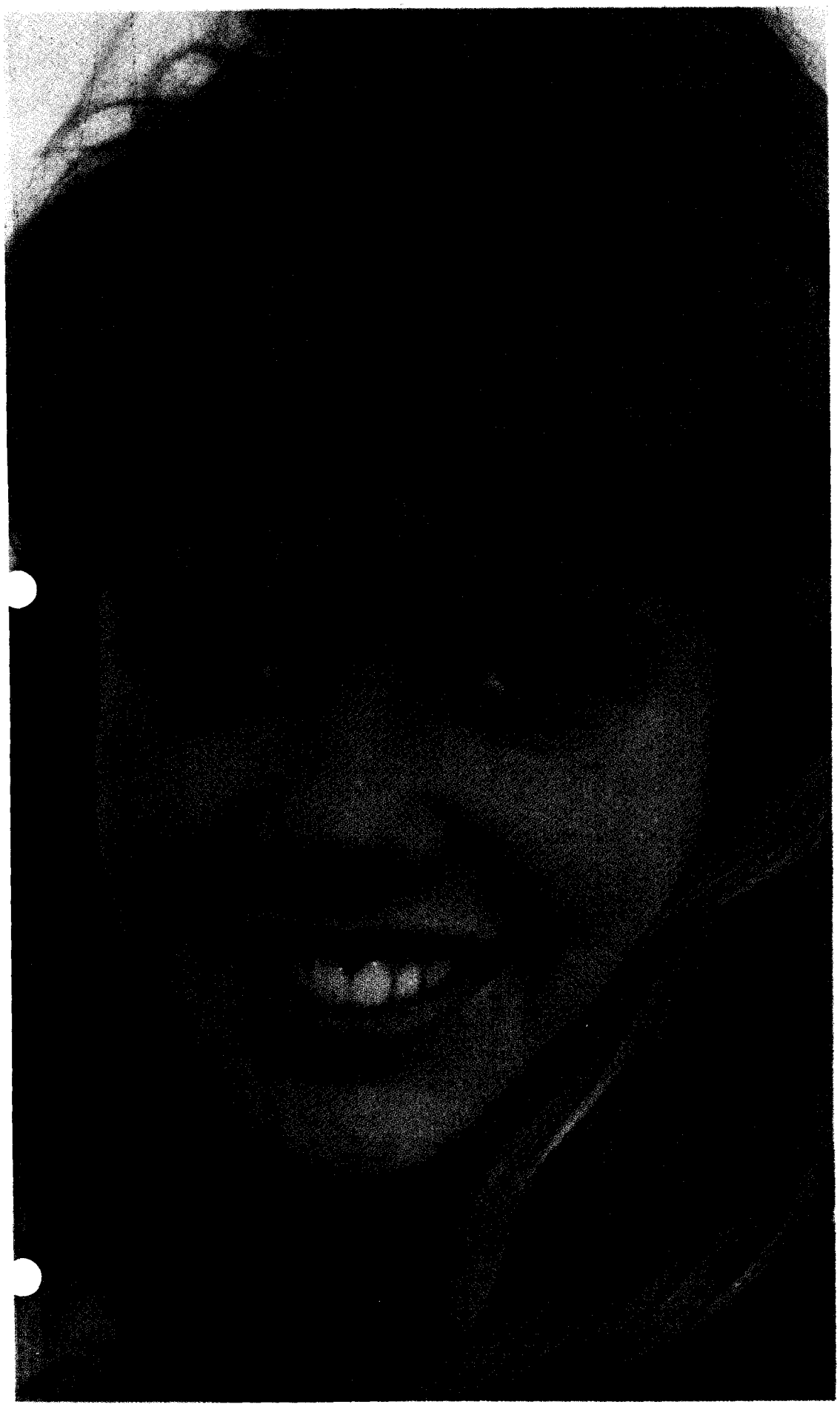
Hayley Mills

'e sees. Movie fans and critics disagree.

By PETE MARTIN



Despite her acting poise, Hayley claims she feels "as if I have four legs and six knees."

of the picture, Hayley grew two inches—from five feet, one inch to five-three. And as the script specified sixty-five wardrobe changes for Hayley, the designers and seamstresses put in long hours trying to keep up with her lengthening silhouette.

When the Millses are working in England, they stay at their Berkeley Square flat and usually spend the weekends at their farm, on whose 450 beautiful acres they raise beef cattle and keep a dairy herd and horses. Hayley said to me wistfully, "It has been three years since we stayed at the farm for as long as a fortnight. We have three houses—the one at the farm, the London flat and our suitcases. Most of the time we live in the suitcase house."

That the Mills family is a closely knit unit is one of the many achievements of Mary Mills, who plans the logistics. Within the past three years she has seen to it that the family has been together while making five Mills pictures; in Australia, in Tobago, in Spain, and two in California. Keeping all of the family together is difficult now that Juliet is married, but Mary usually manages it.

John Mills has resisted the suggestion of advisers that he and his family move to another country for a tax advantage. "Our British taxes are fearfully high," he said to me, "but I couldn't stand any arrangement whereby I could stay in England only a few weeks each year. Moreover, our children need roots; it means much to them to have their own country to return to. I wonder what will happen to all the actors' children who grow up in Switzerland. They won't know what they really are."

Disney's Plan to Age Hayley

Thinking of Hayley's future in the film business, I asked her, "At what age does a girl's baby fat turn to woman?"

She got it. "In my case," she shot back, "just about now and, if you ask me, it's about time." Then she added, "Mr. Disney has some ideas about helping me. In every film I'll make for him, I'll play a girl whose age is the same as mine. That way I won't have to make huge leaps going from role to role. On film I'll age naturally."

At the moment she resembles Alice in Wonderland, with a big little-girl forehead half hidden in a cloud of flying blond hair—the personification of coltish grace. And that doubtless is the way the movie-going public wants her for a while.

Walt Disney's conviction that he can "age" her naturally and profitably is indicated by that five-year contract. He says simply, "Hayley Mills is the greatest movie find of the past quarter century." And it is well known that Disney does not bestow his praise lightly.

But Hayley says, with some heat, "If anyone wonders whether I'm getting stuck up . . . well, back home on our farm there are horses who don't care if I am famous or not." **THE END**

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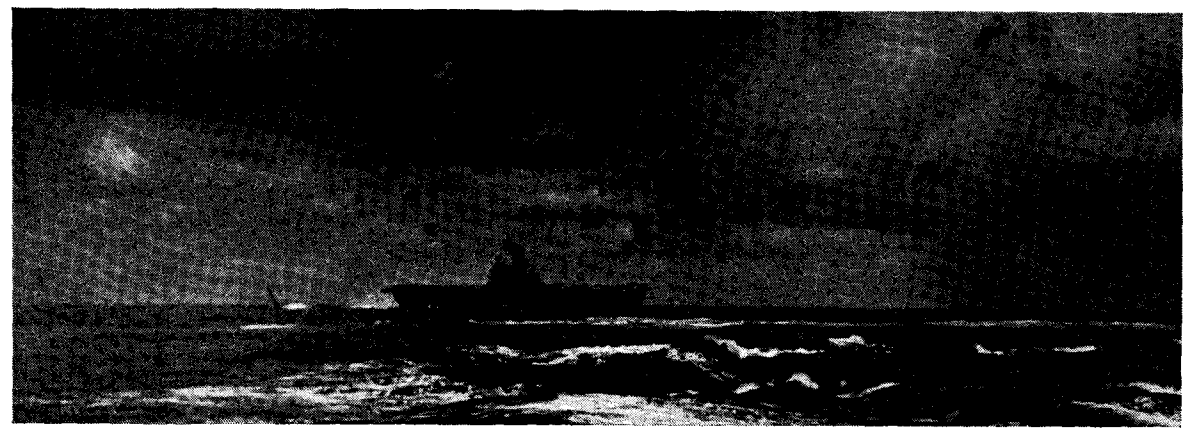

The carrier Enterprise *steams into waters near Guadalcanal.*

Guadalcanal-1942

A noted naval historian reviews the blunders and heroism of the crucial battle which started 20 years ago this month and marked a critical turn of fortune in the war in the Pacific.

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

Guadalcanal Island of the Solomons group, inhabited by a few thousand woolly-haired Melanesians and offering no natural resources but mud, coconuts and malarial mosquitoes, was bitterly contested by the naval, air and ground forces of the United States and Japan for six months of 1942–43. It has the distinction of being the occasion of six major naval engagements and so many ground actions that they have not been counted. In addition there were innumerable ship-to-ship, air-to-air and air-to-ship fights, which never attained the dignity of being named. Costly these were, in ships and in men. You may search the seven seas in vain for an ocean graveyard with the wrecks of so many ships and the bones of so many sailors as that body of water between Guadalcanal, Savo and Florida islands which our bluejackets called Ironbottom Sound.

The Solomons: Hot, Wet and Wanted

Situated right under the equator, the Solomons are both hot and wet. There is no difference between seasons except that rain falls more abundantly in the winter than in the summer. On Guadalcanal the mountains, rising to 8000 feet above the sea, are clothed with a dense tropical rain forest through which white cockatoos, mynah birds and a variety of other bright and raucous wildfowl flit and scream. Parts of the northern plain and of the adjacent foothills, which became the scene of much desperate fighting, are covered with green kunai grass, whose stiff blades, edged like a bandsaw, run up to seven feet.

The Japanese, in their great period of almost unchallenged expansion after Pearl Harbor, moved into Tulagi and Guadalcanal. Around 30 June, 1942, they landed troops, engineers and heavy equipment at Lunga Point, Guadalcanal, to build an airfield—the one which we renamed Henderson. It was the discovery of this by an Allied reconnaissance plane on 4 July that put the heat on Operation "Watchtower"—an operation conceived by Adm. Ernest J. King as early as February as the starting point for a drive up the line of the Solomons into Rabaul.

Fighting for a Jungle Airfield

That is why this wild, jungly island became an immediate and urgent Allied objective. For if the enemy were allowed to complete his Guadalcanal airfield, he should be able to knock out the U.S. and Australian air forces on Espiritu Santo, Efate and even New Caledonia.

Rear Adm. Richmond Kelly Turner, whose grizzled head, beetling black brows, tireless energy and ferocious language were to become almost legendary in the Pacific, was now given command of Amphibious Force South Pacific. Above Turner in the chain of command was Vice Adm. Frank Jack Fletcher, veteran of Coral Sea and Midway, who flew his flag in carrier *Saratoga*. Vice Adm. Robert L. Ghormley, Commander South Pacific Force and so over Turner and Fletcher, remained at Nouméa. The ground troops chosen were of the 1st Marine Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Alexander Vandegrift.

"Watchtower" was the first amphibious operation undertaken by United States forces since 1898, and the feeling among participants was anything but confident. There was too little time to prepare for it. The Japanese army in Malaya, the Philippines and Java had acquired a reputation of invincibility, especially in jungle fighting, and its losses so far were minute. Their navy, despite its defeat at Midway, still had plenty of ships and planes to throw into the Solomons. Furthermore, there is something sinister and depressing about that Sound between Guadalcanal and Florida islands. Men who rounded Cape Esperance in the darkness before dawn on 7 August remembered "it gave you the creeps." Even the land smell failed to cheer sailors who had been long at sea; Guadalcanal gave out a rank, heavy stench of mud, slime and jungle. And the serrated cone of Savo Island looked as sinister as the crest of a giant dinosaur emerging from the ocean depths.

Everything went well for a time. Surprise, one of the most necessary ingredients of a successful landing in enemy territory, was complete. The landings on Guadalcanal were effected in full daylight against slight and scattered opposition, and the incomplete airstrip was occupied at 1600. Tulagi was secured by the afternoon of 8 August. Things looked very bright for the Expeditionary Force. Then, shortly after midnight, there opened the Battle of Savo Island, probably the worst defeat in a fair fight ever inflicted on the United States Navy.

The Opening Battle: Savo Island

Early in the morning of 7 August news of the American landings reached Vice Adm. Gunichi Mikawa at Rabaul. Within an hour he began collecting a task group to attack the American Expeditionary Force. Heavy cruisers *Chokai* (flagship), *Aoba*, *Kako*, *Kinugasa* and *Furutaka;* light cruisers *Tenryu* and *Yubari*, and one destroyer, *Yunagi*, made rendezvous in St. George Channel around 1900 August 7 and started hell-bent for Guadalcanal. Mikawa's plan was to enter Ironbottom Sound in the small *(Continued on page 62)*

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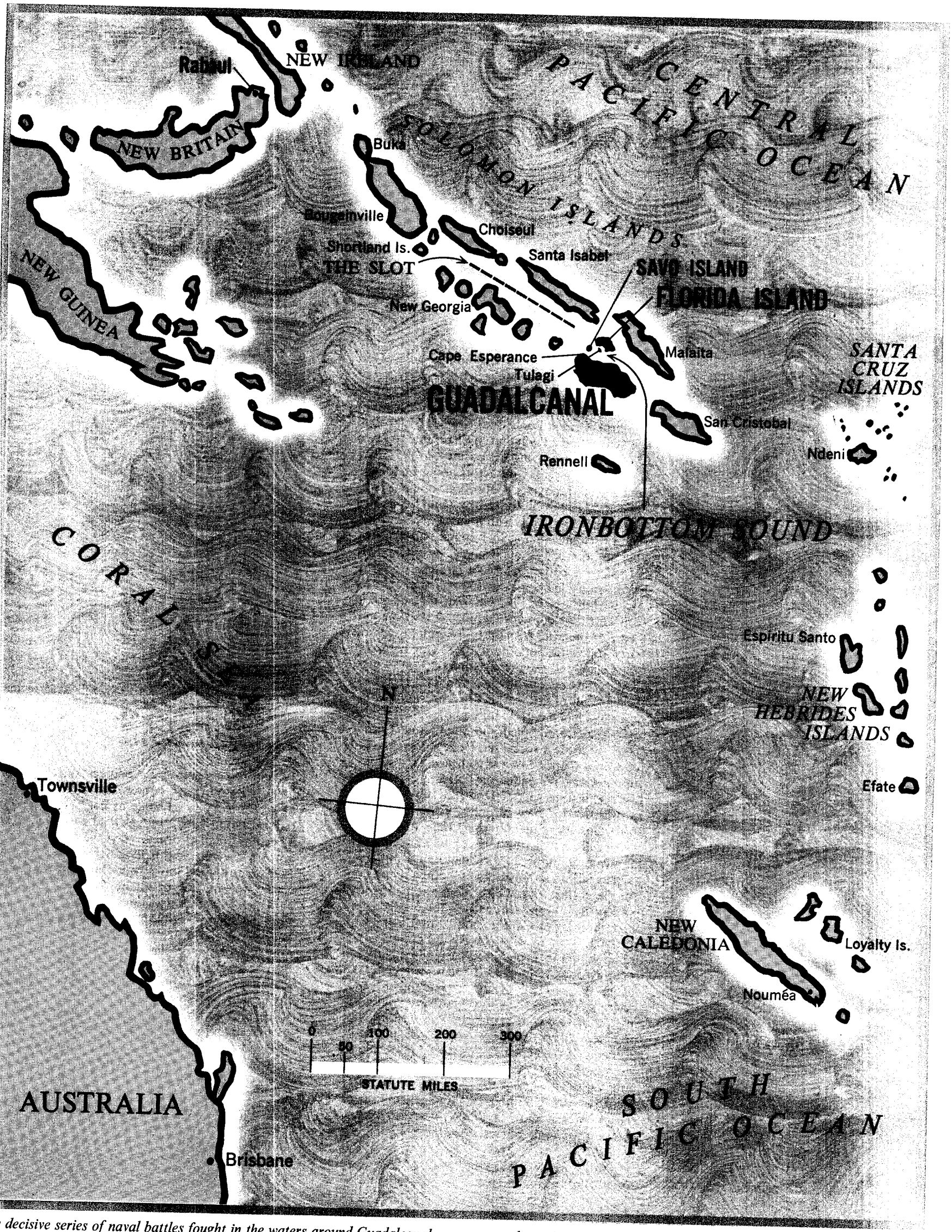

The decisive series of naval battles fought in the waters around Guadalcanal followed landings on the strategic Japanese-held island by U.S. Marines on August 7. Thereafter the Japanese operating out of their stronghold at Rabaul mounted naval forays down The Slot and into Ironbottom Sound. Before the Japanese were finally forced to evacuate the island in early '43, a total of 48 warships had been sunk. Ashore the Japanese lost 24,000 men; the U.S., 1752.

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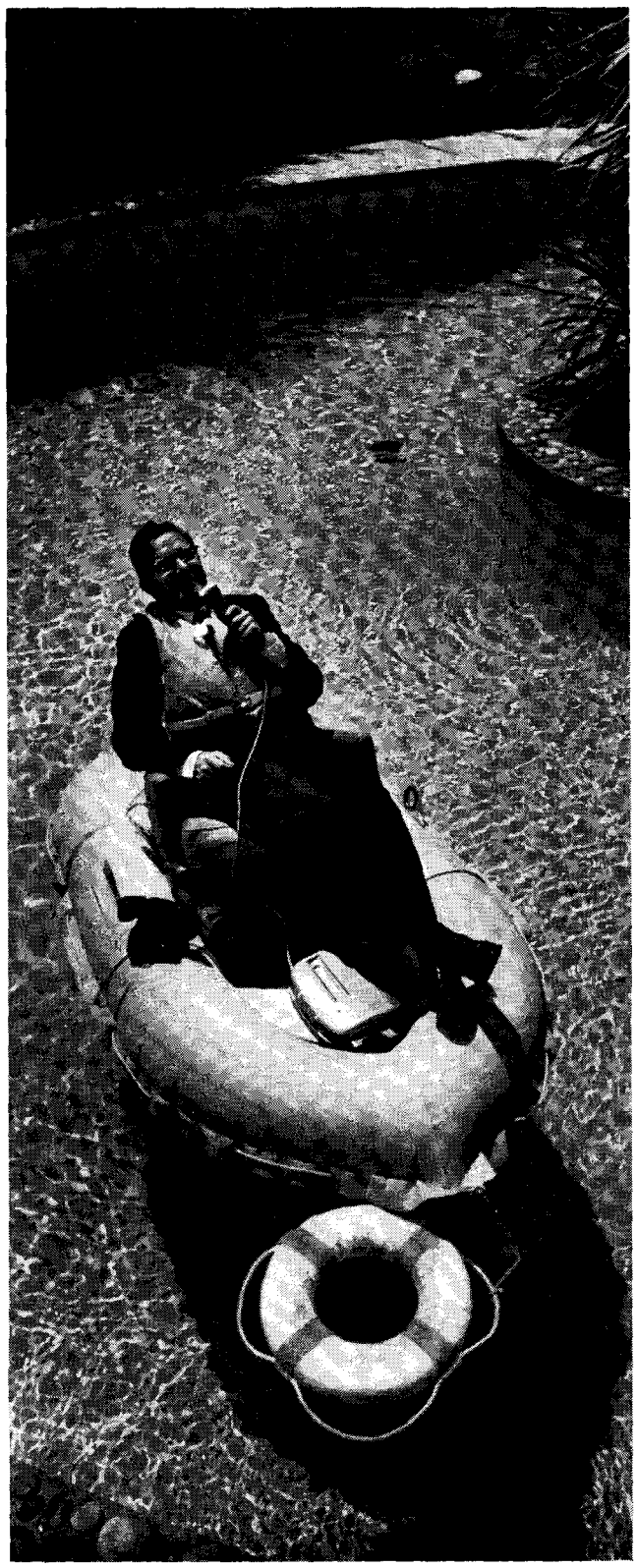
People on the Way Up



Pool Builder

Afloat in a man-made swimming hole, Don Doughty, 33, wears a life jacket to signify a wry truth—he can barely do the dog paddle. "I've been so busy," says Don, whose pool-construction firm, Orinda Pools, Inc., grossed $1,000,000 last year, "that I really haven't had time to learn to swim." Don got into the business in 1957 after approaching several contractors about building a pool for his Lafayette, California, home. "I became increasingly dismayed by their haphazard approach," says Don, who holds a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering. "So I engineered my own pool and decided to build pools for others." He got off to a bad start: Eight straight weeks of heavy rains halted construction and almost washed him out of business. But that first year Don and two laborers completed thirty pools. Last year the firm, with thirty-five employees and thirty subcontractors, built 108. "Our company caters chiefly to the prestige market," Don says. "That's the best way to make money." However, the demands of this market often tax his imagination. "We had a request for a pool shaped like an artist's palette, complete with thumbhole. For the 'hole' we made a rock islet. Once a doctor asked for a pool shaped like a tired heart. That request stumped me. We ended up building one shaped like a Valentine heart." Don flies his own plane to prospect for new business. From the air he spots clusters of new houses, then tries to sell the developers on the idea of building a community pool. Father of three children, Don serves as partner in an investment company and in his spare time operates a ham radio. He was born in San Francisco, earned three degrees at the University of California and, after a crack at teaching, went to work for an oil company. "I found myself in a rut," he says. When the idea of building pools presented itself, he seized it. The incoming president of the 2200-member pool-builders' trade association, Don campaigns for higher construction standards and ethical sales practices. "Too often," he says, "the public is oversold on the benefits of owning a pool. We've discovered that of every 100 pool owners, perhaps only ten or fifteen use the pool frequently after the first year. A number of those others bought the pool as a status symbol or an attempted solution for some domestic problem." There's a peril for status seekers in buying a pool: "If the thrill wears off," Don warns, "you can't trade it in on a mink coat." PHOTOGRAPH BY SID AVERY

Attorney General's Aide

When fledgling lawyer Dace Epermanis, 24, steps into a New York courtroom, she brings with her a success story as enviable as her blue eyes and natural blond hair. "Judges tend to shine up to a pretty woman attorney," says the state's Assistant Attorney General Robert Schwartz, referring to his aide's good looks. But Dace (rhymes with Casey) pleads lack of intent. "I never take advantage of the fact that I'm a woman," she says. "I'm trying to establish myself as a lawyer—period!" Dace, a deputy assistant attorney general since January, has helped defend the state against several suits and this fall will try cases on her own—remarkable for a girl who twelve years ago could not speak English. Born in Latvia, Dace, along with her parents, spent 1941 to 1945 in a German forced-labor camp and the next five years in refugee centers. In 1950 the family settled in the U.S., near Buffalo. Dace did well in school and within a period of just six years won both her B.A. and LL.B. from the University of Buffalo. Her accelerated Americanization was capped with honor last year when the U.S. Committee for Refugees cited her as "the symbol of refugees who have found a new homeland" in the United States. PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

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Show-Biz Bros.

Clambering up the ladder of success, comics Dick Van Dyke, 36, and his brother Jerry, 29, exchange sibling snarls. But their fury is strictly feigned: Dick is a top banana on Broadway and TV, Jerry in nightclubs. "Dick is a mover," says Jerry, "and I'm a talker. He's very funny in a character situation; I just come out on a stage and talk and get laughs." Sons of a Danville, Illinois, trucking agent, both boys sallied into show business while in high school—Dick as a radio announcer, Jerry as a pantomimist—and both married their high-school sweethearts.

Dick was married in 1947 on the *Bride and Groom* radio show. For eighteen months he scratched out a living as a cabaret comic, but he failed to make the big time. Evicted from his Malibu apartment for nonpayment of rent, he accepted an offer from an Atlanta TV station to emcee an early-morning show. Six years later he was snatched away by the CBS network in New York and kept busy as emcee or panelist on a string of well-paying but dreary assignments. "I asked CBS for a release," he recalls, "about five minutes before they were planning to ask me for the same thing." In 1959 Dick got a chance to perform his own material in a Broadway revue, which closed in three weeks but led to a starring role in the 1960 musical *Bye Bye Birdie*, which was the surprise hit of the season. *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, a TV situation comedy in which he plays a TV writer, has made him a genuine "hot property." He conducts a daily radio show called *Flair* and will costar with Janet Leigh in the forthcoming movie version of *Bye Bye Birdie*.

When kid brother Jerry was sixteen, he caught Dick's cabaret act in Hollywood, swiped Dick's material and began booking himself at dances, banquets and fraternal meetings. He developed a style—"I was a sophisticated rube"—and after polishing it in the Air Force, he tried it in Atlanta, where Dick had had his first real success. Jerry's analysis of the debut: "I bombed." But a few months later, with a newly minted act, he returned to win the battle of Atlanta in a club called The Wit's End.

Early this year older brother Dick mentioned to Carl Reiner, the writer-creator of his show, that his brother Jerry was a sleepwalker. Reiner suggested writing a sleepwalking Jerry into two episodes of the show. Those somnambulant performances skyrocketed Jerry into the $1500-a-week class of comics and won him a CBS contract.

While CBS seeks to develop a series for him, Jerry remains on the nightclub circuit, shuttling from motel to motel in a convertible packed with wife, two children, luggage, bassinet and cooking utensils. Dick, meanwhile, roosts on a plush knoll in the Hollywood hills and waits for little brother to catch up with him. "None of this junk from Jerry about 'making it on my own,'" says Dick. "Jerry's attitude always was, 'Anything my successful brother can do to help me, I'm ready.'" But Jerry points out, "Now I'm through with Dick's help. That break on his show was all he had to do for me." PHOTOGRAPH BY SID AVERY

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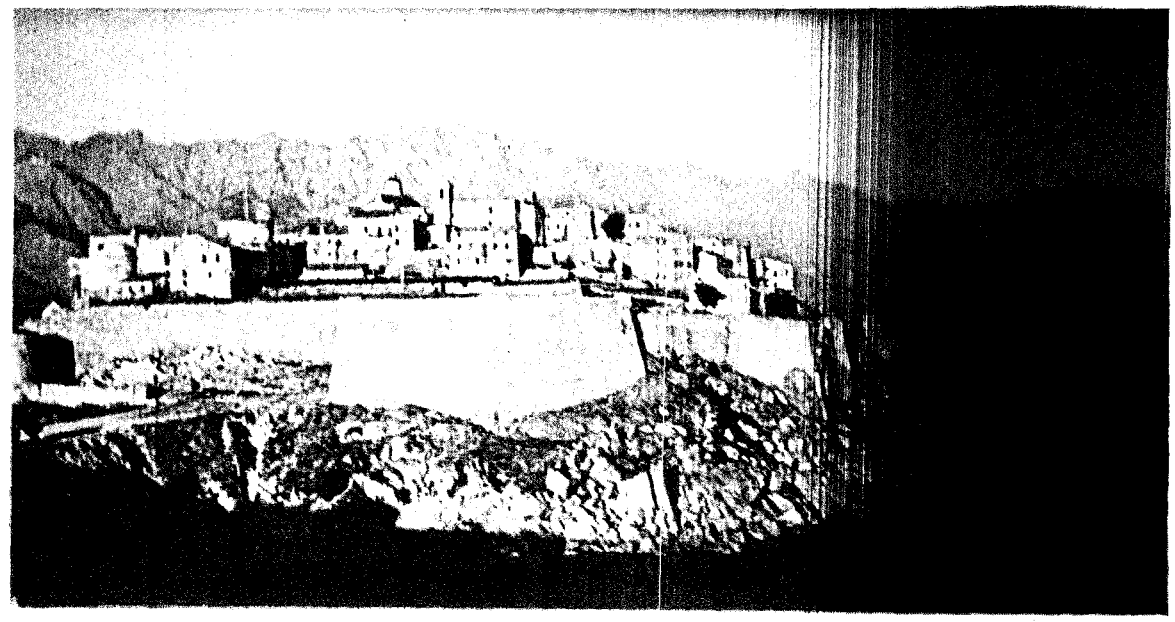

Calvi on the island's northwestern coast boasts a lively night life and proudly claims to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus.

Sunny But Somber Island

Overshadowed by more glamorous Mediterranean neighbors, the Island of Corsica offers tourists lush beauty and brooding charm.

By JACK ALEXANDER

AJACCIO, CORSICA.

The Englishman in the lounge of the overnight boat from Nice, a tweedy, bird-watcher type, summed up what he had been talking about. "In short," he said, "I would say that in physical beauty Corsica is rather like your cinema actress, Miss Monroe. There is just too much *there*, a most prodigal richness of natural gifts."

I told him that he had Marilyn taped accurately and said that I had often thought of petitioning the White House to have her declared a national monument.

"Yet," he went on, refusing to be distracted, "there is about Corsica a somber, apocalyptical quality that in no wise can be ascribed to Miss Monroe." I assured him that as a student of the fan magazines I had never seen Miss Monroe associated with anything remotely resembling the apocalypse.

"She's a blonde, you know," I explained, "and in our part of the world blondness, rightly or wrongly, connotes a happy approach to life."

He said, "Oh." Then he finished off his lemon squash, said that he had enjoyed our little talk and left for his cabin.

During the night one of the many roistering winds that lash Corsica blew up, and the boat pitched miserably, but the morning was as clear as a lingering star, and in a small way I had had an introduction to the island's violently contrasting moods, which first excite the emotions and then as quickly drain them. The view from the deck rail was commanding.

In the foreground lay a magically beautiful coastline rimmed by uncountable lacy necklaces of sandy beach. In the background, mountains towered to almost 9000 feet, a size that was disproportionate to the island's land mass. Some of the peaks wore severe-looking mantles of snow. Below the snow line the mountains were covered by the ominous, brooding mystery of evergreens, which always seem to be saying that the crack of doom is closer than one thinks.

An occasional breeze from the shore brought with it a pungent odor that Napoleon Bonaparte used to recall nostalgically while rotting on St. Helena. He boasted to his captors that, blindfolded, he could detect the approach of his native Corsica from a distance of many miles, simply by scent. It was the scent of the *maquis*, a discontinuous jungle thicket covering the island's lower slopes, and long overgrown with aromatic plants.

Coming ashore at Ajaccio is something like walking into a nineteenth-century, banana-republic operetta. Balconied old houses painted pink, yellow, cream and pale green seem to step backward up the protecting hills. (Mixed in with them now are modernistic apartments financed by the government.) Squat palm trees and venerable sycamores shade the chief streets. Taximen and baggage handlers work with hurried politeness, then blow their tops wildly when bicycles and mule carts get in the way. This section of the city is Bonaparte-family country. The house in which Napoleon was born, a fairly pretentious four-story structure, survives in a good state of repair.

Colorful Past, Clouded Future

Someday soon, perhaps within the next decade, it will be decided whether this beauty-laden island, which has had a spectacular past, has much of a future. It is a race against time and fire. Each year more and more of the countryside and the irreplaceable forests go up in acrid smoke, and the fire-fighting equipment is too primitive to help much.

The anomalies of bureaucracy complicate the picture. Paris allocates funds to stimulate the Corsican tourist trade, then, as she did in 1960, announces that Corsica's abandoned silver mine at Argentella will be used for subterranean nuclear tests. The tourist cancellations following that boner were appalling.

Although the island since 1789 has been in the bosom of France as a separate *département*, its citizens stubbornly think and speak of themselves as Corsicans. On a two-day jaunt around the southern part of Corsica I had as a driver and guide a man who in a striking way mirrored the island's invasion-bred genetics. He had a French first name, Jean, and an Italian last name, Martinelli, but his face was narrow, his eyes piercingly alert and his profile aquiline.

"I am a little gift from the Saracen," he explained with sardonic amusement as we hurried through the outskirts of Ajaccio. "He was around here often during the dark ages, and this was his way of signing the guest book."

The day was cool yet sunny enough to bring out the heady scent of the *maquis*, which seemed to have an exciting effect upon Mr. Martinelli. The road began to climb and to curve more frequently. Small villages of pink-roofed stone houses flashed by, plastered against hillsides. Old men clad in corduroy suits drowsed on rock fences or stood chatting together. Women in black trudged along the narrow highway balancing on their heads baskets of firewood or of bread and wine or of clothing laundered at the village pump. Corsican men, as a class, are noted for their honesty and courtesy and for an abhorrence of manual labor. The Corsican woman is a drudge, deferring to her husband in all matters and doing all the heavy lifting.

The road narrowed, and a twisting ascent to the Coralli Pass began. At one sharp curve the driver stopped the car to direct attention to a massive example of natural sculpture, the Lion of Roccapina. It lies atop a big ridge of rose-colored granite and glowers protectively over the pretty little Gulf of Roccapina. A less mystical approach to the science of defending a coast is suggested by the nearby presence of a cylindrical rock tower about thirty-five feet high. This is one of more than 100 such towers erected by the Genoese during the nearly 300 years they held Corsica. In time of approaching danger, fires were built on top of the platforms, and in a matter of minutes the entire civil population was holed up in the mountains.

Ninth-Century Citadel

In late afternoon we dipped down out of the hills and headed across the flatlands toward one of the most spectacular military works ever to spring from the hand and the heart of man. It was the citadel city of Bonifacio, located at the southernmost tip of Corsica and spread out along the backbone of a limestone promontory which itself stands 200 feet above the Strait of Boniface. Named for its founder, the Marquis Boniface II of Tuscany, the city was built in the middle of the ninth century.

The only entrance to the citadel is by way of a drawbridge spanning a dry moat. As I crossed the bridge and walked up a steeply pitched cobblestone street the falling sun was still casting on building walls a geometric pattern of overhead water pipes. Once the sun had set, a murky chill gripped the ancient streets. The farther I walked uphill, the darker and narrower the passageway got, and at length I turned back.

The nasal, agonized screech of the Sardinian donkeys is reveille for the "lower town" of Bonifacio, below the citadel,

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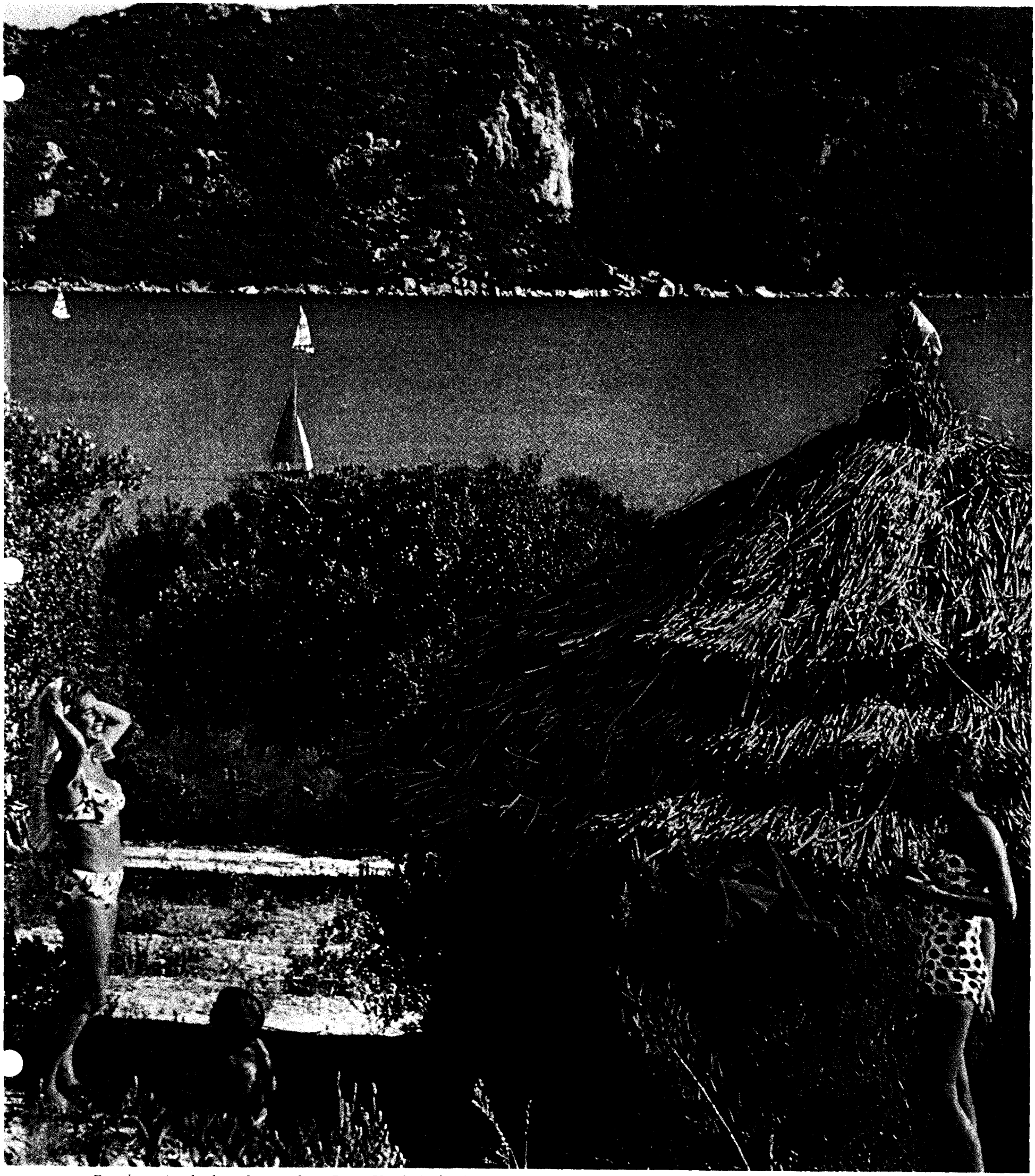

French tourists bask in the sun above Porto Vecchio's fjordlike harbor on the island's lower-east coast. The Polynesian hut is part of a luxury vacation camp operated by a private club.

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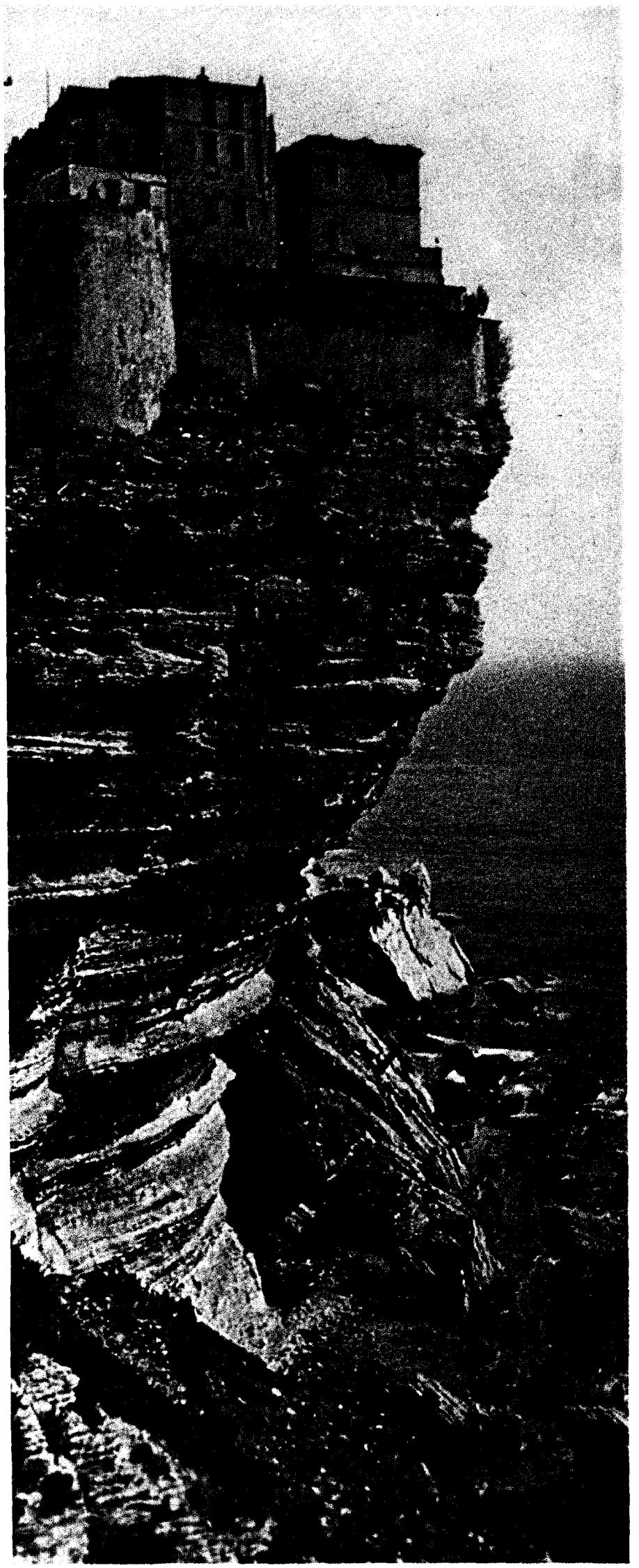

Atop a limestone promontory the 1100-year-old citadel city of Bonifacio guards the straits at the island's southernmost tip. Corsica's violent history is scarred with invasions and vendettas.

Corsica where hotels and business houses face upon a tranquil marina. The day has begun. Jean Martinelli, his dark, Saracen eyes gleaming, announces as we take off again that first on our itinerary will be the lower-eastern-coast town of Porto Vecchio, with its fjordlike harbor, its olive groves and vineyards and its cork oaks. The road is consolingly flat.

The creamy, red-roofed houses of Porto Vecchio come into view through rows of eucalyptus trees which have been cultivated as an aromatic barrier to mosquitoes. There is a low morning haze, and Porto Vecchio seen through it looks like an impressionist painting. The town is indolently alive. Farmers' wives preside over market stalls stacked with vegetables and fruits.

We ascended an exceptionally serpentine road to reach our next stop, the Forest of the Hospital, a battery of stone cottages high up in a 6762-acre tract. Once used as isolation cottages for victims of malaria, they are no longer needed for that purpose. They now serve well-to-do Corsicans seeking the "bon air" of the mountains as July-August refuges from the heat and the tourists. The cottages were still shuttered when I was there, and the atmosphere was one of complete and blessed silence. I got out of the car and walked about. The forest bed was soft and ferny underfoot. There was a windlessness, a deep poetic solitude so profound that it seemed as if the forest itself had commanded it.

It all felt wonderful, and when we left this secluded haven, our spirits were restored. Later they were further restored by an excellent lunch at Zonza, a pretty mountain crossroads of 2610 feet altitude. Our table stood on an open-air terrace overlooking the gray steeple of an old church and beyond it to a green valley.

Corsica's well-nigh incredible record of sustained resistance to invasion is one of the unsung marvels of human achievement. It emerges from prehistory in 560 B.C. with an invasion by the aggressive Phocaean Greeks. As the centuries unwound and the roasting political winds of the Mediterranean blew harder and harder, the island was overrun wholly or piecemeal by a rogues' gallery of plunderers, of whom the most tenacious were the Romans, the Genoese and the French. The record of resistance ended in the early nineteenth century when, in the post-Waterloo redesigning of Europe, Corsica landed with permanence in the hands of the French.

Depopulation by Vendetta

None of the invaders showed much interest in the governing processes beyond what was needed for keeping the inhabitants subjugated while they milked the island for what it was worth. Legal justice was denied them, or delayed too long to do any good. As the Corsicans were an amalgam of a lot of semisavage clans, they invoked the authority of the family as a substitute for that of the government. Somewhere along the line the vendetta, or blood feud, came into being.

At its homicidal worst, vendetta had a seriously depopulating effect on the island. A feud usually started with a dispute over some trivial matter, such as a clash in political opinion or the ownership of a stray pig. One of the disputants, with deadly caprice, would construe the debate as an affront to his family's honor, and stab or shoot his adversary. Sometimes the intramural warfare would extend to the third or fourth generation, at which point, no one being able to remember the original provocation, the feud would be allowed to lapse. The whole misbegotten process itself lapsed bit by bit during the past century and a half, and by the turn of the twentieth century had dwindled to comparative simplicity.

Minus—or almost minus—the blight of vendetta, the family today lies at the center of everything. It is all very Mediterranean up to a point. The newlywed couple lives surrounded by in-laws, sisters, brothers, cousins and aunts. The individual is totally submerged. All decisions affecting him are made by, and in, the family council.

To signalize an important decision, the tribe, as a matter of prestige, may celebrate it with a banquet in a public restaurant. It is here the deviation from the Mediterranean pattern begins. In most countries abutting this storied ocean, the people manage to squeeze some joy out of the cuisine, their wines and the small triumphs of daily living. They give expression to those gay feelings in song and dance.

Preoccupation With Death

Corsicans, however, do not dance, and their faces are slow to exercise the smile muscles. They also have what seems to some outsiders an unusually strong preoccupation with death. Their only original music consists largely of the *voceru*, an angry chant summoning the clan to avenge a vendetta matter, and the *lamentu*, a simple tragic ballad suitable for any kind of funeral.

In a land which has virtually no industrial payrolls and no school offering education beyond the tenth-grade level, each graduating class adds to the glut of unskilled labor. Much of the surplus emigrates to Latin American countries, but more aim at the public payroll with its safety of tenure and its ultimate assurance of a modest pension. Corsicans are to be found all over France and its dependencies in the customs and postal services, in the professional armed forces and in the police forces of all sizable French cities. Some also get tied up in the vice rackets of Paris and Marseille.

Many a pensioner returns to Corsica to live out his string, and the family system rocks steadily along, drawing its lifeblood from various kinds of government checks. Even with the government checks faithfully pooled, the family system would probably fail if it weren't for the old manse, or farmhouse, and a genius which Corsicans have for living harmoniously together in crowded quarters. Ownership of the family structure is shared by so many persons as to make the obtaining of a clear title, and thus a possible sale, highly difficult. The house sticks to the family; and the family, for better or for worse, is stuck with the house.

Corsican men are gregarious and obsessed by a fondness for seeing others and having others see them. So as not to appear to be loafing, they have perfected the art of sauntering which, in this context, means making a carefully contrived walk appear to be quite casual. The newest pensioner soon learns that the clan expects him to be well dressed on these regular sallies into the sidewalk cafés. He may be sleeping on a cot in a bedroom shared by six others, but by some kind of magic he manages to look fresh and trim every time he emerges from the house.

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Each evening at dusk a less subtle but more compelling kind of formalized sauntering livens up the Cours Napoléon, Ajaccio's principal business street. Half the town, or so it seems, gathers to watch the performance. The young girls, who are the chief attraction, stroll in groups of five or six with arms linked. Their faces are pretty and their waistlines incredibly small, but they have the typically Corsican thickset build and rather heavy legs. Their attire is almost uniform, the main items being a sweater and an accordion-pleated white skirt cut above the knee. Nine out of ten wear the currently popular beehive coiffure, and wear it badly. Hordes of young males sporting the tight-fitting breeches of their era tag along beside the parading girls, and there is a continuous exchanging of coquetry and banter.

Ajacciens whom I met at sidewalk cafés agreed that some of Corsica's most extravagant charms are on display along the western littoral between Ajaccio and Calvi. "Of course," one of them said, "you could, after leaving Calvi, veer right and continue across the top of the island to Bastia. But you wouldn't waste your time on that. Bastia is uncivilized." (In Bastia I was to be told the same thing about Ajaccio.)

On another sunny morning I set forth again in Jean Martinelli's car. In less than an hour we were skirting the Gulf of Sagone, which has one of the prettiest and least-used stretches of first-rate sandy beach in Europe. The sometimes rocky coastline is serrated into sheltered coves with gemlike beaches of their own. Most of these are inaccessible except by way of hard-to-find footpaths.

It is a steep climb from the shore level to the village of Piana, but it is worth the car's effort, for here begins what is perhaps the most famed of Corsica's natural wonders, Les Calanches. It is really a world within a world and a frightener at that—or inspirer, as the Corsicans would have it. It is a world of fjords whose sides rise high into the sky in tortured, grotesque shapes of eroded pink granite which, as the afternoon wanes, shades into a golden yellow, into dark violet.

Where Nelson Lost His Eye

We passed shortly out of the grasp of Les Calanches and were soon sitting on a hotel terrace in the little town of Porto, tearing into a refreshing snack.

It began with an hors-d'oeuvres platter of smoked pork tenderloin, sliced tomatoes, potato salad, native salami and fat black olives.

Then came native giant crayfish broiled and doused with hot butter and myrtle; and after that sautéed veal with tiny island-grown artichokes. The wine was a rosé, a category in which Corsican vintners excel. It bore the trade name of Letizia, in honor of Napoleon's mother. For dessert there was a hard, salty sheep-milk cheese called *bruccio sec* and Corsican oranges, which have a thick, corrugated skin and a very sweet flavor.

Calvi is best known for its claim of being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. (Most histories credit Genoa.) It also remembers with pride a day in 1794 when *HMS Agamemnon*, skippered by the indomitable Horatio Nelson, hove to off Calvi and opened fire. Nelson's guns killed a few citizens and damaged the citadel church, whose dome still bears the mark. But a fragment of metal from one of the citadel's missiles knocked out one of Nelson's eyes, and the locals felt that they got the better of the exchange. After such glories it is painful to report that the Calvi of today stands out chiefly as the only pretender to sophistication of the café-society variety. It has several nightclubs, including one that doesn't close its doors until dawn.

Bastia, for all its straining as the commercial capital of Corsica, has a more cosmopolitan atmosphere than Ajaccio. It has about 50,000 population, the biggest on the island (Ajaccio's 32,000 is second), and its people seem to be charged with energy, except during the midday siesta, when Bastia closes down for two hours as does any provincial village.

Ninety-nine Miles of Bravura

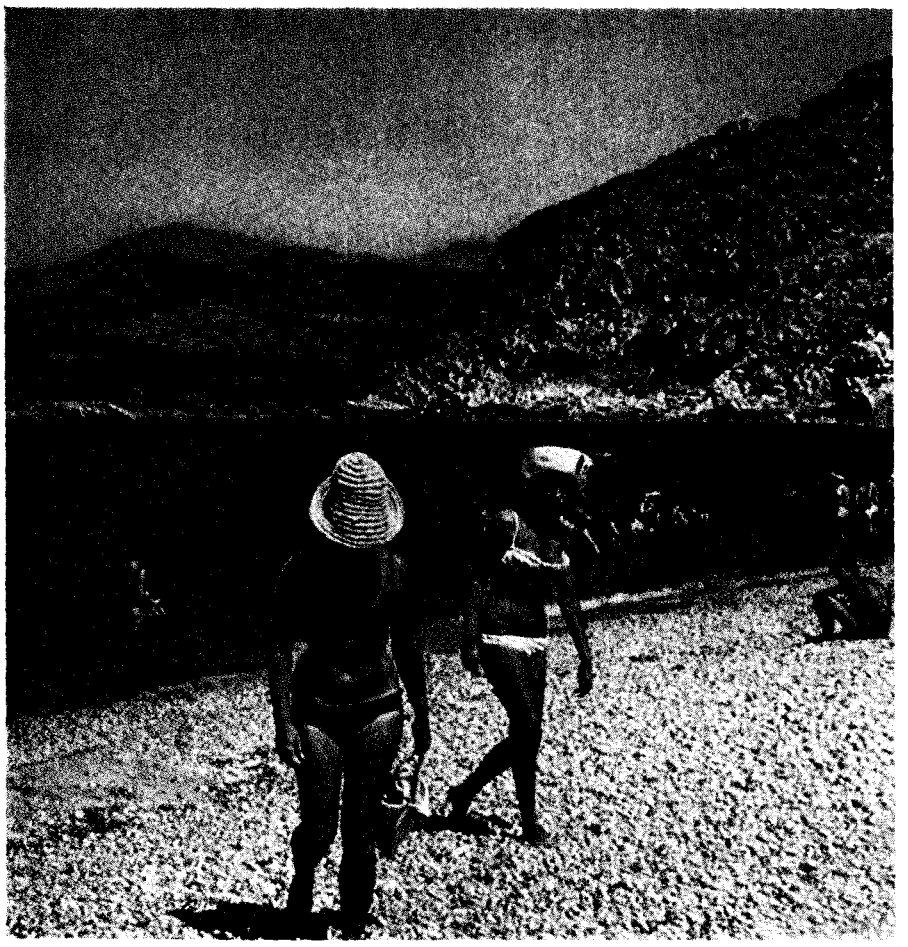
Tired from scuffling around goat trails by car, I was ready for a change of pace and sought counsel of my Bastia concierge. He soothingly suggested the *Micheline*, a narrow-gauge railroad plying ninety-nine miles between Bastia and Ajaccio and offering a relaxing view of interior Corsica. The *Micheline*, a two-car train, is a cute little diesel number much beloved of Corsicans, who often ride it just for an outing. The *Micheline* is to Corsica what the cable cars are to San Francisco—quaint and funny and knee-deep in affection and public subsidy.

But the concierge's implication that a restful trip was in store for me was a gross untruth. With a performance rich in bravura the *Micheline* whangs around tight curves and slams through tunnels—forty, all told—and it crosses innumerable high and low bridges that span canyons, gorges and some of the island's great chestnut forests. Among my copassengers were parties of Belgian and Dutch tourists and a handful of British Boy Scouts, subdued and well-behaved. The rest of the passengers were plainly locals.

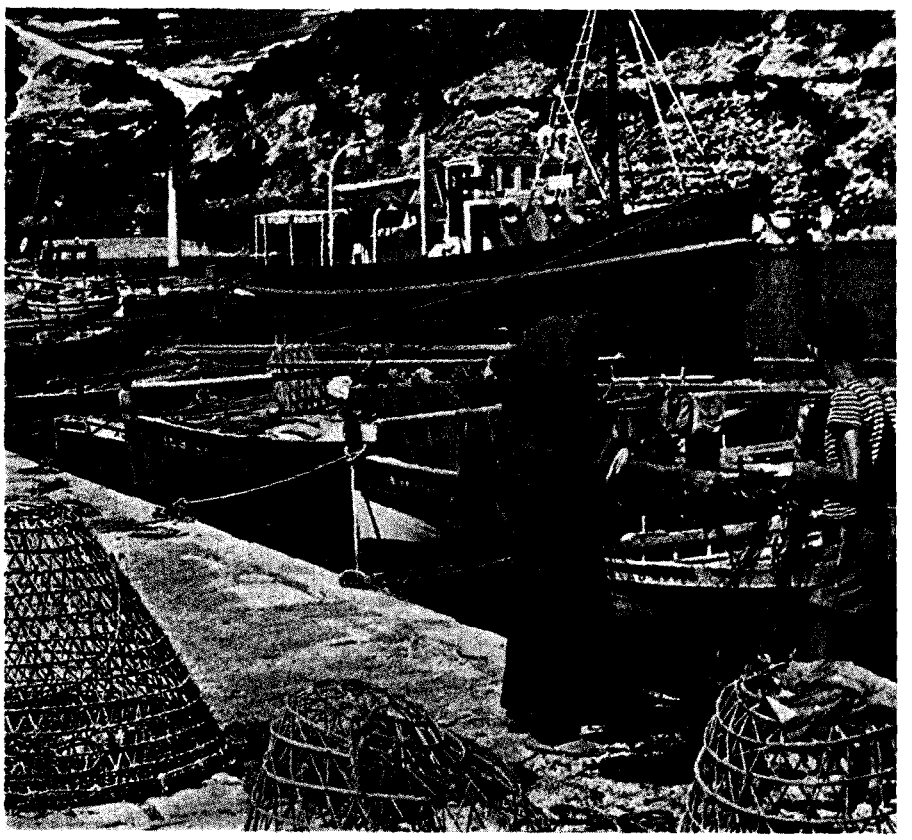
Permanent American residents in Corsica are hard to find, but by diligent searching I flushed a brace of young ones in prime condition. One was Michael Chickris, a construction worker whose native heath is Shamokin, Pennsylvania. While stationed here with a unit of the U. S. Air Force he met and married Maria Padovani, the lively daughter of a radio-television-shop proprietor. The Chickris contribution to the Corsican picture is a recently opened motel named Dolce Vita situated just outside of Ajaccio on the road toward the Sanguinary Islands. Except for the dining room, whose cuisine is French, everything is in the lush American turnpike tradition, right down to the television in every room and the swimming pool. The coffee shop is American in style too, with its pancakes, hamburgers, milk shakes and hot dogs.

Then there was one semipermanent United States citizen whom I had met back in Bastia. He was Geoffrey Wagner, a novelist and college English instructor from New York, who spends his summers and sabbaticals hiking and riding about the island and studying its varied aspects. From his intensive scholarship has emerged a guidebook to Corsica which is easily the best of its kind.

Between Wagner and Corsica there is a kind of love affair, and Wagner gets lyrical in discussing it. As I was taking my leave, he said, "I'm afraid I'm loving this island more and more. It hasn't any elegance or culture, but somehow, somewhere along the line, it speaks to me, and I can't say no." **THE END**



At the Club de l'Horizon near Calvi two Swiss vacationers amble up the beach. Here tourists can spend two weeks for sixty dollars.



Along the wharves of Bonifacio a Corsican fisherman and his helper repair crayfish traps. The crayfish is considered a delicacy.

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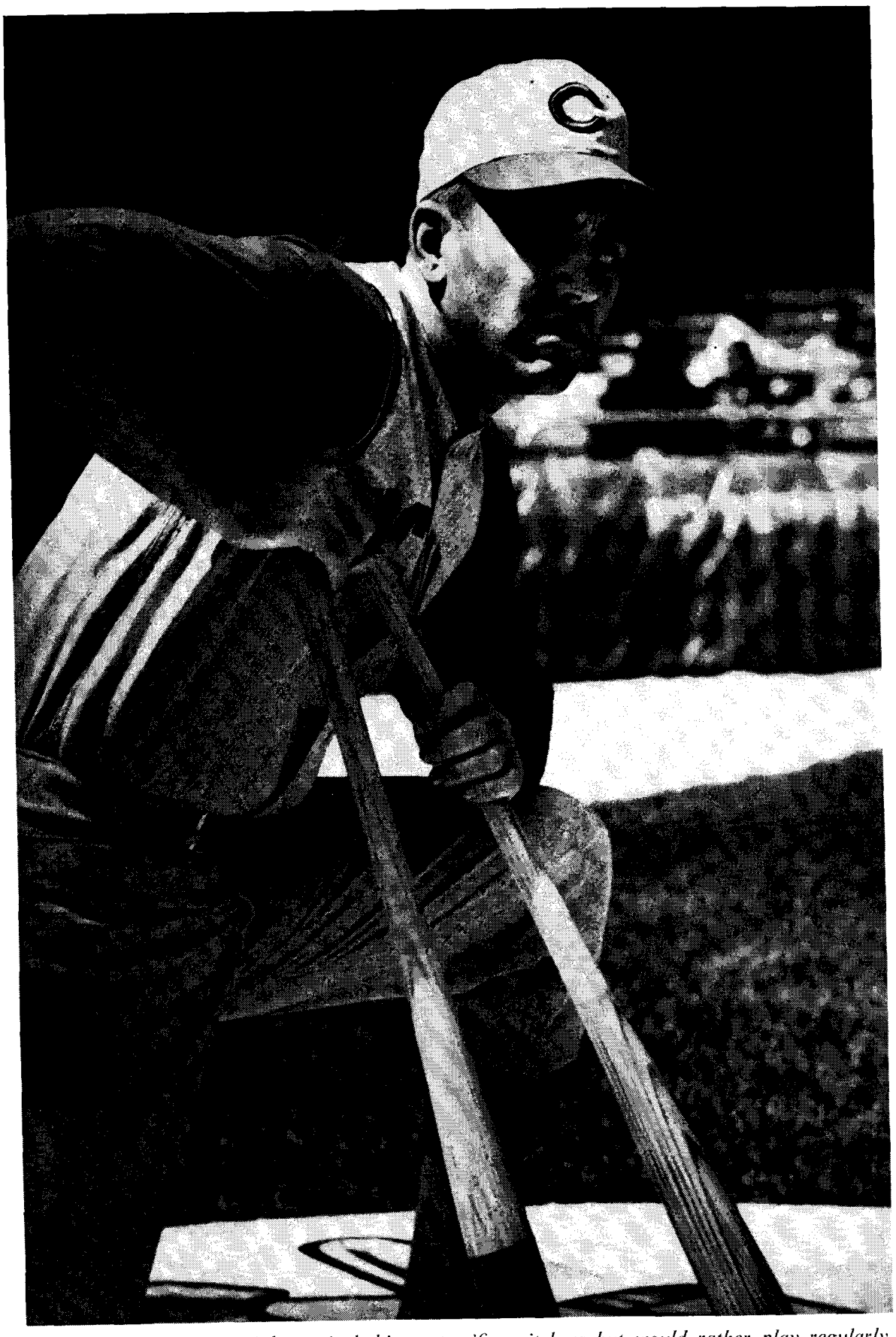
Baseball's Hitters in Waiting

Pinch hitters are fast becoming prized specialists. But a good man who likes the work is still a rarity.

By JERRY HOLTZMAN



Jerry Lynch, the majors' best pinch hitter, terrifies pitchers but would rather play regularly.

Either advanced beyond his time or terribly frustrated—and possibly both—Oliver (Pat) Tebeau, manager of the Cleveland Spiders, tried a new experiment in the ninth inning of a National League game at Brooklyn in 1892. With his team trailing by two runs, he benched George Davies, his pitcher, and sent Jack Doyle, a reserve catcher, up to the plate to swing for him. Doyle responded with a single, advancing a runner to third. Thereby he became baseball's first pinch hitter.

Although the Spiders lost the game, 2–1, Tebeau really started something. By the end of that pioneering 1892 season a total of seven pinch hitters had been used in the major leagues. Last season the figure was 4051, including forty-two men who were pinch-hitting *for* pinch hitters, a phenomenon of modern tactics in which a pinch hitter is sent up but immediately withdrawn for still another if the rival manager counters by changing pitchers.

Like relief pitchers, with whom they are often compared, pinch hitters have gained in stature and are no longer merely extra men on the bench. Pinch hitters were used in 97 percent of all major-league games last year, and most clubs now have men who specialize in coming off the bench cold to hit in clutch situations. A team will pay as much as $20,000 a year, perhaps more, to the player who can deliver consistently under these circumstances. Not many can.

Soft Hours, Tough Job

Most major leaguers don't want to pinch-hit anyway. They prefer to play every day as starters. About the only men receptive to becoming pinch specialists are veterans anxious to prolong their careers and extend their pension credits. The few who adapt successfully can add anywhere from two to five years to their big-league longevity.

Or take the case of thirty-three-year-old Prentice (Pidge) Browne of the new Houston Colt .45's, who never had a look-in at the majors before. He spent a dozen seasons in the minors, including several stretches at Houston. After the city got its big-league franchise, he was signed on this year primarily as a left-handed pinch hitter. As of late June he had come through with nine hits—several of them game-winners—in twenty-five official pinch at-bats. Manager Harry Craft was predicting that Pidge would break Sam Leslie's thirty-year-old National League record of twenty-two pinch hits in one season.

Pinch hitting requires a rare combination of patience and fierce concentration. The pinch hitter's workday is short, usually lasting for only a minute or two and

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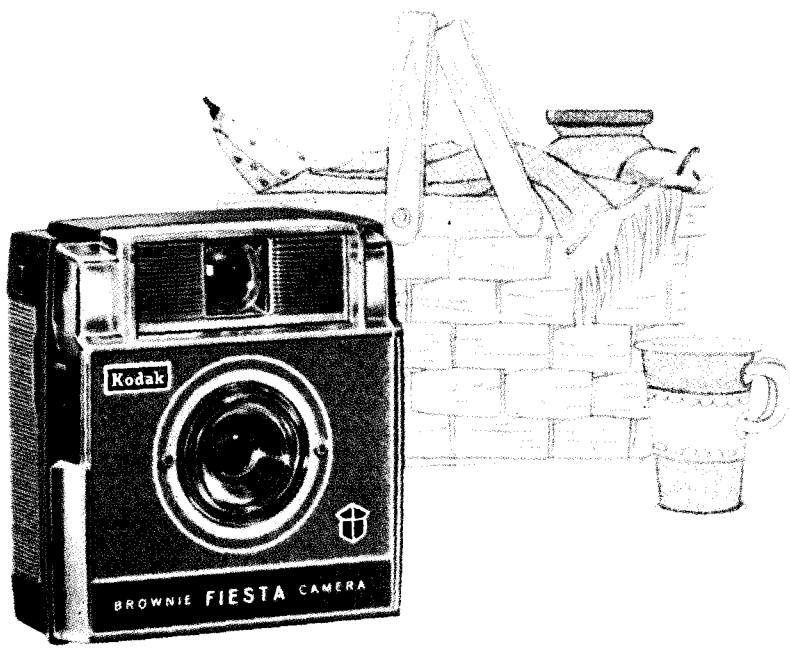

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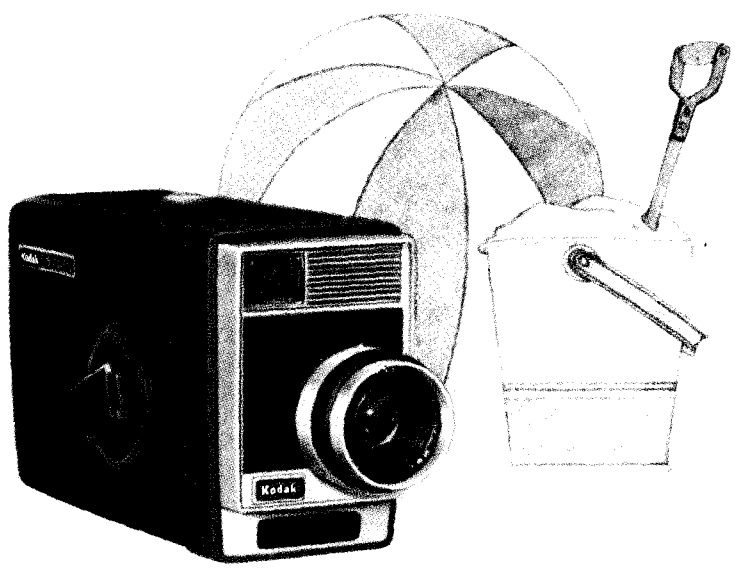

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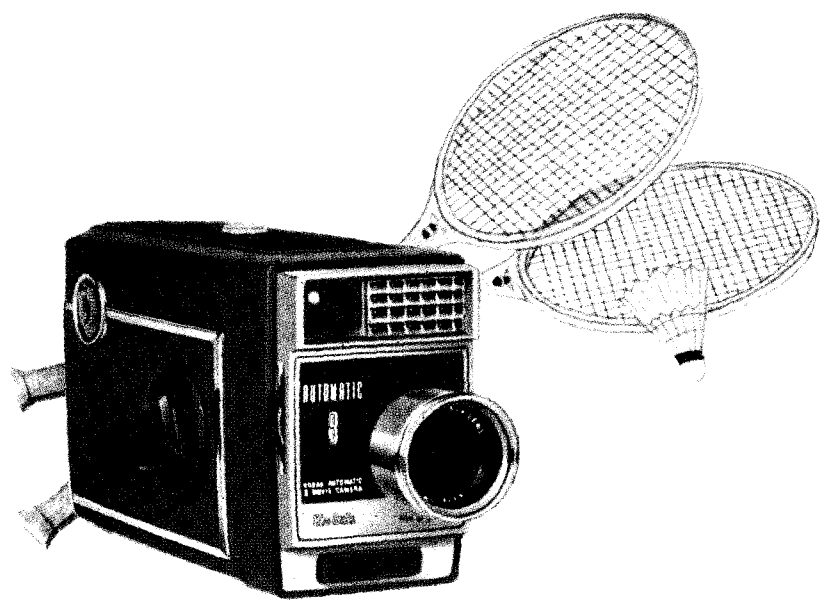

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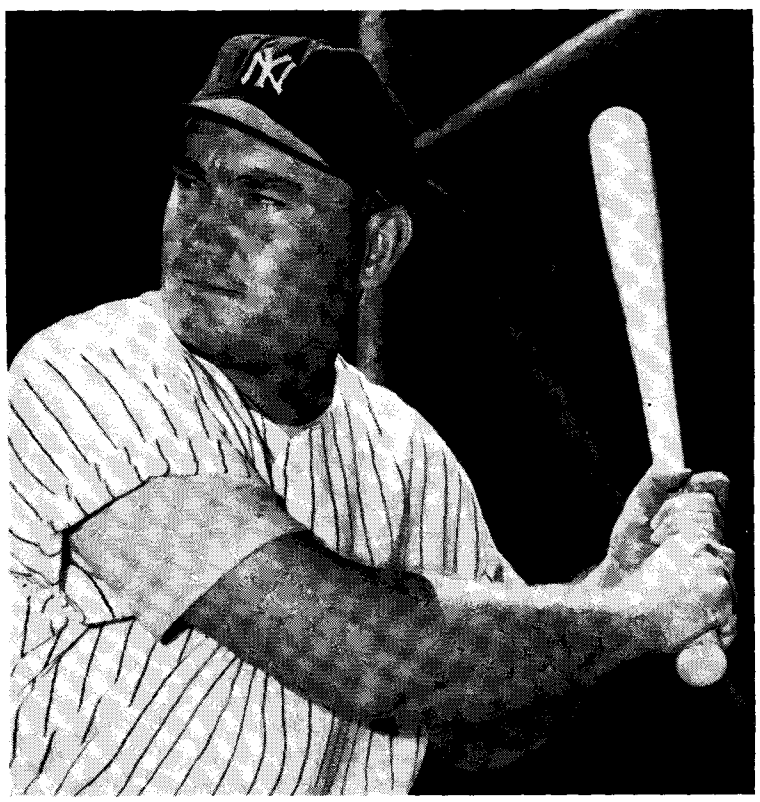
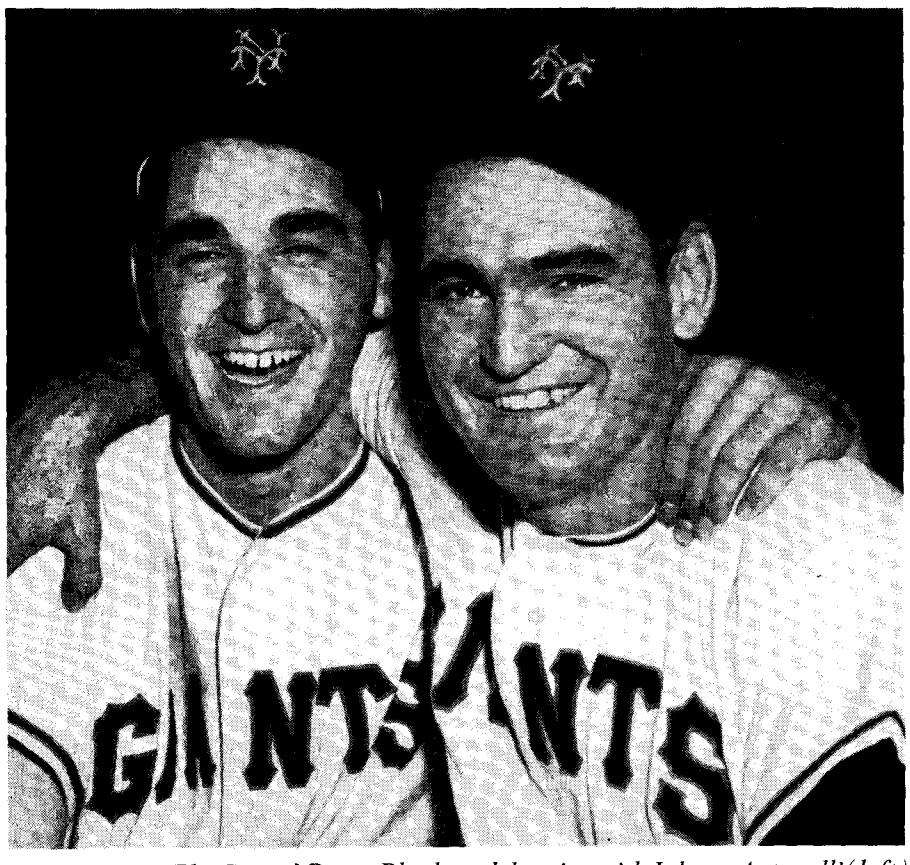
"Rhodes always put himself in. He thought he could hit anybody living. And he did—that one year."



Slugger Johnny Mize became a pinch hitter toward the end of his career, helped the Yankees to five pennants in a row (1949–53).



The Giants' Dusty Rhodes celebrating with Johnny Antonelli (left) during 1954 World Series. Dusty's pinch hits shattered Cleveland.

Pinch Hitters

sometimes for just one swing. Many big-name stars have not been able to distinguish themselves in pinch roles.

The late Ty Cobb, whose .367 batting percentage is the highest of all time, averaged .247 as a pinch hitter. Babe Ruth's figure was a mere .200. Ted Williams, regarded as the best of the modern hitters, batted .316 in his final season of 1960 but had only a .053 pinch-hitting average, with a solitary single in nineteen at-bats. His lifetime average in pinch appearances was .271.

Mickey Mantle, whose experience in the role has been very limited, says simply, "I don't like to pinch-hit. I never did." Roger Maris, who did some of it at the start of his big-league career in Cleveland and Kansas City, is less emphatic. "I didn't mind—too much," he says, although he can't recall winning a game with a pinch hit.

Jerry Lynch of the Cincinnati Reds is easily the best pinch hitter in the majors today—he has been delivering at a .350 clip this season—but he yields to nobody in expressing distaste for the assignment.

Of the scores of past and present pinch hitters who were interviewed for this article, one of the few who admitted to a liking for the job was big John Mize, a part-time first baseman and pinch swinger when the New York Yankees were winning five successive pennants from 1949 through 1953. The Yankees gave $40,000 to get the aging slugger from the Giants and paid him a salary in excess of $25,000. He was more than worth it.

Mize considers pinch hitting easier than batting regularly. His reasoning is that the man who comes up in a pinch situation generally gets better pitches to swing at than in normal circumstances. "The pitchers were in a jam by the time I got in there," Mize explains. "The pressure was on them, not me. They couldn't fool around. They had to throw strikes."

Cincinnati's Lynch vigorously states the other side of the case: "The pinch hitter gets only one time at bat. He either does or he doesn't. The fellow playing regularly can strike out in the first inning, he can pop up in the fourth, but if he singles or doubles in a run or two in the sixth he's had a good day. With us there's no second chance."

If Lynch doesn't enjoy being a spot hitter, opposing pitchers are even less happy to see him come up. Manager Fred Hutchinson last year sometimes would have Jerry climb out of the dugout as if preparing to bat even when there was no intention of using him.

Just the sight of Lynch coiled in the on-deck circle was frightening to many pitchers. Admitted Elvin Tappe, the Cubs' head coach most of the 1961 season, "One look at him and our pitchers went to pieces. Even the guys in the bullpen began losing their stuff."

Psychological Warfare

The injection of psychological warfare into the use of pinch hitters is nothing new. John McGraw of the Giants, one of the game's most original thinkers, was doing it back before World War I.

McGraw always made a real production out of sending up the fearsome Harry (Moose) McCormick. According to an account by Damon Runyon, McCormick wouldn't step into the batter's box "until after a three-minute delay during which time the trainer would massage his legs with a bat to create the proper circulation and atmosphere for the Moose to stride majestically to the plate and look the quaking pitcher in the eye."

"This isn't quite true," McCormick said awhile ago at his home in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. "The trainer used cocoa butter."

McCormick is a legend among pinch hitters, but neither he nor anybody else has had quite as devastating a single season as Jerry Lynch with Cincinnati last year. Lynch started off with three home runs in his first five tries and went on from there. All told, he made fifty-nine appearances as a substitute hitter in 1961 and was safe more than half the time, drawing twelve walks and delivering nineteen hits for a .404 pinch-batting average. More than half his hits were for extra bases.

Should Lynch Start?

Lynch's sustained success created one problem for Manager Hutchinson. Should he continue to hold Jerry on the bench and use him only in the late innings, when a pinch hit in the right spot could tie or win a game? Or should he start Lynch in left field, gambling that his productivity in the normal four times at bat would outweigh his defensive shortcomings?

Lynch started only ten games during the first half of the season, but beginning in mid-August, he was in the regular lineup in twenty of thirty-one games. Had Hutch kept him in a reserve role all year long, Jerry undoubtedly would have broken most of the existing pinch-hitting records for one season.

After the Reds clinched the pennant on September twenty-sixth, Hutchinson said he would use Lynch as a pinch hitter in the Reds' remaining three games at Pittsburgh to give Jerry a shot at the record of six pinch homers in a season, set in 1932 by Johnny Frederick of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Lynch had five pinch homers going into his final series, but was unable to add any more. Not only that, on the next-to-last day he took a called third strike for the first time in two seasons of heavy duty as a pinch hitter.

He argued the call heatedly, claiming that the pitch—thrown by Clem Labine—had missed the outside corner and should have been ball three. "It was one of those borderline pitches," Lynch said months later, relaxing with his family at their home in Allison Park, Pennsylvania. "I'm sorry for some of the things I said. Landes"—Stan Landes, the plate umpire—"was right in throwing me out."

It was not surprising that Lynch got so worked up about the decision. Most professional pinch hitters take the greatest pride not in how many hits they deliver but rather in how few times they strike out. Their object is at least to get a piece of the ball. Going down swinging is bad enough, but taking the third strike is unpardonable.

Bob Hale, an excellent pinch batter, illustrates the point. In 1960, when he was with Cleveland, he had five pinch hits in a row, tying an American League record set by John Mize. The record was tied again this year by Vic Wertz of Detroit. Hale finished 1960 with a total of nineteen, one short of Parke Coleman's league mark—since broken by Dave Philley. But that wasn't what gave Hale the greatest satisfaction. "I pinch-hit in seventy ball games," he said recently, "and I took only one third strike."

Hale went on waivers last August to the Yankees, and rode the bench with them to the pennant. It was, he concedes,

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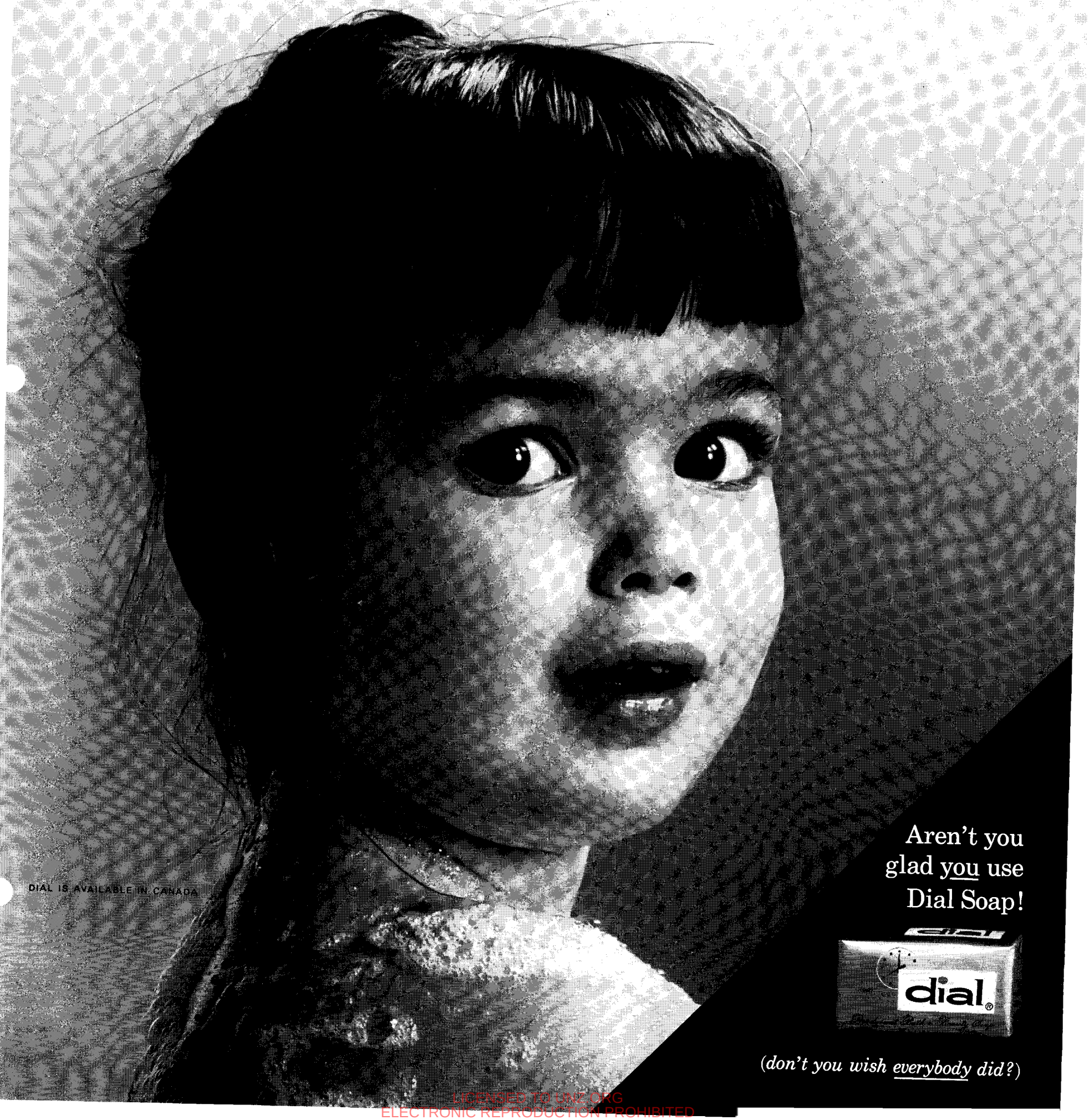

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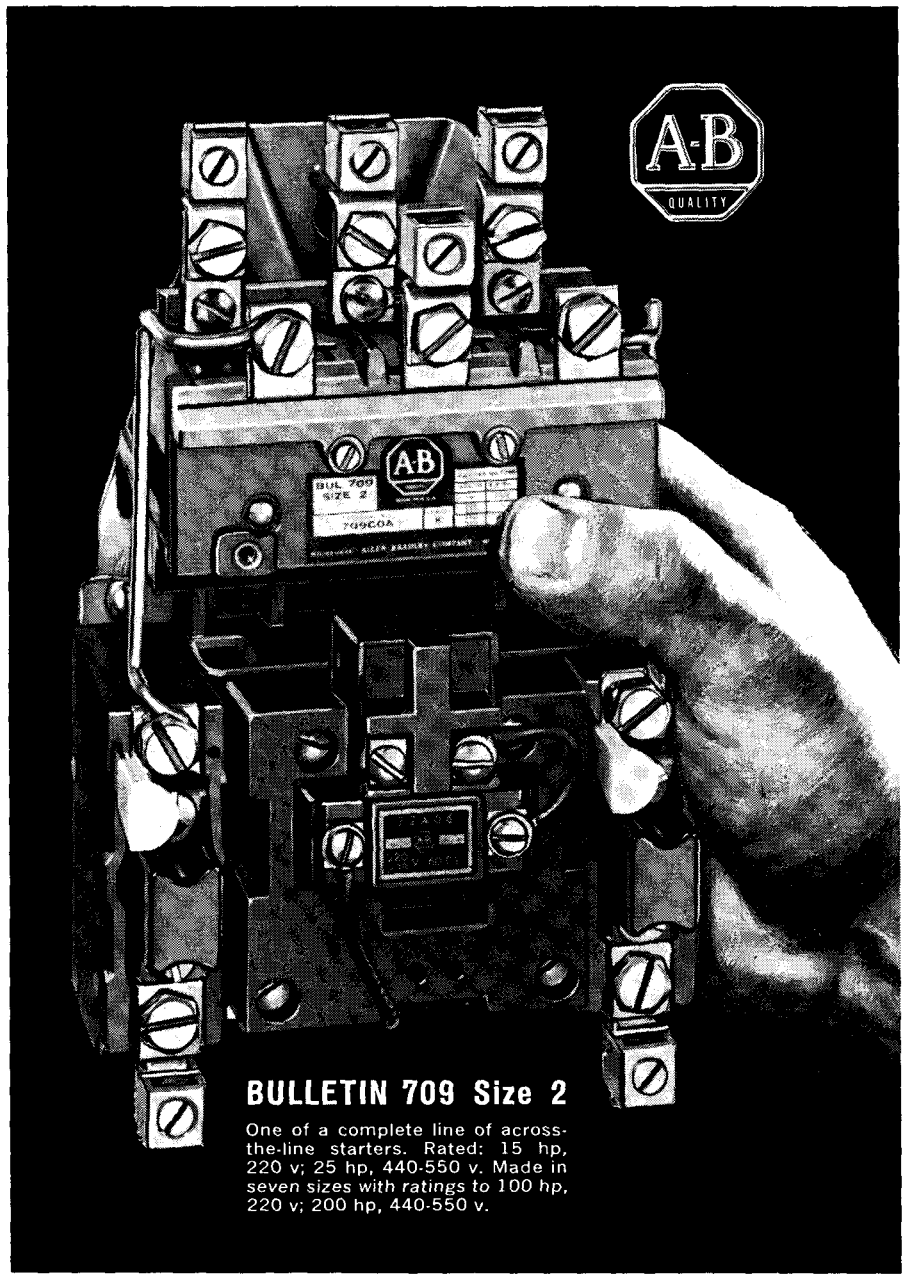
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John Blanchard, catcher, outfielder and pinch hitter, rapped four straight homers last year, the first two in pinch roles.

Pinch Hitters

an education just to sit in the Yankee dugout. Never had he been on a team with such depth. "Before, wherever I went I was the Number One pinch hitter. With the Yankees, I was Number Four." Johnny Blanchard, Bob Cerv and Hector Lopez all rated ahead of him.

Aging Players Hang On

The Yankees, clearing some of the fringe players from their roster shortly after the 1961 season, sent Hale down to Richmond. "They were overly generous," Hale said in Chicago, where he was working in the off-season as a playground instructor. "I pinch-hit seven times and they still voted me two-thirds of a Series share." Then Hale, who is twenty-eight, added, "I'll be back. I'll hit .300 at Richmond, and one of the big-league clubs will sign me. There is always a spot for a good pinch hitter."

Elmer Valo, now a scout with the New York Mets, would be the first to agree. Last year, at forty, he was still in there swinging with the Phillies; it was his twentieth season in the majors. He had played longer than anyone else then active except Stan Musial and Early Wynn.

During his last four years Valo survived almost exclusively as a pinch hitter. As an American Leaguer in 1960 he got in eighty-one games as a substitute batsman, the first time a pinch hitter had appeared in more than half a season's quota of games. He produced hits at a .250 pace.

Another veteran a few months older than Valo is eager to keep going. He is Dave Philley, a saddle-faced Texan now with the Boston Red Sox, who connected for a record twenty-four pinch hits with the Baltimore Orioles last year. In 1958 with the Phillies he established still another mark with a string of eight consecutive pinch hits. He extended it to nine straight in his first appearance in 1959.

"It took me a couple of years to adjust to pinch hitting," Philley says. "The toughest thing is learning to sit on the bench. Everyone wants to play. It's the natural thing. But I learned to sit. No one knows the pitchers like the pinch hitters. We watch 'em like hawks."

Pinch hitters fall into categories. Philley, for example, is a slap hitter who can be counted on to meet the ball. Men of this type are summoned for singles, and seldom for power. Others, such as Smoky Burgess of the Pirates, Charley Maxwell of the Tigers, Carl Sawatski of the Cardinals and Chuck Essegian of the Indians, are called on when the situation demands a long ball.

Catcher Burgess, often tapped for pinch duty in games he doesn't start, has a career total of eleven home runs as a pinch hitter—three short of George Crowe's major-league record of fourteen. Outfielder Essegian—often a regular starter this season—is the only man to hit two pinch homers in a World Series. He did it in 1959 for the Los Angeles Dodgers against the Chicago White Sox.

Bob Cerv of the Yankees, who has hit twelve pinch homers, and Vic Wertz of the Tigers are noted for their ability to bring in runners with sacrifice flies. Julio Becquer, late of the Minnesota Twins, and Bob Boyd, recently of the Milwaukee Braves, were in the speed-merchant class—an important pinch-hitting asset when the manager is anxious to avoid the double play.

Earl Torgeson, who concluded his long playing career with the Yankees last year, exemplifies still another breed. Torgie was primarily a "pinch looker"—almost always waiting out the pitcher and trying for a walk, which he often got. Such a man is ideal as a rally starter and is usually sent up to lead off an inning.

Most desirable of all is the versatile pinch hitter like Jerry Lynch who can be used under any circumstances—although preferably not with first base open, when the opposing manager can order an intentional base on balls, as happened in the third game of the 1961 World Series.

Lynch and Hale and most of the younger crop of pinch specialists prefer to swing at the first pitch—or the first "good" pitch, as they put it. "I'm swinging when I leave the bench," Hale has said, and Lynch declares, "I'm that way too. You've got to be aggressive."

Skip the First Pitch

Ron Northey, who developed into a remarkable pinch hitter at the tag end of his playing career several years ago, was different. He decided early that he would never swing at the first pitch. Beginning with Johnny Mize's premise that the pressure was on the pitcher, Northey further reasoned that the first delivery would always be the pitch that was working best for the pitcher on that particular day.

Northey kept tabs. After two months he had established that eight times out of ten, the first pitch to him wasn't thrown for a strike anyway. More important, by standing and watching it go by, Northey could study the speed and break of the ball. He knew this same pitch would appear again, usually at the moment when the pressure was greatest. "That was the pitch I would hit," Northey says.

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"The pinch hitter either does it or he doesn't. He gets only one time at bat. There are no second chances."

Northey, who is now a coach with the Pittsburgh Pirates, twice led the major leagues in pinch hitting. His 1956 season with the White Sox was his best. In thirty-nine official pinch at-bats he connected for fifteen hits—thirteen of them with two strikes against him—and drove in the winning run in the late innings of eight different ball games. Mickey Mantle who won the American League's triple batting crown that season, drove in the winning run in only nine Yankee games.

The Dodgers missed a chance to pick up Northey from the Charleston club in the American Association the year before because they decided he had grown too fat. With a Dodger scout in the stands, Northey put on a great hitting show, but nothing happened.

"They want you," Northey was told by Danny Menendez, the Charleston owner. "But they said you've got to lose ten pounds."

Within four days Northey had pared off the weight, but the Dodger agent said he still was too heavy and didn't look good in a uniform. "What the hell do they want?" Northey asked Menendez. "A model or a ballplayer?"

Destruction by Dusty

Another memorable pinch hitter was James (Dusty) Rhodes, now trying at thirty-five to work his way back from the minor leagues. In his day, which wasn't too long ago, Rhodes became famous as the only pinch hitter ever to dominate an entire World Series as the New York Giants swept four straight from the Cleveland Indians in 1954. Rhodes won the first game with a three-run pinch homer in the tenth inning. His one-run pinch single helped to make the difference in a 3–1 game the next day. In the third game he contributed a two-run single to start the scoring. Dusty wasn't needed in the fourth game, which the Giants won going away.

"Rhodes thought he could hit anybody living," said Leo Durocher, who handled him. "And he did—that one year. I always tried to use him in the right spot, where they couldn't walk him. But I didn't put him in. He put himself in. When the number seven, eight or nine men were due to hit he'd have his jacket off and be taking his practice swings. Then if we'd get a man on base he'd come over, spitting tobacco juice and saying, 'Hey, Skip. Me? Now?'"

Durocher doesn't rate Rhodes as the best pinch hitter he has seen, though. Leo picks two men who were active in his own playing days—Lew Riggs, of Cincinnati and Brooklyn, and Pat Crawford, who played for three National League clubs.

Everyone seems to have his own favorite. Dizzy Dean votes for Lefty O'Doul. The choice of Red Sox Manager Mike Higgins, is Sheriff Dave Harris of the Senators. Charlie Grimm, who entered the majors prior to World War I, gives the nod to Moose McCormick. Clarence Rowland, a Cub executive who goes back even farther than Grimm, recalls another McGraw pinch hitter, Sammy Strang.

Pitchers Good in a Pinch

Some of the great pinch hitters, surprisingly enough, have been pitchers, such as Red Lucas, Red Ruffing and Jim Tobin of a generation ago, and Bob Lemon and Don Newcombe of more recent vintage. Red Lucas, now a tax collector in Nashville, Tennessee, had 107 pinch hits in sixteen years of National League service, the present career high.

The record is certain to tumble. As of a month ago, for example, Jerry Lynch had accumulated sixty-nine pinch hits since 1957. He has been at it on what could be considered a regular basis only since 1960. If Lynch doesn't remain a pinch specialist long enough to top Lucas, somebody else will, simply because there is so much more pinch hitting nowadays.

Managers are completely sold on the practice. Some playing managers have been bold enough to pinch-hit themselves. American League president Joe Cronin slammed five pinch home runs for the Boston Red Sox in 1943. Lou Boudreau won two key games down the stretch with pinch hits while piloting Cleveland to the 1948 pennant.

Frank Frisch's last major-league hit came in a pinch role. His Cardinals, trailing the Braves by one run in the ninth, had the bases loaded with two out. Frisch was looking down the bench trying to decide whom to send up to the plate when a spectator yelled, "Hey, grandma, why don't you hit?" Frisch did, singling to win the game.

As a rule, however, the manager turns to a specialist to do the big job in the clutch. Perhaps the ultimate in rendering aid to a manager was achieved by Singing Sam Leslie, after establishing his National League record of twenty-two pinch hits for the Giants in 1932.

Following the season Leslie had Bill Terry, his boss, as a house guest in Pascagoula, Mississippi. One morning they were out fishing in a boat and Terry, who couldn't swim, fell overboard. As he had so many times before, Leslie came through for his manager. He jumped in and brought Terry safely ashore. **THE END**

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By William Holder

Watch out for trouble . . .

When Irish Eyes are Angry

Tony's mother was tiny and slim and very lovely. She had said, "But an *Irish* girl, Tony?"

"Kathleen O'Leary. She's a librarian, and I met her a couple of times when I went over to get some books. We've talked. Today she asked me to go to this dance."

"But Irish? What's wrong with someone like Anna Falcaro? Born right next door?"

"Anna and I have a perfect understanding. We dislike each other."

"She'd make a wonderful mother, Tony."

"She'd also make a fine blocking back for the Green Bay Packers." He bent and kissed the delicate cheek. "I'll see you in the morning, mom."

And now, in the girl's house, through some quirk of acoustics he could hear very clearly the guarded, low-pitched voices in the other room.

"Di Salvo," her father said. "What sort of a name is that? He sounds like he'd been shot out of a gun. And how is it that you're goin' to the Tomahawk Club dance with an Eyetalian? Foreigners. They're movin' in on us."

"You were born on the boat coming over," his daughter reminded him.

"One day out of port." There was evident reluctance in Mr. O'Leary's confession. "Your grandmother was always one to be in a bit too much of a hurry. Which doesn't answer my question. What's wrong with Joe Murphy? He's one of your own kind and a fine, lad. You've been seein' a lot of him for the last month or two."

"Ah, but I didn't see him last Saturday night!" the girl said, and there was anger in her voice. "He was out with Mary Donahue. As if I wouldn't hear all about it, the big fool. This will teach him to mind his *P*'s and *Q*'s."

Tony frowned. He'd been attracted to this girl, and he didn't at all like the idea of being used.

"This Salvo, now. And what does he do?"

"His mother and father have a restaurant. He works there."

"A waiter!" Mr. O'Leary said in shrill alarm. "An Eyetalian waiter! It's a blessing your sainted mother never saw this day! Well, if you're stubborn set on this foolishness, see that this—this waiter has you home at a decent hour."

The girl came in, and Tony got to his feet. She was tall to his chin and leopard-lithe, with midnight hair. The frown on her lovely face dissolved into a smile that might just have been real. "Ready?"

Annoyed at his decoy's role in the evening's activities, but more than willing to spend the hours with this girl on neutral ground, Tony said, "About this Tomahawk Club affair. Let's forget it We can ——"

She shook her head. "It's a family must. Once a year. A thing. Like the equinox. Pop doesn't feel up to snuff, so I'm elected."

Tony reflected that he didn't know her well enough to call her a liar. There was nothing much he could say except, "Fine."

A blocky late-teen-age boy made a noisy entrance to the room. The girl said, "Tony, this is my brother Mike. . . . Mike, Tony Di Salvo."

Tony took the strong hand. "Hello, Mike."

The boy looked at him for a moment, then snapped his fingers. "Boom-Boom Di Salvo! Two-time All-America halfback at Notre Dame. Three years ago."

"Five years," Tony said. "But thanks. I thought everyone but myself had forgotten about it." And he heard Mr. O'Leary mutter in the next room, "The Fighting Irish! Indeed!"

"Let's leave," the girl said, "before Mike produces a football. He will too." Tony winked at the boy, and they went out.

"This merriment is being held at Brunt's Point Palace," the girl told him. "Know where it is?"

"Certainly. I'm a very local lad. I told you I lived on Arthur Avenue. I was born there."

She frowned. "We should have met somewhere along the line."

Tony shook his head, smiling. "I went to Santa Maria's. You probably went to Saint Brendan's." Third Avenue was a line of demarcation through the ward as rigid as an international border. On one side you were Irish, on the other Italian.

The belligerent young sometimes made forays into foreign territory, but in a social sense the adjoining neighborhoods were disparate entities.

Tony flagged down a cab and gave the driver their destination. The girl was almost impersonally curious. "Why are you a waiter? I mean, you've been to college, you ask me for unusual books at the library, you ——"

Tony bridled. "Headwaiter. So what's wrong with eating? Man was doing it before he tried anything else. Every time I turn around I bump into still another lawyer. Or some well-dressed, glib guy working Madison Avenue. What would happen if there were no one around to feed them?"

The girl turned to him. "All right. I didn't mean to make a Federal case of ——"

"I'm a culinary scientist. I serve *pollo al barolo* instead of bombs. I'm more interested in fish than fission."

After a moment the girl said, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"I just tried to answer your question." The trip was completed in silence and he thought, *This is going to be a real beauty of an evening.*

Brunt's Point Palace was an aging auditorium large enough to accommodate comfortably the most extravagant social functions of the Twenty-third Ward, and Tony had visited it often

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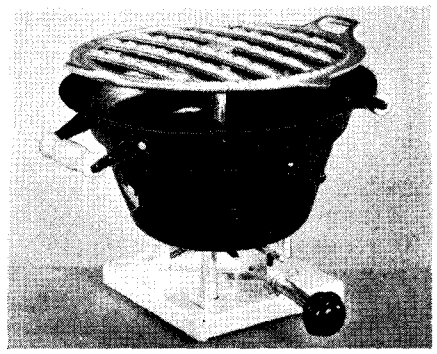

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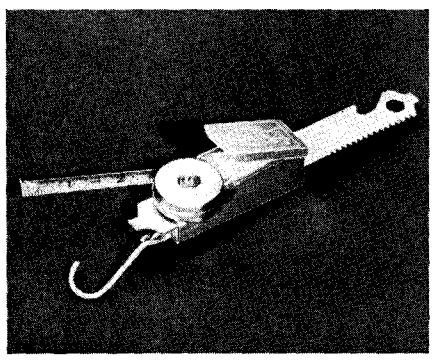

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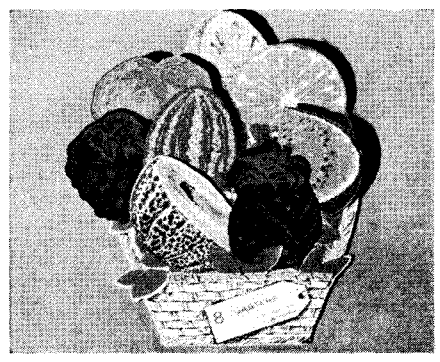

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Irish Eyes

enough. The floor was a rectangle approximately the size of a football field, terminating at one end in a stage occupied at the moment by a large band. Overhead and rimming the floor on three sides was a balcony divided by brass railings into perhaps a hundred compartments.

"Box forty-four," the girl said. "Every year. I could come in here blindfolded and find it." They mounted a broad flight of stairs and made their way to Box forty-four, where eight or ten chairs were arranged around a table.

"The bottle," Tony said. "I'm forgetting the rules." He signaled a harried waiter, and in ten minutes the table assumed a more hospitable air and bore gracefully its burden of bottle, glasses, ice and soda.

Kathleen O'Leary introduced Tony to the Kennedys and the Walshes, who occupied the adjoining cubicles. In fifteen minutes there were half a dozen visitors sitting at the table, and Tony said, "Suppose we dance." The girl nodded and they went down to the floor.

The band was good, the floor not yet crowded, and the girl moved to the music like a dream with substance. Tony could taste the clean loveliness of her hair, and her body was pliant within his arm. He wished they were somewhere else under more heartening circumstances, but he tried to help the cause along. "Librarians aren't supposed to dance like this," he told her.

Her grin was a fine thing and warmed the atmosphere. "They changed the rules. Don't even have to wear glasses unless you need them. And I thought all football players had big feet and stumbled frequently." But the moment was spoiled for Tony when he noticed that her eyes swept the floor intently, as if she were looking for someone.

When the number was finished they returned to the box and found it empty. "Time to make the rounds," the girl said, and they box-hopped, sipping at a drink here and there, saying hello to most of the qualified Irish voters in the ward. Tony was made welcome and addressed as O'Salvy on two occasions.

Back in their own box, young Mike O'Leary was conducting a savage attack on the ginger ale. "Does pop know you're out?" his sister asked.

"It isn't nine o'clock, and I'm seventeen years old," the boy said. "Yes, pop knows I'm out. I have until midnight."

"You don't look the least bit like Cinderella, but ——" The girl was suddenly silent.

The man who entered the box then was perhaps thirty-three, Tony judged, big, but carrying too much weight. The mouth was hard, and the cold eyes examined Tony briefly before he said, "I didn't expect to see you here, Kathleen."

"And why not?" the girl said, and her eyes held a touch of malice. "It's a public place. And meet Tony Di Salvo. . . . Tony, Alderman Joe Murphy."

Tony nodded. "Glad to meet you, alderman," he lied.

Murphy stared at him. "Di Salvo. Aren't you a waiter someplace?"

Tony said, "That's right." And he thought, *This one doesn't miss much that goes on in the ward.*

The man dismissed Tony with a turn of his head and said to the girl, "I thought you weren't coming tonight."

The girl's head was high. "And I changed my mind."

"You changed your mind, and instead of calling me you get some wop waiter ——"

Tony grabbed the man's heavy shoulder and turned him. "Look, Murphy. I don't ——"

"Stop it!" the girl said. "All Saint Brendan's is here except the monsignor, and I'll not have ——"

Murphy laughed. "Even a dago waiter wouldn't be so stupid as to hit an alderman."

Tony made a liar of him with a full right hand. The alderman wound up on his back in a corner of the box; and the momentary silence was broken by young Mike O'Leary. He said "Wow!" in a very loud voice.

Tony wasn't quite sure what happened in the next few moments. He was in the immediate company of three very large

"Pop, can I have the raft tonight?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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young men who, without a word but with the utmost efficiency, effected his transference from Box 44 to the untidy sidewalk outside Brunt's Point Palace.

He got to his feet, brushed himself off and started back for the entrance, but stopped. His parents had not raised an idiot. He thought for a while of Miss O'Leary's whereabouts and state of mind, and was instantly informed on both matters.

She stormed out the door, and her eyes were blue flames. "And that was a lovely roughneck exhibition! In front of 2000 people you have to show off your muscles! I never heard of anything like it! Assaulting an alderman!"

"Why, that beefy Irish clown! Who does he think ——"

"So now he's an *Irish* clown!"

"I never heard of any Syrian Murphys. If he imagines ——"

"I don't intend to stand here and be shouted at!" the girl shouted. "I wouldn't be caught dead talking to you if you didn't have my coat check in your pocket!"

Tony fished in his pockets, found the metal disk and handed it to her. "I certainly want to thank you for asking me to this elegant affair. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since the last time I was mugged. The goodwill, the courtesy ——"

She was gone in a swirl of skirts. Tony walked to the curb and looked unsuccessfully for a cab.

Before he spotted one the girl's voice turned him. "Here, or you'll be saying that we robbed you too." She wore her coat and held out to him his own, which he had forgotten in the turmoil. She was furious. "And now you've spoiled things for me! I can't go in there again and face the disgrace!"

"Disgrace? They'll have the riot squad here before the night's over, and you know it. Your escort simply had the honor of being the first to be bounced. You should be proud."

She glowered at him, then said suddenly, "I'm hungry. Whenever I'm angry I get hungry."

"It's a wonder you're not the size of a house."

Her glare was getting slightly tired. "There's a compliment there somewhere, and I'll take it. A slight truce?"

"Cease firing. It was beginning to get my ears. So you'd like something to eat."

She frowned, but in an unhostile fashion. "Didn't you say your mother and father had a place around here?"

A cab finally pulled up, and they got in and Tony gave the driver an address. "It's not exactly in the neighborhood, but it won't take us long."

They settled back in the seat, and Tony thought it might have been a nice moment in a normal evening, the girl lovely and possessing at least a certain caustic wit, the dancing done, the night yet young and hinting gently of the future.

The girl sighed. "It could have been fun."

They were concerned with different dreams, Tony knew, and her wish was that she'd attended the gaiety with Chowderhead Murphy and let well enough alone. After a period of reflection he shared her regrets.

They drew up to the brownstone house in the East '50's which a simple bronze plaque beside the street-level door defined as ANTONIO's, and Tony paid off the cab. From the vestibule they entered the bar, a comfortable room held within confines, and from behind the polished wood a dark young man lifted a hand. "Tonio," he smiled and winked.

Tony said, "Luigi, *ciao*." He turned to the girl. "Like something to drink?"

She shook her head, and he could see she was slightly puzzled. "Just a sandwich or something."

From the end of the bar they entered a much larger room, where the lighting was subdued without being dim and showed them perhaps twenty people at scattered tables. A tall, slim man with iron-gray hair and a small white mustache inclined his head in greeting. "Tonio?"

"Poppa, I'd like you to meet Miss O'Leary. . . . Kathleen, my father."

His father bowed. "*Benvenuto, signorina.*"

"Miss O'Leary is hungry, poppa. She'd like a sandwich."

The elder Di Salvo winced. "A sandwich. Of course." He led them to a table in the center of the room and handed each a menu. Standing behind the girl, he frowned slightly and Tony saw his lips form the word "Irish?" He grinned, and his father walked away.

The girl said, "Probably the most handsome man I've ever seen," then studied the menu. In a moment she looked up. "The prices! I thought it would be a small place—spaghetti and meatballs!"

Tony said truthfully, "You're not supposed to be concerned with prices when you come in here. It's one of the finest restaurants in the world. Now, as to that sandwich. The cuisine isn't exclusively Italian, but suppose we try. . . ."

They shared shrimp Antonio, which was breaded and sautéed in garlic and olive oil; a touch of *manicotti al forno;* some clams Posillipo, then *filetto Capri—filet mignon* buns stuffed with truffles and *prosciutto* and gently sautéed.

During the meal Tony informed her, "My father was taught the profession of restaurateur by his father, who had it from *his* father, who had—it goes on. Ever since I was a child I've been learning the business in one way or another. During the last few years I've worked in some of the best kitchens in the country just to pick up something pop might have forgotten to tell me. To me it makes more sense than selling bonds."

"Well, you're not likely to starve to death," the girl admitted. And when they left the restaurant she complimented Tony's father extravagantly. She said, "I don't suppose I've ever really eaten before, Mr. Di Salvo," and Tony knew she had made a champion for life.

In a soft aside his father said to him, "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

In the cab uptown the girl was strangely quiet, and Tony blessed the food that had calmed her. If conditions had been different. . . . But he made no plans for Miss O'Leary in his future. He would not again serve as bait for Mr. Murphy. East is East and West is West, he thought, and Third Avenue lies between them. So be it.

At the girl's house he dismissed the cab. It was a fine night, and he'd walk the six or seven blocks to his own home. The girl said, "Dinner was lovely. It's too bad the rest of the evening wasn't so nice."

"You'll save yourself a lot of trouble in the long run if you teach that Murphy to mind his mouth."

"Murphy! And I suppose your behavior ——"

"Good night," Tony said, and the girl said, "Good night, Mr. Di Salvo."

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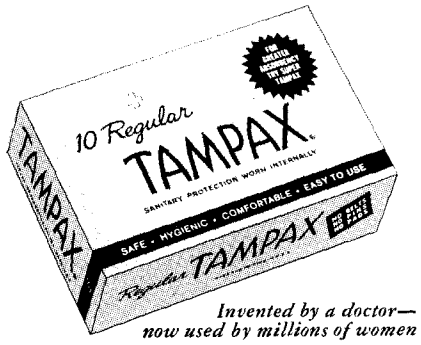

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Irish Eyes

The walk home was a disquieting affair. He knew he should regard the whole thing as just a few wasted hours, but he could not. Although the girl was very lovely, he knew others who were hardly frightening and certainly more amiable. But there was an indefinable quality about her, a combination of strength and fragility. And the scent of her hair, and the way she danced. . . .

He wasn't aware of the three men until they were standing before him. One of them said, "Hello, Di Salvo," and punched him in the mouth. It was a bad few minutes. They were large and experienced and something about them reminded him of the trio that had manhandled him earlier in the evening. He knocked two of them down, but they got up, and the last thing he remembered clearly before being booted in the side was a voice saying, "Stay away from Kathleen O'Leary," and the roar of a departing car.

Someone was shaking him then. "Mr. Di Salvo! Hey, Boom-Boom!"

Tony came out of his fog and recognized with some difficulty young Mr. O'Leary. He was helped to his feet, and a cursory examination revealed nothing more serious than various lumps and bumps. The girl's brother said, "I was just coming home from the dance and saw the rumble from up the street. By the time I got here they were gone."

"Do you know them?"

The boy looked down at the sidewalk. "Well, I'm not sure. It's pretty dark here, and I ——"

"O.K.," Tony said. "One of those things."

"Can I help you? Walk you home, or something?"

Tony held up a protesting hand. "Thank you, Mike. Thank you very much." He'd had quite enough of the O'Learys for one night. He luckily spotted a cruising cab, and at home applied ice packs to his battered face, then slept.

In the morning a mirror assured him that the damage wasn't too extensive. The ice bags had done their work well, and only one eye showed a bit of discoloration a skillful barber could easily deal with. The evening with Miss O'Leary had been memorable. The first and the last. He was well out of that Irish stew, even though there was a certain something about the girl that. . . .

And then a growing anger filled him as he thought of the violence he'd been subjected to during the night. Tossed out of the dance, beaten in the street, told contemptuously to stay in his own back yard. Well, there'd certainly be none of that. He'd see this or any other girl when he wanted to. And the sooner that fact was established, the better.

He found the number in the phone book, and she had not yet gone to work. Her attitude was much warmer than on the previous evening. She had been about to call him. How was he? Young Mike had told her about the three men.

Tony said that he would live. "What about a quiet evening?" he asked. "A movie, a sandwich. No shouting. Tonight."

Her tone was uncertain. "I'm not sure you should come over, Tony. I'd heard a few things about Joe Murphy I had decided to ignore, but ——"

"I'll be over about eight."

"Be careful," she said. "Be very careful."

And Tony frowned as he replaced the phone. This was all strictly business, of course, just to set things straight with Murphy. But there was something about the girl's voice that. . . .

He went down to the restaurant for the lunch business, and trouble started to propagate with the rapidity of rabbits. At precisely 12:45 Tony, seating a party, heard raised voices in a distant part of the large room. He looked up in time to see Mr. Lawton, a dignified and daily customer, crash across his own table upset two others, and wind up on the floor in a messy collection of cutlery, broken dishes and gravied foods. The agent of propulsion seemed to be a large young man who walked from the room before Tony could intervene. At any rate, a stunned but voluble Mr. Lawton and the neighboring uproar warranted his primary attention. Tony gathered that someone had slammed against the back of Mr. Lawton's chair with malign force. He had risen to object, whereupon he had been deposited among the subsequent debris. Eight people in all had been discommoded to the extent of scattered lunches, ruined clothes and empurpled tempers. It took Tony fifteen minutes to restore the vestiges of decorum. Such an incident had never before occurred in Antonio's.

At 1:30, the very peak of lunch, Tony's nose, sensitive to the delicate nuances of the products of one of the world's great chefs, twitched incredulously to a foreign and horrid smell. A deep inhalation made of him a true believer. There had been deposited somewhere in the room a Samsonlike stink bomb. Even as his mind accepted the impossibility, the exodus of customers was precipitate. Within forty-five seconds the room was as empty as the interior of a drum. Tony withstood the putridity long enough to fling open windows and doors to the street, then fled with the rest and sealed off the dining room. Pandemonium reigned at the checkroom for a few moments; then Tony and the hapless help had the place to themselves. He put in an S O S to a fumigating company, while in his mind formed a suspicion that was solidified when one of the waiters pointed out the door and said, "Mr. Di Salvo! Look!"

Marching up and down in front of the establishment was a line of motley-looking pickets bearing the banners of some hitherto unheard-of union declaring that Antonio's was unfair to waiters—each one of whom was already completely unionized and yearly made a slightly immodest fortune.

That clamped it. He felt he knew who was responsible, but not how to prove it. Counsel was indicated, and rather than disturb his father immediately, he sought it uptown in the person of the lawyer his father retained out of some sentimental and probably forgotten reason that had its source in other and younger days when they had been neighbors. Harry Graham was a stout, untidy man who crowded his small office. He offered Tony a drink, which was refused, before he poured himself three fingers of whisky in a water glass. Tony told his story.

Graham tasted his drink. "You've obviously stepped on someone's toes."

"I punched Joe Murphy in the mouth. Last night."

"Ah!" Graham said. "Joe Murphy." The bloodshot eyes went suddenly cold, the loose mouth tightened. "That young man." He looked at Tony. "You made a mistake."

"It was a personal matter, but the business is involved now. My father and his reputation."

Graham finished his drink and poured himself another. "Murphy is very interested in reputations, Tony. For instance, mine." His eyes went beyond Tony and fastened on some moment in the past. He spoke slowly. "Some years ago, Tony, I was guilty of a relatively minor legal defection. It was a complicated affair, and other people were involved or else I might not have transgressed. But no matter. I did. And the then very young Mr. Murphy discovered my mistake. He never did more than make me aware that he could effect my disbarment. He has never used me. But someday I'll be forced to pay the price of his silence."

He stared at his drink, tasted it. "In the meantime Mr. Murphy has become a hobby with me. I've compiled a vast memorabilia on the alderman, very heavily documented, of crimes both realized and incipient. He has no idea of it, but I could hang him from the highest tree. Except that I have a family, and am given to hope, and. . . ." He shrugged and drank again.

"I didn't really run away from home when I was ten. I crossed the freeway and couldn't get back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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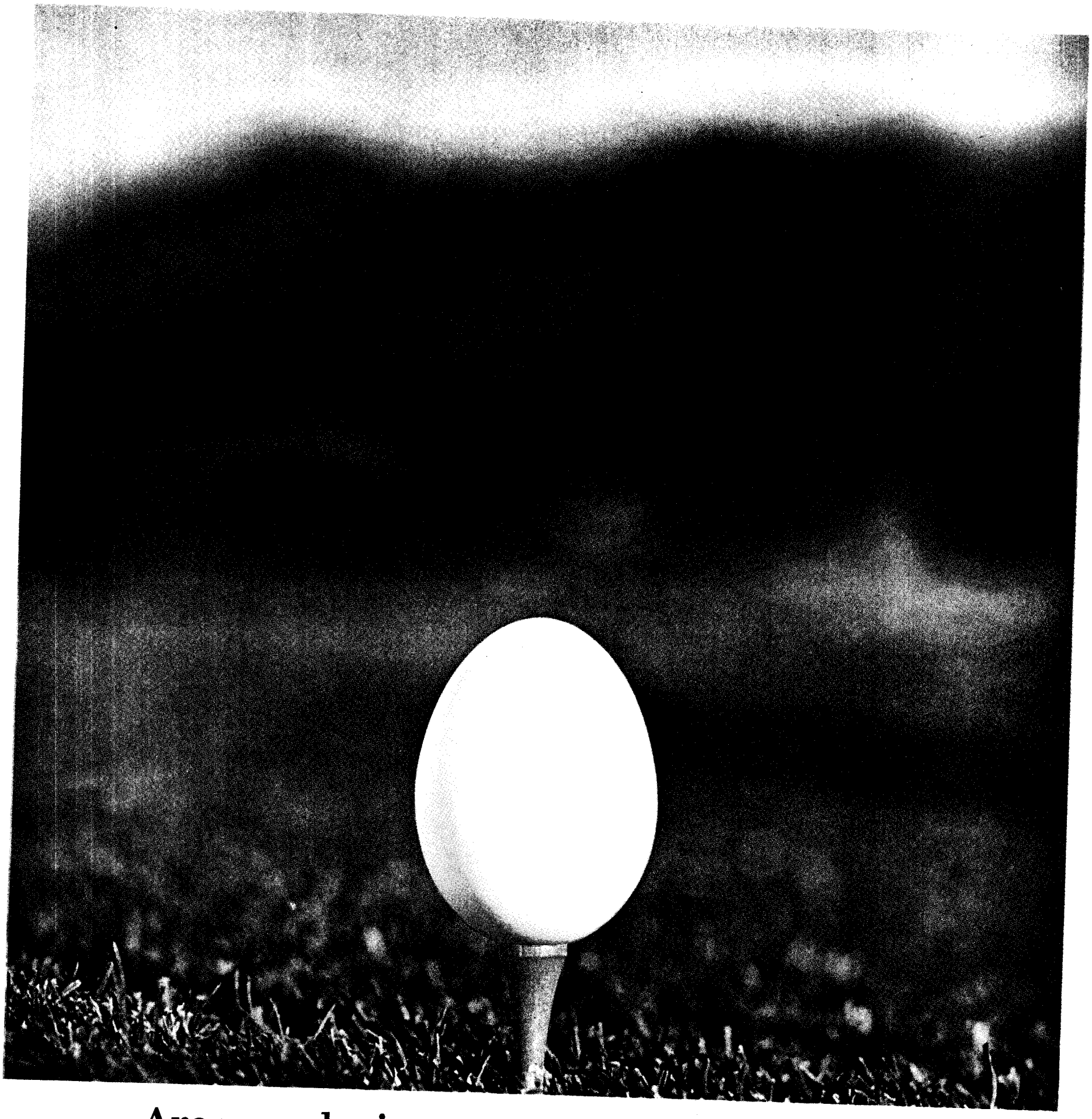

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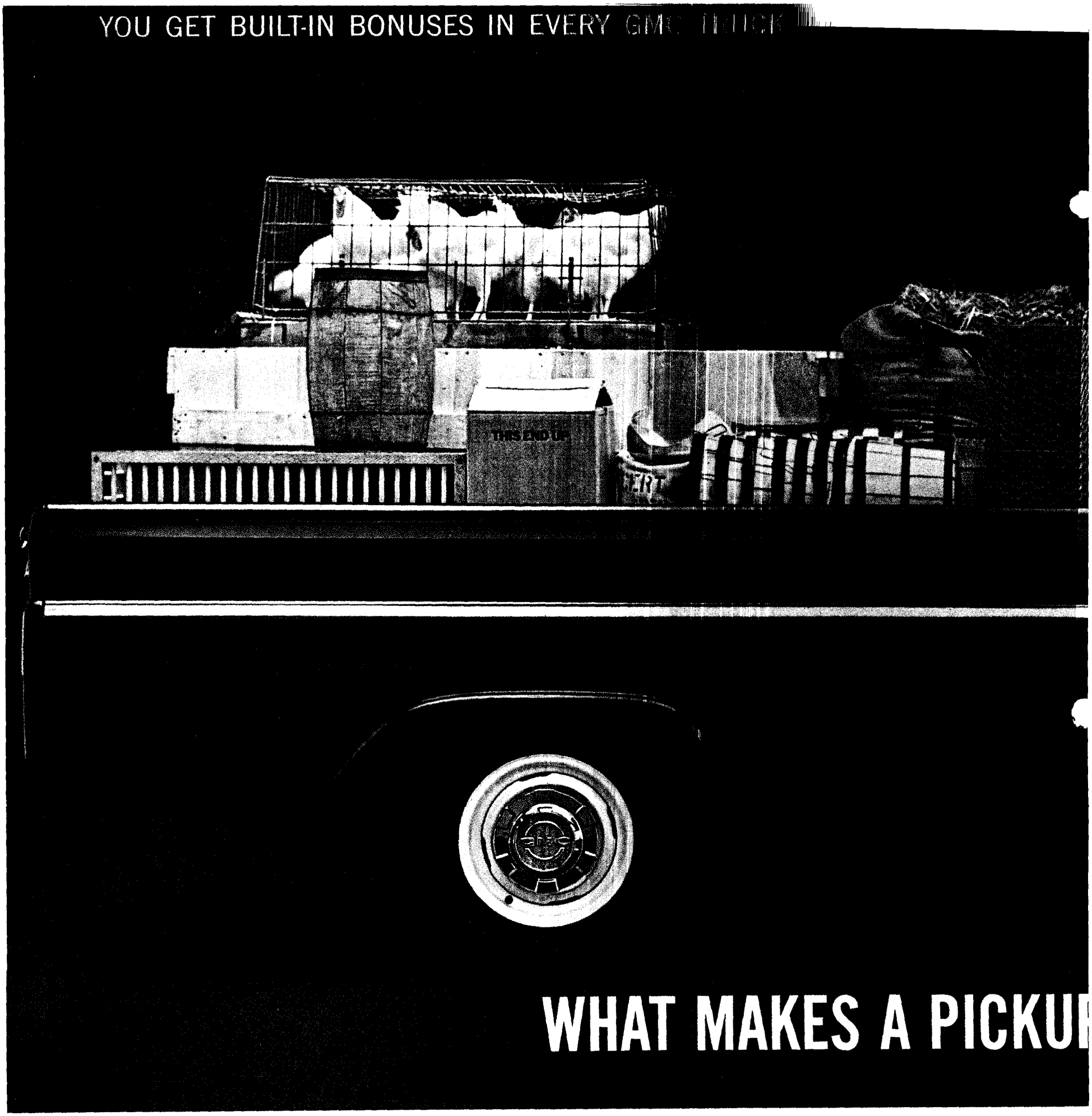

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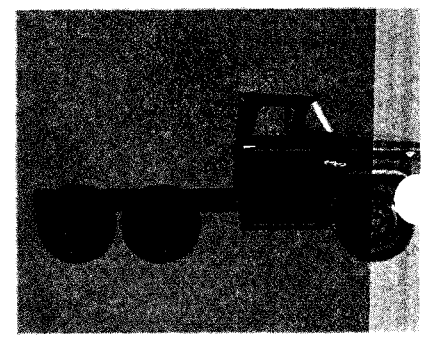

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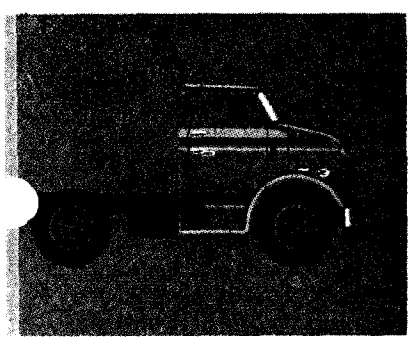

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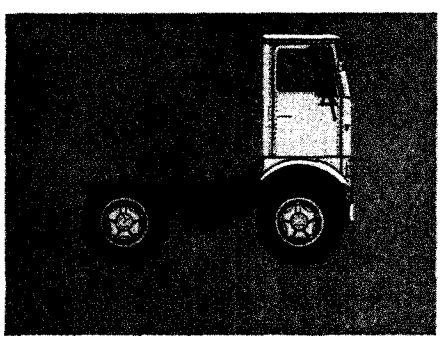

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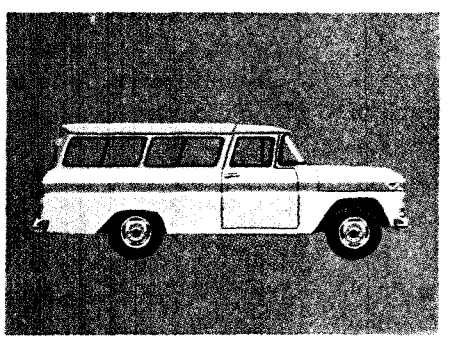

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Irish Eyes

"All right," Tony said. "Give me this information. I'll use it. Murphy doesn't leave me any out."

"It's in a safe-deposit box," Graham said. "It will be available tomorrow." He looked at Tony. "If I became involved, it would be professional suicide. Murphy in turn would garrote me."

"He'll never know who swung the bat."

Graham nodded. "All right. Tomorrow I'll give you everything I have on him. In the meantime you might be interested in a few stories." And for twenty minutes he quoted facts and figures which Tony tried desperately to commit to memory.

"Where would I find Murphy now?" he asked.

Graham said, "I even know that much about his habits. He'd be at his office in the Tomahawk Club." Then his face tightened. "Murphy doesn't play, Tony."

"I want him off my neck. He's pulling our house down around our ears. I've got the lever I need."

In ten minutes Tony was at the big old frame building that housed the Tomahawk Club. His ready admittance to Murphy's office confirmed his assumptions. The alderman undoubtedly wanted to listen to him scream. Murphy sat behind a grubby desk and smiled. "Well, the waiter."

"That's right. And I want you to call off your dogs."

Murphy chuckled. "A few little accidents shouldn't bother a tough guy like you."

"But they do," Tony said. He leaned on the desk and talked. He told of who had quietly bought seventy per cent of the sweeping rows of tenements that were being cleared away for the new bridge approach. He informed Murphy as to the identity of the largest shareholder in the demolition company and named the confusing proxies. He asked what had happened to one James Carroll who had mysteriously disappeared, and then told Murphy exactly what had happened to Carroll. He went on, secure in the knowledge that Murphy could in no way trace these facts to Graham, and took a grim satisfaction in the pallor that draped the man's face, the fear that grew far back in his eyes. Tony stopped finally. "That's not all, but it should be enough for a start."

Murphy stared at him haggardly. "It's a pack of lies."

"Call off your goons," Tony said. "It's the truth." He turned and walked out of the place.

On the street he found a drugstore phone booth and called the restaurant. He learned that the fumigators had almost completed their peculiar miracle and, though the phony pickets still paraded, Antonio's would be open that night to the bold of heart. He left the drugstore in a much better frame of mind and decided that, since he was so close to home, he would walk over and say hello to his mother. After what he had told Murphy, he was sure that the picket line would be ordered disbanded within the hour.

He had covered several blocks before he became suddenly and fearfully aware of the last thing he had told Murphy. "*It's the truth.*" The truth, and it couldn't be used weakly and privately to rid himself of Murphy's spite. He was morally obligated now to expose and destroy this man. He had stupidly gone to bargain with him, but that was no longer possible. He wondered if Murphy realized how the situation had changed. He felt the new sweat trickling down his back. Murphy was a man who dealt in realities. He wouldn't waste a moment.

And he had not. The two men suddenly on either side of Tony were of the type somehow to elicit fear. Of medium height and in dark clothes, there was nothing markedly sinister about them except the lack of expression on their faces and the absolute unconcern in their eyes. They were not threatening; they were merely working. *Murphy must keep them in his hat*, Tony thought as he felt something steel-hard and disturbing shoved into the small of his back. One of them said, "Into the car," and indicated with a movement of his head a sedan parked at the curb. The street was somehow relatively empty of people. There was nothing to do but comply. One man got behind the wheel, the other herded Tony into the back seat.

One thing occurred to him. Murphy wouldn't want him dead right away. The man would understand that until last night Tony had barely been aware of his existence and must have obtained his detailed information from somewhere else. And until Murphy knew this source, he was still wide open. But there was little consolation in the thought. The ride and following inquisition could have only one termination, whether he talked or not. He was a loser all the way.

He grinned wryly as he thought of what his mother would have to say about all this—that if he hadn't disregarded her

Troublesome People Are Often People in Trouble

What are YOU doing for someone who is mentally ill?
Read how your kindness and understanding
can help bring welcome relief to some sick, disturbed mind.

Everyday, more and more sympathetic Americans are recognizing the urgent need for help and understanding for the "1 OUT OF EVERY 10" suffering from Mental Illness.

Many of these "1 OUT OF 10" are people we frequently come in contact with. All too often the person may be someone near and dear to you. A child who is unduly and persistently quarrelsome and irritable—a neighbor or some fellow employee who "flies off the handle" day-after-day at the slightest provocation with little or no consideration for the feelings of those around him.

This behavior may be troublesome and annoying to you. But remember this, troublesome people are usually people in trouble. *They may be sick . . .* and unable to help their sickness! And, as aggravating as it often is to you, it is measurably more disturbing and painful to them. We should understand that this sickness makes them miserable, tense, irritable. They have a terrible time, often recognizing how badly they are behaving, but unable to control themselves.

Sympathize — Don't Criticize

Your first impulse is to fight back and give such an unfortunate person "a piece of your mind." This can't do any good and very likely can do harm and adds to existing misery.

What is desperately needed is kindness and understanding on your part. Lend a friendly ear to his problem. Let him know that you're interested and *do* care. Sympathize — don't criticize. Help him to realize that the world is *not* against him. Help him to overcome suspicion and mistrust so that he can assume a more relaxed attitude. Help him to make life more liveable for himself and those around him. You'll be *so* glad you did.

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advice and dated an Irish girl, none of this would have happened. And she would be right.

Neither of his companions spoke. The gun was in plain view now, on the lap of the man to his right, and it was pointed at his side. He felt very vulnerable and very stupid. It had been a mistake to confront Murphy. He should have waited a day and presented the documented evidence of the man's infamy to the proper authorities. But he had been angry and the larger implications of the case had not entered his mind. It was a bit too late for regrets.

The car was headed cross-town, toward the big bridge, and it was quite clear to him that his eventual destination would be the depths of some Jersey swamp. If he were to put up a fight, he knew the report of the gun pressed against his side would go totally unnoticed. Five blocks from the bridge he got the only break he knew he could expect. They were stopped by a traffic light, and not fifteen feet away, parked at the corner, was a police car.

The man beside Tony held the gun out of sight between his knees, and in the moment that was given to him, Tony slashed savagely at the man's throat with the edge of his right hand. He was vaguely aware of the choked-off scream of pain as he grabbed for the gun that fell to the floor of the car, which had begun to move again. He came up with it just in time to see the driver turn in bewilderment. Tony slammed the pistol hard against the side of his head, and the car bucked to a stall. He gave an urgent yell, and the police took over. He felt slightly as if he had just hurtled over Niagara Falls without benefit of barrel.

At the precinct house it was a matter of identification. Tony's was good. Those of the other two men were interesting and quite criminal. Tony pressed charges, and the police frowned upon the fact that a couple of ex-convicts chose to carry guns. In an hour he was on his way downtown in a cab, shaken, but fairly certain that Murphy would make no further immediate overtures. Perhaps the man might run. If he did not, he was a dead duck, the moment the bank opened in the morning and Graham's deposit box was available.

At the restaurant he was surprised to see that it was only 5:30. He took a deep breath and sustained no olfactory shock. The unsmellers had done their work well. A broad, heavy man confronted him. "You Di Salvo?"

Tony nodded, wondering what sort of trouble this would be.

The man flashed a badge. "Name of Hogan, from the Nineteenth Precinct. My cousin Kathleen phoned me and told me to get over here fast, that there might be trouble."

Tony smiled in relief. "You're in the wrong place, but you're very welcome. I hope you'll stay and have dinner. And then stay and have supper. I could use a little company like yours for the rest of the night."

He told Detective Hogan a short version of his adventures, and the big man nodded. "I'll stick around if you want me to."

"It would please me very much," Tony told him.

After such a day he was hardly surprised to see the gorgeous Miss O'Leary rush in, newly out of breath. "You're all right!" she said. "Mike called me at the library, and I called your house and there was no answer. Then I called Cousin Tim and ——"

"Whoa! What's this with Mike?"

"He runs errands around the Tomahawk Club after school sometimes. He saw you go into Joe Murphy's office for a while, and then, a few minutes after you left, these two men went in, and Mike did a bit of listening at the door, and ——"

"So the Irish eavesdrop, among other things. Well, what can you expect? And now that you're here, why not have dinner?"

The girl was lovely in her evident relief. "Well, I do get a bit hungry when I'm excited."

Tony gave her a warm smile and said, "I can see this business is going to come in handy."

Kathleen was looking over his shoulder. "Who is that lovely woman with your father?"

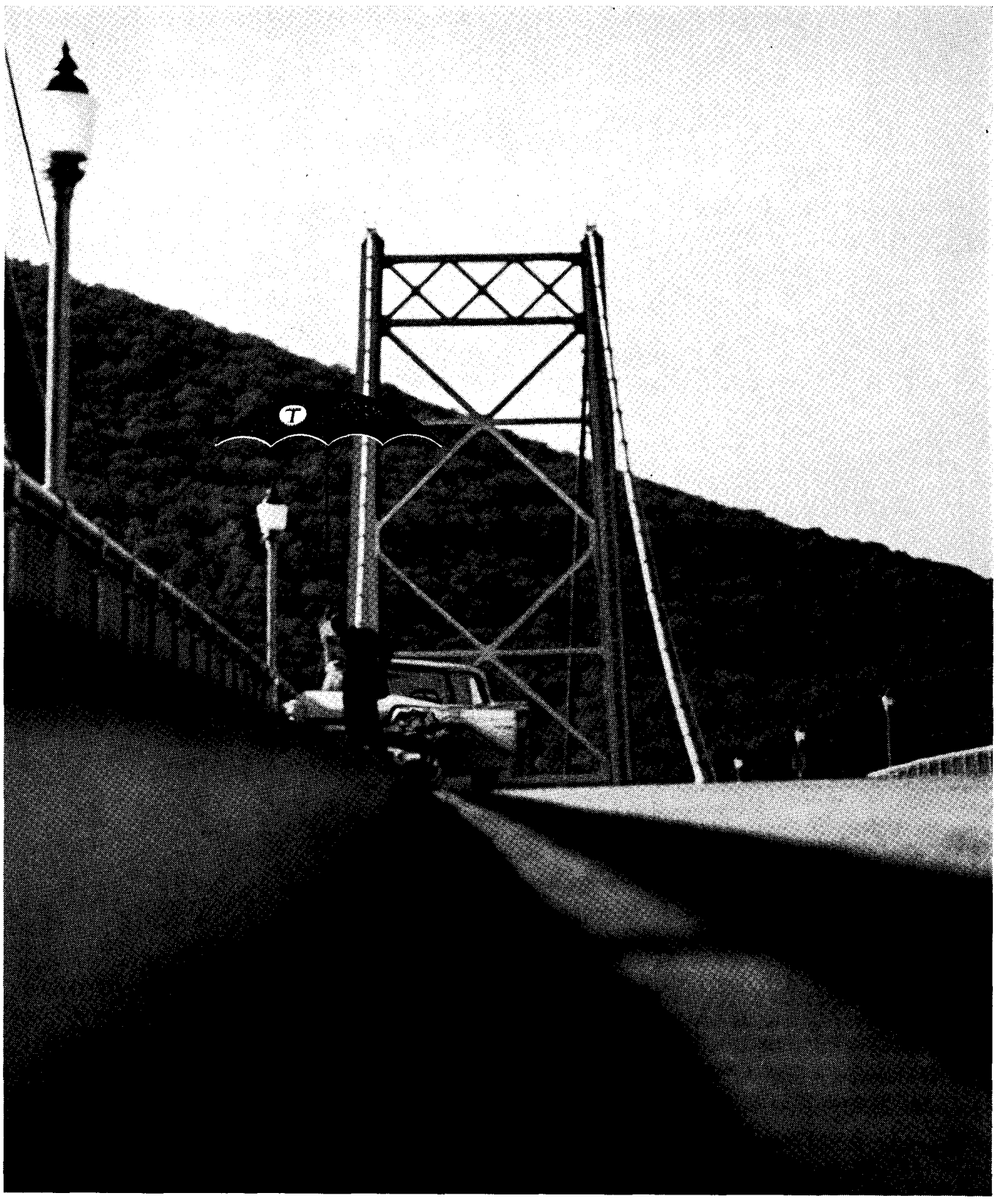
Tony turned. "That's my mother. She even eats here occasionally. Wait just a moment and you'll have company for dinner."

He went to greet his smiling, innocent parents. He kissed his mother, and then said nothing.

She asked him, "And who is that girl, Tony! *Bellissima!*"

"Watch her like a hawk," Tony said. "I understand there's a touch of Irish in her."

And he wondered if Kathleen could persuade her father to come down and try some foreign food. The sooner these family matters were attended to, the better. **THE END**



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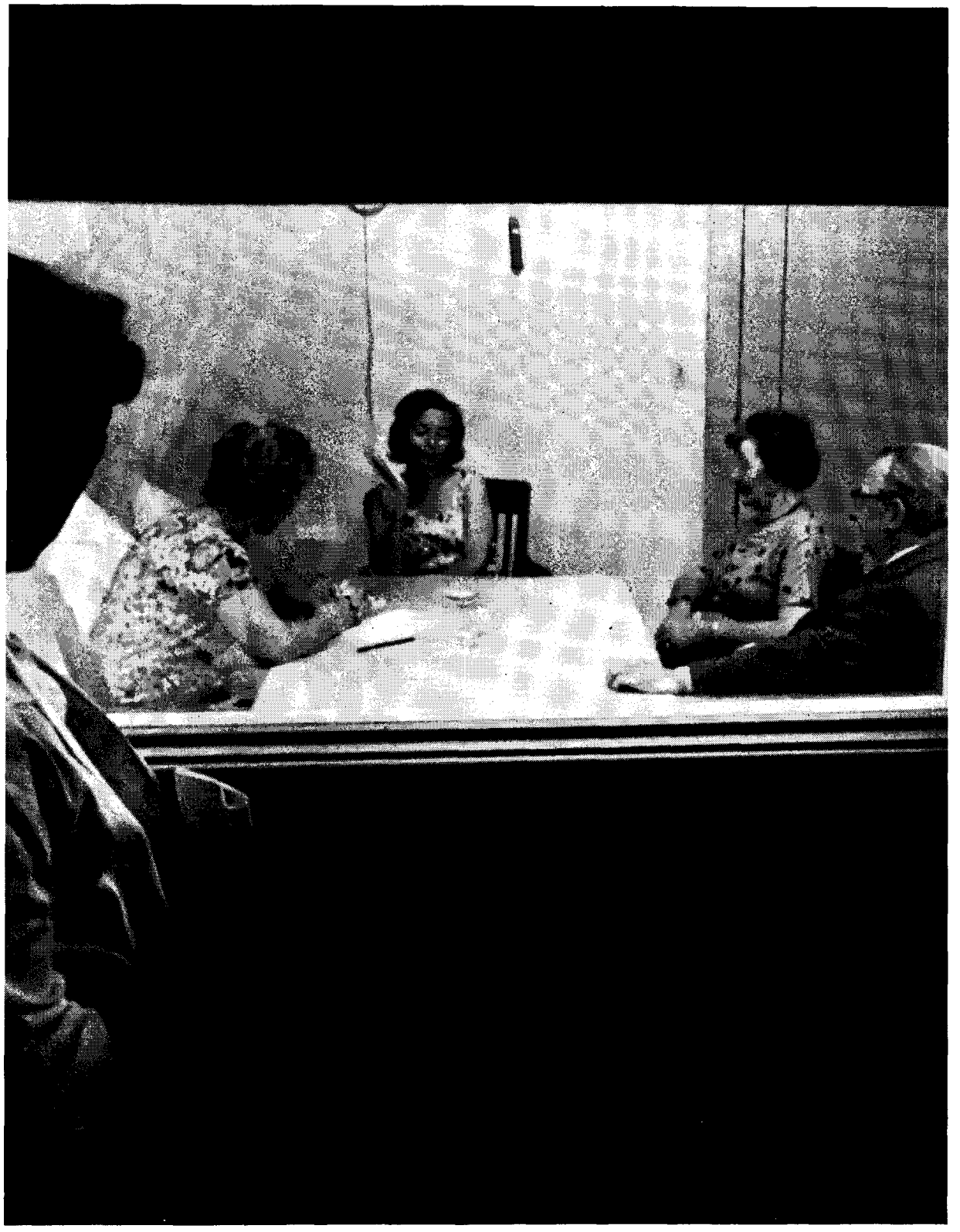
Psychiatry Inside the Family Circle

In a radical new approach to mental illness, psychiatrists use the bonds of family love to help patients—and their families.

By MILTON and MARGARET SILVERMAN



Schizophrenia patient Ida Friedberg (end of table) and parents in a Palo Alto therapy session. Ida, 35, recently was released from a mental hospital. Her parents give high praise to the new treatment.

For practically half a century, ever since the development of psychoanalysis by Freud, the ground rules for psychiatry have called for a "closed shop" arrangement—one therapist working with one patient, with all family members excluded from the inner circle of treatment.

That technique seemed entirely logical to many, though not all, psychoanalysts and other psychotherapists. The patient whose therapist listened only to him was convinced that the therapist was truly *his* friend, *his* confidant, his stanch supporter in all conflicts with the outside world. This firm, personal doctor-patient relationship was a valuable aid in treating patients who felt lost, insecure, depressed. But the worried family members often misunderstood and felt rebuffed. Some were infuriated.

"I can't even find how my husband is getting along," says the wife of a schizophrenia patient. "All his psychiatrist lets me do is pay the bill."

"We want to help our daughter," says the father of another mental patient. "We think we know how her trouble started. But we can't get in to talk to her doctor."

"After my son's breakdown," says another woman, "I felt I had to go to a psychiatrist myself. I wanted to go to my son's doctor—after all, he already knew almost everything about our family—but he made me go to another psychiatrist, a stranger."

It was not that the psychiatrist in these instances was being deliberately rude. He simply believed he should identify with the patient's cause. He was afraid that listening to the family's side of arguments involving the patient would weaken his relationship with the patient, at least in the latter's eyes. Therefore a psychiatric social worker or another doctor often worked with the family. If the patient's personal psychiatrist interviewed family members at all, he saw them separately, not with the patient.

Against such a background, one of the most remarkable developments in twentieth-century psychiatry has been the sudden appearance of a new form of treatment known simply as family therapy. It was "discovered" independently but almost simultaneously by at least a dozen different groups in the United States and Europe.

Behind this new therapy are two simple but revolutionary concepts: First, mental disorder in one family member is almost always associated with emotional illness in the entire family group. Second, if a doctor wants to treat such an illness, he must work with the family as a unit.

What those ideas mean in practice is that the therapist brings together the patient, his brothers, his sisters, his parents, his wife and, if necessary, his grandparents, and works with them as a group week after week until the entire family is helped.

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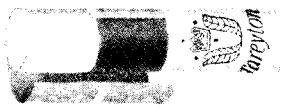

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"I can't even find out how my husband is getting along. All his psychiatrist lets me do is pay the bills."

"Under these conditions," reports a California family psychotherapist, "you usually discover in a hurry—and the family discovers with you—that the so-called patient isn't the only sick member of the family. And often it turns out he's not the most seriously ill member."

Typical is the case of a seventeen-year-old San Francisco girl—let's call her Judy Jones—who was brought home after suffering an acute schizophrenic breakdown at school. Complaining of persecution by "Communists from Mars," she had attacked one of her classmates, smashed a mirror and tried to slash her wrists with broken glass.

"We simply can't understand it," her distressed mother told a psychiatrist. "She's never done anything like this before. There's never been any problem of any kind in the family. My husband and I are happily married. Our daughters have always been well and happy."

The psychiatrist said, "Good. Let's start by bringing Judy to my office. And at the same time, I'll want you and Mr. Jones and all your other children ——"

"You mean, you'll want to see them afterward?"

"But We Don't Have Any Problems"

"No, I want to see you all at the same time."

Mrs. Jones was visibly shaken. "But I've never heard of such a thing! The other children can't possibly add anything. And little Betsy—she's only eight—will be terribly upset."

"Believe me," said the doctor, "none of the children will be harmed. They won't hear much that they don't already know. And they can help Judy tremendously."

At the start of the first therapy session, the assembled Jones family tried valiantly to give the picture of a close-knit, carefree all-American family.

"As I told you," Mrs. Jones declared, "we just don't have any problems."

"Except," the doctor noted, "for Judy, who's sitting here worrying about Communists from Mars."

"But I explained that she's never acted like that."

At that point, eight-year-old Betsy interrupted. "She was too like this before, mother. Remember last Christmas, when daddy didn't come home from his business trip, and you drank too much again and got sick . . ."

Within a short time it became obvious that Mrs. Jones was an alcoholic. Later it also became obvious that Mr. Jones's "business trips" were actually visits to a blond divorcée in a nearby city. The idyllic picture of the Jones family had been abruptly shattered.

"But significantly," the psychiatrist noted afterward, "these disclosures didn't have any shattering effect on the children. They knew about the situation or suspected it all along."

As the underlying family problems were placed out in the open, Judy became quiet and relaxed. She stopped her suicidal threats and her warnings against Martian Communists and began to enter the general conversation, logically and sanely.

"It took only about a month to take care of Judy," the doctor reported a year later. "Her parents' problems were more difficult, but eventually they were solved. We're hopeful now that the whole family will do all right."

In case after case this same pattern has been observed. At the start the families of mentally ill patients give the standard picture of what has been termed "emotional sweetness and light." The parents adore each other; they adore all their children; and all the children adore their parents. Firmly, even belligerently, the families insist there are no problems.

"Almost invariably," says a psychiatrist, "they tell you this with strained voices or hysterical laughter and giggling. They sit tense and remote. One look, and you know the family is sick."

After a few sessions this superficial covering is stripped away to reveal bitter marital discord, deep but unexpressed hatreds, strange fears, or simply the inability of fathers and mothers to act like grown-up men and women. The treatment involves deep, fundamental alterations in the attitudes of each individual toward himself, as well as toward all other family members, and changes in the means of communicating these new attitudes.

The usefulness of this new approach cannot be measured exactly. The so-called cure rate with family therapy appears roughly equal to the rate for individual treatments. But most workers seem agreed that family therapy, especially in the treatment of acute schizophrenia, is often faster, less expensive and less likely to be followed by later breakdowns.

"These later breakdowns, or relapses, that we often found in the standard treatment should have tipped us off," a Veterans Administration psychiatrist said recently. "All too often, you'd work with a patient for months or years and finally get him well. He'd have no more hallucinations, no weird fears, no more mental symptoms. You'd send him home to his family, and bingo! In a few weeks, or even in a few days, he'd be back in the hospital."

Sometimes a patient would go home and stay well, but another member of his family would suddenly develop symptoms of mental illness. It appeared that some families "needed" mental disease in one of its members.

"We've all seen things like that happen," said the VA doctor. "We should have realized earlier that the whole family was sick."

Beginnings at a Tea Party

But no such realization marked the start of family therapy; its first reported trial resulted from a misunderstanding.

In August of 1951, Dr. John Bell—then a professor of psychology at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts—had been staying as a house guest at the home of Dr. John Sutherland, medical director of the famed Tavistock Clinic in London. One afternoon, while Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Bell were preparing tea and the Sutherland and Bell children were playing in a nearby room, the British doctor started describing some recent studies in his institution.

"I've been meaning to tell you about the work of one of our psychiatrists," he said. "He's been having the whole family of the patient come in."

At that moment the two wives entered with the tea tray, and the conversation changed. But a few days later, sailing home to the United States, Doctor Bell recalled the idea of "having the whole family of the patient come in."

"Long afterward," he said a few months ago, "I learned I'd misunderstood Jock Sutherland. He was actually talking about seeing all the family members individually, with an occasional conference with the whole family. But it was my impression that his colleague was seeing the entire family together at each session. It was a startling thought to me—after all, nobody was doing a thing like that—but it sounded appealing. I decided to try it myself."

Back at Clark University Doctor Bell was asked to consult on the case of a thirteen-year-old boy who had been expelled from a western Massachusetts school because of "violent behavioral problems." He decided to work not only with the patient, but also with his parents and his two sisters. The father, a bank official, took a dim view of the proposal, but finally agreed to participate.

"It's a lot of nonsense," he said. "It's Billy who has the trouble. The rest of the family is fine."

By the second session it became clear that the rest of the family was far from fine. The mother was revealed as a rigid perfectionist with strong feelings of hostility toward her son, an adopted child. The father, unable to cope with his wife, had taken to drinking. As the parents drifted apart, the son developed emotional problems.

Progress Went Unpublished

"The basic problem involved the entire family unit," Doctor Bell reported, "and it was with this entire unit that I decided to work."

Early in 1953 he made his first report to a group of fellow psychologists, describing the successful use of the new family approach on this and nine other families. Unfortunately his preliminary account wasn't published in a national scientific journal. Doctor Bell—now an official of the National Institute of Mental Health in San Francisco—continued his pioneering work, but most psychotherapists were unaware of it.

About the same time, a woman psychiatrist—Dr. D. L. P. Liebermann, of the University of Budapest—tried family therapy as a substitute for group therapy. In ordinary group therapy, widely used in America and Western Europe, groups of patients with similar mental ailments are brought together to discuss their problems and seek mutual assistance. But in Hungary, as in other Iron Curtain countries, even the mentally ill are unwilling to speak freely before strangers.

"The only solution," Doctor Liebermann reported, "was to restrict the group to members of one family, who presumably would not inform on one another." The technique was successful, but Doctor Liebermann did not reveal her findings until she attended a West German medical meeting two years ago.

Another trial began when Dr. Charles Fulweiler of the University of California began treating families of adolescent delinquents.

Unaware of these first three experiments, other psychiatric workers started in the mid-1950's to discover family therapy on their own. One of the earliest studies was the work of Dr. Nathan Ackerman of New York, who brought families together for diagnosis—sometimes for treatment—of relatively mild mental disorders.

In Chicago, Virginia Satir, a psychiatric social worker, was given a group of "hopeless" schizophrenics and, largely as a desperation measure, she invited family members to the treatment sessions. "I was just looking for anything new that might help," says Mrs. Satir. "To my delight, I

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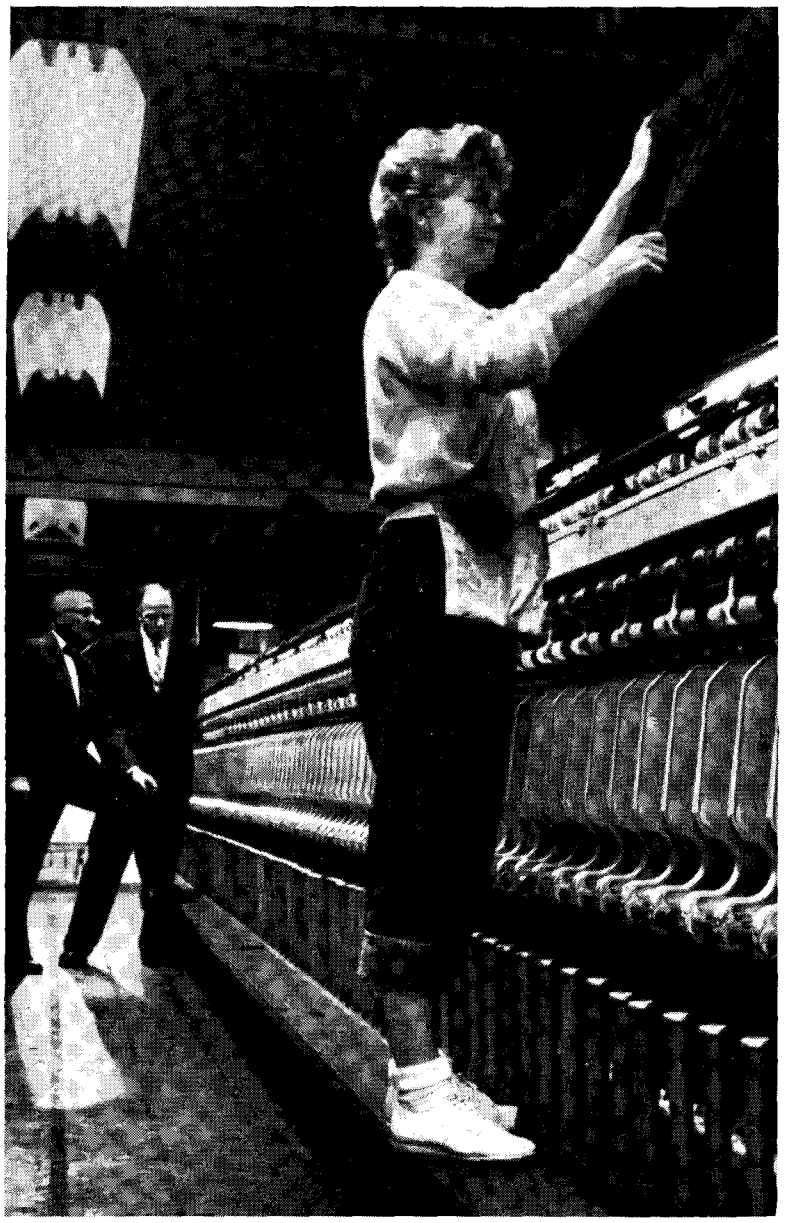

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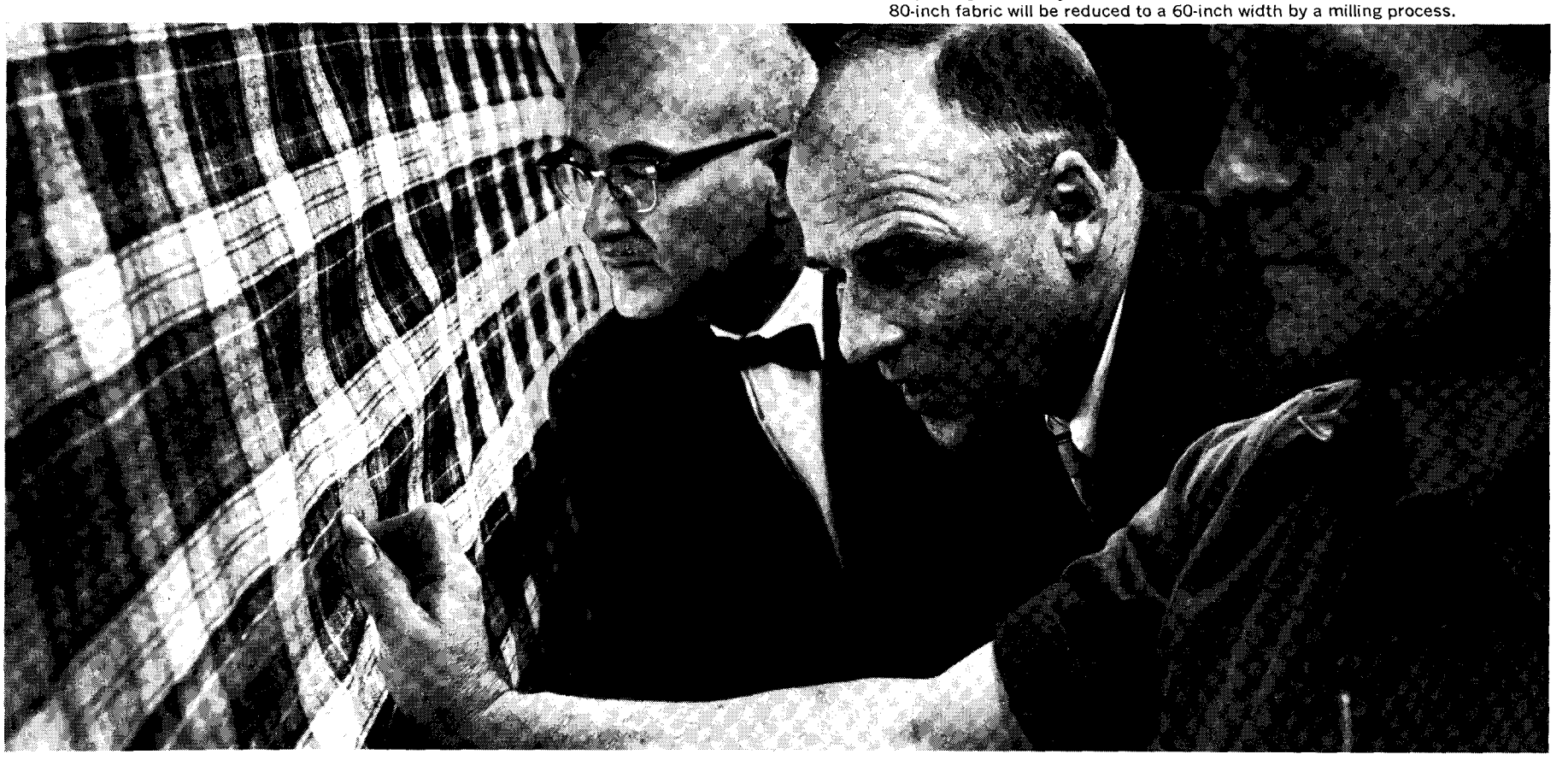

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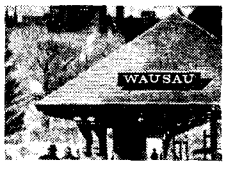

"Good people to do business with"

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"You usually discover in a hurry—as does the family—
that the patient isn't the only sick member of the family."

found that some of these apparently hopeless patients got better. But I didn't mention it except to my superiors and to a few close friends."

One of the most unusual experiments was undertaken at the National Institute of Mental Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, under the direction of Dr. Lucius Murray Bowen—now in private practice in Chevy Chase—who had been on the Menninger Clinic staff for eight years. Entire families were moved into the institute's hospital and kept there for intensive study and treatment lasting as long as thirty-three months.

Seven complete families participated in the project, which ran from 1954 to 1959. Usually there were two or three families in the hospital's special unit at the same time. Husband and wife occupied one room, and the children were in other rooms nearby. All families ate in a common dining room and shared the same lounge and recreation room. In some instances the father went to work each morning and returned to the hospital at night. In others, the father took a leave of absence from his job. The subjects were under the observation of a twenty-member team of psychiatrists, social workers, nurses and attendants, some of them working seven days a week in eight-hour shifts. Family privacy was respected but nurses were nearby and on call.

Problems of the "The Emotional Divorce"

Thus it was possible for the therapists to see relationships which otherwise could only be guessed at. For example, they watched one mother, as she proclaimed that she wanted her nineteen-year-old schizophrenic son to "grow up and be a real man," buttering the boy's bread, cutting his meat, pouring his milk and feeding him mouthful by mouthful.

To Doctor Bowen and most other psychiatrists, schizophrenia is recognized as probably the most serious and devastating of all mental diseases. It generally appears in victims between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, a period during which most are still living with their parents, brothers and sisters. Working with schizophrenic patients and their families, the family therapists quickly noted that the father and mother had long-standing problems, which Doctor Bowen labeled "the emotional divorce."

"The father and mother are miles apart emotionally," he reported. "They communicate either on a superficial level, unable to talk about their deep thoughts, or on a conflict level, with nothing but cold-war communications."

Such parents, says Doctor Bowen, are unable to make decisions, have a low tolerance for anxiety and operate on a peace-at-any-price principle. "For normal parents," he says, "a problem is something to be solved. For these parents of schizophrenic patients a problem is something to be endured."

In a few cases the mothers were whimpering and embittered, while the fathers were dictatorial. But most of the mothers seemed to be dominating, bossy women who took control of their families, indicating contempt for the husbands who let them get away with it. Most fathers—many of them decisive men in the business world—were unsure with their families, compromising and paralyzed by indecision.

Typical was the mother who complained, "The trouble with my husband is that he doesn't make any decisions around the house."

Her husband replied, "All right, dear, I'll try to do better. You tell me which decisions you want made, and I'll make them."

Doctor Bowen and his associates focused most of their attention on the parents. "You've got to get the father and mother closer together, able to communicate like adults, to participate in the family with emotional maturity, to face their real problems," he said. "Then, with the parents treating each other like grown-ups, the patient gets better. He grows up too."

At the Medical Branch of the University of Texas, in Galveston, a research group headed by Dr. Eugene C. McDanald Jr., working intensively with entire families for two- or three-day periods, noted that each family evidenced great stress during the first therapy session. The evening following the initial session, the family was left to itself. Usually the members were in a state of mild shock from what they had learned about themselves during the day, but they were able to talk.

"The next morning," one of the Texas doctors says, "the family often reports that meaningful communications between its members occurred for the first time in years."

The therapists at Texas and at NIMH have discovered that, although most parents want to assist, they unconsciously try to block the treatment and seem to be upset at first by any improvement. For example, one father told Dr. Lyman Wynne, who directed a special Palo Alto family-therapy study, "All I want is for our son to be an average boy. I don't care what he does so long as he does it well."

His son, a tense, indecisive schizophrenic, said, "Well, when I feel better, I'd like to get a summer job as a bricklayer ——"

"Ridiculous!" snapped the father. "No son of mine is going to waste his life as a stupid laborer!"

In another case, a mother told her confused daughter, "Now, in order to get well, you must tell the doctor everything that bothers you."

The daughter hesitantly began, "When I first got sick, I had the idea that my roommate ——"

"That's silly," interrupted the mother. "Don't waste the doctor's time with nonsense."

Contradictions of Mother Love

Another mother, revealing her own contradictory feelings, said at a family session, "I just want my daughter to lead her own life, get married, have a lot of babies and come and live with me."

Still another mother, after watching her son improving steadily during a few sessions, asked the doctor in a loud voice, "In hopeless cases like this, when do you use brain surgery?"

Doctor Wynne feels such comments should not be regarded simply as a lack of love between parents and children, but as something far more complex.

The largest and probably the most far-reaching project in this revolutionary new field is centered at Palo Alto, California, near Stanford University. It began when a team of Stanford researchers—anthropologists Gregory Bateson and John Weakland, communications expert Jay Haley and psychiatrist William Fry—joined forces in what looked at the outset like a basic, important and probably very dull study on the fundamentals of human communications. In 1954, after analyzing the communications patterns of normal subjects, the scientists were invited one day to listen to a few subjects who were not normal.

"These people were severe schizophrenics," recalls Weakland. "They were mad, but they obviously were communicating. And even though we couldn't understand it, there seemed to be some system in their talk. There really was method in their madness."

The four researchers enlisted a young psychiatrist, Dr. Don Jackson, of the Palo Alto Medical Clinic. Doctor Jackson was experienced in treating schizophrenics—actually, he had stumbled onto family therapy himself and was beginning to apply it in his private practice.

The Californians were already aware that there is something in the family of a schizophrenia victim which seemingly makes him relapse after he improves. "It's as if the family had come to accept the presence of mental disease as normal," Doctor Jackson says. "The recovery of the patient strikes the family as abnormal, and either the patient or somebody else has to get sick to bring the family off balance again."

The scientists also had a clue to the communications patterns used by their mentally ill patients: "They act as if they had been trained to live in a world of the 'double bind.'"

Double Bind: "I Love You, But I Don't"

In a "double bind" the subject is exposed to an impossible situation and then made to understand that his decision will have grave consequences. For example, a mother will say to her child, "Come and sit on my lap." The child moves closer to her but, as the mother pulls back and shows that she doesn't want close contact, the child stops in confusion. The "double bind" comes when the mother then asks the child, "What's the matter with you, dear? Don't you love your mother?"

Or a father will tell his son, "If you don't stop wasting time playing the piano, you're going to get punished." Then he adds, "You're to be a big boy now. Make your own decisions."

The Californians felt that such a double-bind situation might occur occasionally in any family but would be standard fare in the family of a schizophrenic. They theorized that after years of continuous exposure to this wacky kind of communications—"I love you, but I don't," or "I trust you, but I don't"—most children would get somewhat confused, and some might get sick. Some might come to accept a world of distorted communications as normal.

"At first this was just theory," they said. "We started wondering what a family must have been like in the past to make a schizophrenic child act like that. We developed a prediction based on the double bind. When we looked at the actual families, we found they were still acting that way."

A variety of different techniques were developed for the family-therapy sessions at Palo Alto. Most of the sessions were quiet and restrained. Occasionally, however, there were tears, wild shoutings, hysterics, denunciations and even slaps, fist fights and bloody noses.

"For psychiatrists," says Dr. Jerome Rose, now a member of the Palto Alto group, "this was a distinctly novel situation. We didn't have to play the role of all-wise confessor. Our job usually was to serve as a traffic cop, keeping the communications flowing, letting the family members face their own problems and solve them—and, of course, preventing needless violence."

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"Practically nobody denounced the technique or viewed it with alarm. Most therapists quietly accepted our results."

In the families of most schizophrenic patients, it appeared that below the superficial we-have-no-problems atmosphere, and even below the underlying tensions and misunderstandings, there is a deep inner core of love and family unity. Without that core the families probably would have been ruptured long before. Furthermore, he says, where those deep family feelings are strongest, chances for recovery are generally the best—even in cases which once would have been written off as hopeless.

"The important thing in predicting recovery," Doctor Rose says, "is not how hallucinated or how 'crazy' the patient may be. What matters more is the fundamental strength of his family."

In May of 1961 the Palo Alto group—organized by then as the Mental Research Institute of the Palo Alto Medical Research Foundation—presented its first major report in the authoritative journal, *Psychiatry*. Half a dozen other groups in the U.S. also were reporting their findings.

Saving Time With Family Therapy

By early this summer nearly fifty technical papers had been published, dozens had been presented to medical meetings, and a journal on family therapy—*Family Process*—had begun publication. A thousand or more families had already been treated by major groups throughout the country, with many others treated by individual psychotherapists. There appeared to be general agreement on the findings.

"With family therapy," says Dr. Murray Bowen, "we're saving roughly one half the time to get the same results in a significant number of cases, and as much as three quarters of the time in many others."

Dr. Lyman Wynne adds, "This is obviously no panacea for all mental disease, or even for all cases of schizophrenia. There is still, for example, need for drugs and for individual therapy. But for properly selected patients, family therapy seems the treatment of choice during certain phases of the treatment process."

At the Palo Alto center, research is currently under way on application of family therapy to the treatment of a wide variety of mental disorders, juvenile delinquency, alcoholism and psychosomatic diseases. A ten-year study on "normal" families, to determine the predictability of mental disease, has started under the direction of Dr. Jules Riskin. Under the joint direction of Mrs. Virginia Satir, who joined the California group three years ago, and Dr. Robert Spitzer, and with financial support from the National Institute of Mental Health, a major statewide program has begun to train psychiatrists, clinical psychologists and psychiatric social workers for family-therapy work in state and local mental hospitals.

One surprise is that the long-delayed announcement of family therapy touched off no fireworks.

"The amazing thing," says Doctor Jackson, "is that when we all reported, and the idea got out in the open, practically nobody denounced it, or viewed it with alarm, or even objected very strongly. A few people said we were merely trying to prove that Freud was wrong—which we weren't—and one accused us of being 'peeping Toms' on the private lives of families. But most therapists quietly accepted our results."

Why the calm acceptance?

"I guess," suggests Doctor Jackson, "that the times were ready for it." **THE END**

Seeking clues to mental illness by observing normal family groups, Dr. Don Jackson (left) of Palo Alto's Mental Research Institute interviews the Robert Cooleys, a healthy family.

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Two Angels on Duty

It was a raw winter's night when Johnny Sentinella set out to find an angel. He hadn't a doubt that he would find one, because he needed one very badly and his mother had told him that when there was no one else to turn to with any particular request he should turn to the mighty angels who come to the earth to help mortals in need.

"Angels are the messengers of God," his mother had told him. "And they have a special care for children."

Johnny Sentinella was eight years of age and lived in a walk-up on West 88th Street not very far from Central Park. He had need of an angel, for his mother was very ill, and he knew that it was serious because people wouldn't talk to him about it. She had been twice to the hospital for what was called an operation, though sometimes people called it surgery. It seemed to be the same thing. Now she had come home, and his father had told Johnny that she wouldn't be going to the hospital anymore. He seemed sad rather than happy when he said this, and a cold feeling had come over Johnny. He tried not to think about it, but the feeling persisted and he knew something terrible was going to happen, and if he thought about what that something terrible was going to be, it would be that his mother would die very soon. So he had desperate need of an angel, and at ten o'clock on a February night he went out to find one.

The best place to find an angel, Johnny decided, would be in Central Park, which was only about two blocks away, and the best place in Central Park would be the place called the Sheep Meadow. Of course, there weren't any sheep or shepherds on the Sheep Meadow anymore. It was just a grassy area at the southern end of the park. Still, that would be the likeliest place to find an angel because angels had a fondness for the places shepherds had been. It was to shepherds that angels seemed to appear most often.

So Johnny put on his snowsuit over his pajamas and then his rubbers and then a scarf his mother had knitted for him, and he was about to leave the house when it occurred to him that it might be nice if he took along a present for the angel. So he looked around and picked up the best present he had, which was a Fanner 50 six-shooter and with which he had fought the Indians many many times as a veteran of the United States Cavalry under Custer. When he was in the United States Cavalry he was Sergeant Sentinella, and he usually managed to warn Custer about the Indians so as to avoid the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

On the way to Central Park, Johnny had to pass a stable where horses were available for rental to the wealthier people who liked to ride around the park. Sometimes he sneaked through the doors of the stable and stood nervously on the tanbark inside while the big horses were saddled for the customers, and one of the grooms had put him on a horse once and let him ride around inside. That was after the groom had discovered that he, Johnny, was at times a sergeant in the United States Cavalry. The stable doors were shut now, but they did not fit very well, and a little soft light came through the crack between the two of them and with it a flow of warm air that smelled of hay and harness. He heard the horses stirring inside, and one of them gave a little nicker.

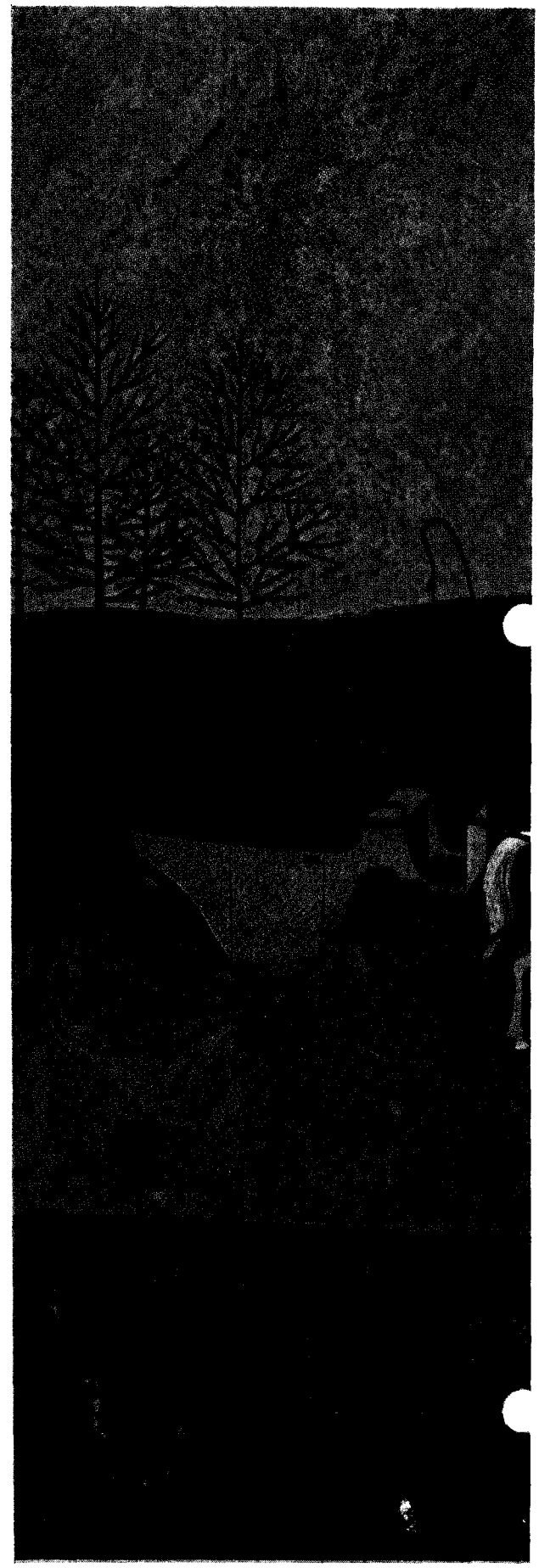
That will be Kansas, Johnny thought. Kansas was the big gray horse the groom had put him on once. He was, Johnny believed, the fastest horse in the whole stable.

"Hi, Kansas," said Johnny through the crack. "Bet you're surprised that I'm out so late. Well, I'm going to find an angel for my mother." For an answer he heard the heavy sound of a horse stamping its foot on the tanbark and then another nicker. But this seemed to be an urgent nicker, as if Johnny should not be dallying there at the stable door and so he said, "All right, Kansas. I'm going." And off he went.

On the way to the park Johnny was delayed at all the intersections by the traffic lights and was worried by the delay. His father had been in his mother's bedroom when he left, seated by her bed. It was an unusual circumstance, and he knew from it that there wasn't much time. When he was in a hurry Johnny had a habit of counting because it seemed to speed things up, so he counted at each traffic light, and that seemed to make them turn from red to green more quickly, and at last he got to the park. Going through the gates, he turned right and started to run as fast as he could toward the Sheep Meadow.

It was dark in the park compared with the illumination in the streets outside. It was hard to tell which was the darker—the trees or the shadows under the trees. The grass in the open spaces was a little lighter, and Johnny was glad when he came to these light areas, and held his Fanner 50 pretty tight when he had to pass under the trees. There were no people in the park, and it was very cold, not that there was frost around but that there was a light mist which seemed colder than any frost.

"I hope I'm going to be in time," said Johnny. He knew that time was very important, so he ran as fast as he could, and to make himself feel that he was running even faster, he imagined that he was riding Kansas, the big gray horse whose powerful, even stride made him certainly the fastest horse in all New York City. Running away then, as hard as he could, he bumped right into a policeman. This happened going around a little curve where there were some trees, and he crashed right into the policeman, who staggered a little and then held Johnny at arm's length.



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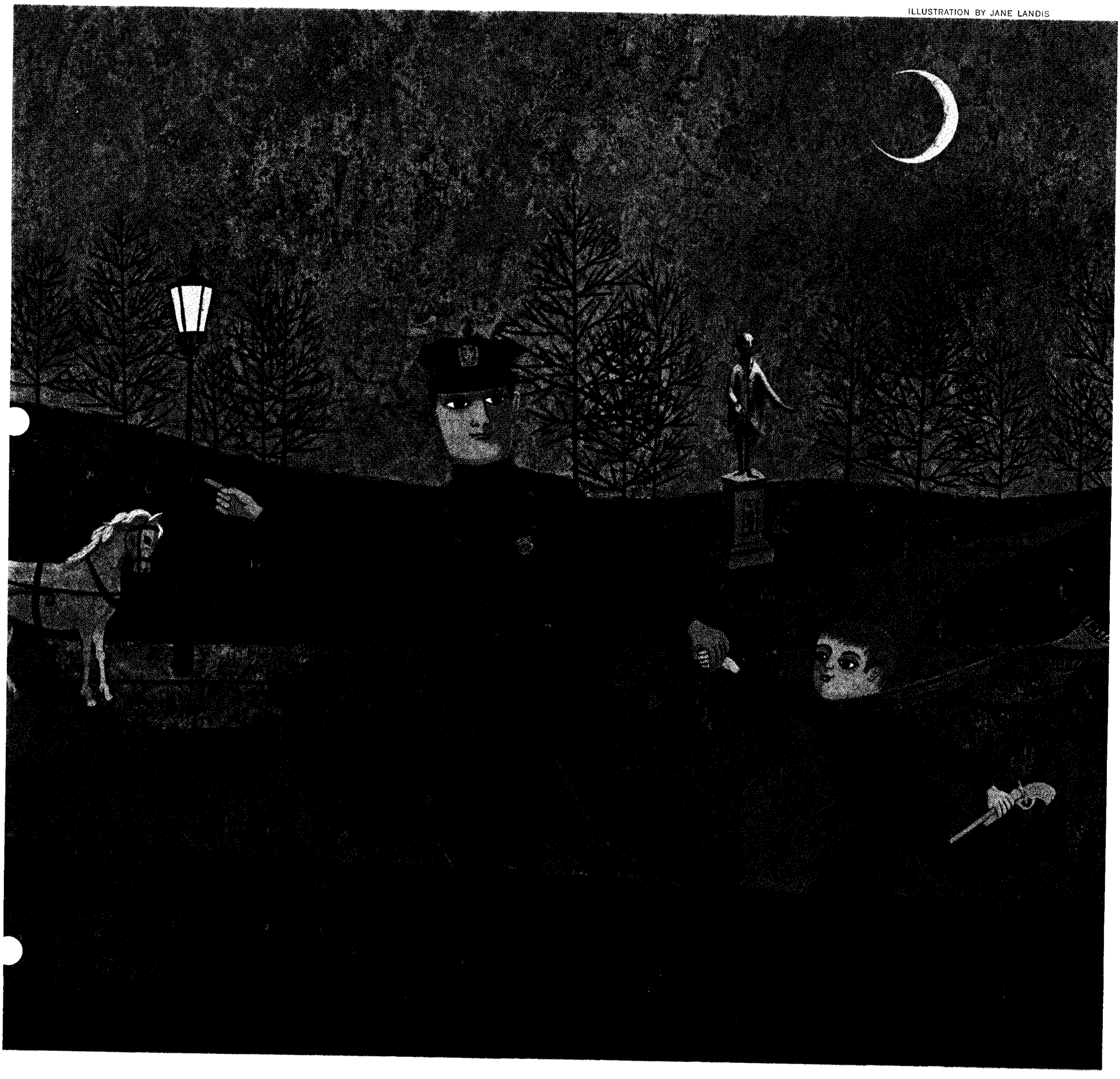
By Leonard Wibberley

A race for life with the man from headquarters.

ILLUSTRATION BY JANE LANDIS



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Two Angels

"Where do you think you're going?" asked the policeman.

"I'm going to find an angel," said Johnny. "I've got to get one. It's very important."

The policeman seemed shocked by this statement and did not say anything right away, but stared at Johnny. There was a lamp standard nearby which threw a little light around, but the policeman's face looked very dark to Johnny, who thought that he seemed a very stern man.

"What's your name, son?" the policeman asked. His voice was neither friendly nor unfriendly, but impartial.

"Johnny Sentinella."

The policeman thought about this for a while. "You live on West 88th Street?" he asked.

"Yes," said Johnny. "Please let me go. I'm in a hurry. It's for my mother."

"Your mother's sick, isn't she?" said the policeman, and his voice seemed even graver.

"Yes," said Johnny. "I'm in a real hurry. I've only got a little time. What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock," said the policeman. "And you ought to be home. In fact I ought to take you home, but I can't leave here right now. Still maybe it won't hurt if I start a little early." He reached for Johnny's wrist, but Johnny jerked away and darted off, going as hard as he could.

He didn't dare look behind him because he knew the policeman was following him. He could hear his footsteps so he ran as hard as he might and the mist thickened a little and after a while the footsteps stopped and he heard the policeman calling him. But he ran on, headed for the Sheep Meadow and counting so as to make himself go faster. He fell down twice and got up sobbing. But still he went on, and at last he got to the Sheep Meadow.

It was a big open place of grass, almost entirely devoid of trees. But now that Johnny had reached it, it seemed terribly desolate as if no one had ever been on the Sheep Meadow in all its history. There was a little mist over the ground and Johnny just stood where he was, looking at the empty place, and appalled by its emptiness. He looked up at the night sky. Over the city the stars were hardly visible at all, but over the Sheep Meadow, where the lights of the city did not interfere, he could see a few stars twinkling in the sky. He looked for an especially big one to appear which would mean that an angel would be coming soon, for that, his mother had told him, was a sign of the coming of angels. But though there were several bigger than the others, they all seemed far away and impersonal, and he was suddenly desperately lonely.

"Please," he said, holding out the Fanner 50. "It's very important."

But no big star appeared. There were only the whiteness of the mist and the desolation of the Sheep Meadow and the remote impersonality of the sky. He stood there patiently waiting. It got colder and he started to shiver. After a long while he heard a clock in some nearby church start to strike the hour, and the hour was midnight. He turned to go home, his head bowed and his shoulders slumped. He wasn't crying. What he felt was too much for tears, for he felt completely alone, as if he had been forsaken for the first time in his life. He walked a little way, and then, feeling that it could not possibly be true that there wouldn't be an angel when he had come to look for one, he turned and saw someone approaching through the mist. He couldn't say anything at all, but just stood in wonder, his heart pounding. And then his wonder changed to resignation, for what was approaching him was just another policeman. The policeman seemed, however, to be looking for someone, and seeing Johnny, he ran toward him and picked him up.

"My goodness," said the policeman. "I'm glad I found you. I was sent out from headquarters specially and told that you just might be here. Come on. We've got to get home right away. Are you all right?"

"Yes," said Johnny sadly.

"What were you doing here anyway?"

"I was looking for an angel," said Johnny. "For my mother. But there aren't any."

"I wouldn't say that," said the policeman. "I wouldn't say that at all. But it's a dangerous thing to go looking for an angel in Central Park at nighttime."

"Why?" asked Johnny.

"Why?" said the policeman. "Because you might find the wrong one—that's why. It's a good job you found me—or I found you. Quite a stir in headquarters about you, my boy. But let's stop wasting time. We've got to get home right away."

"Is something the matter with my mother?" asked Johnny, suddenly afraid.

"We've got to get there in a minute," said the policeman. "It's desperate. I pray God we can make it. Can you run?"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Well, start running," said the policeman and he took Johnny by the hand and the two of them went flying away over the grass. They didn't go straight up the park but headed for a road that circles the park.

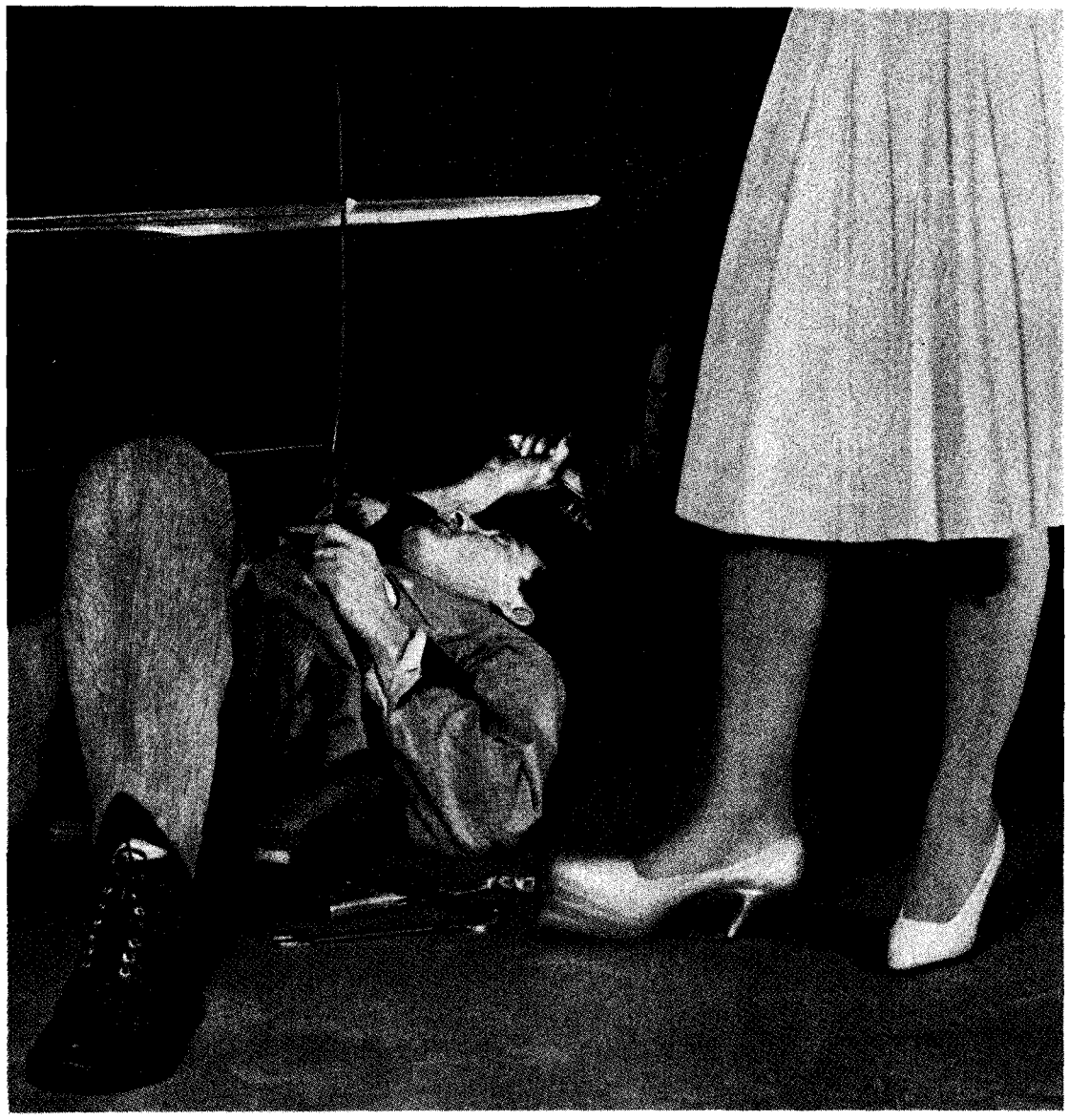
"If we could find a taxi, I think we might be in time," said the policeman. "But who could find a taxi at an hour like this?" On they ran, and it seemed to Johnny that he'd never run so fast in all his life, and at last they rounded a curve and found one of the horse-drawn carriages that take people around the park. It was standing under a lamppost by the road. It shouldn't have been there at all, but at the south side of the park near the Plaza Hotel.

"Well, here's a miracle," said the policeman. "And God be praised for it." There was no coachman in the carriage. He had perhaps gone off to get a cup of coffee. But the policeman jumped up on the driver's seat, pulled Johnny up beside him, took the whip, flicked it over the horse's back and away they went down the road at a very smart clip.

"Why," cried Johnny looking at the horse as they passed beneath a lamp standard, "that's Kansas, the fastest horse in all New York. He's my friend."

The horse cocked one ear back in Johnny's direction and gave a little whinny and thrust more powerfully forward between the shafts, the big muscles on his haunches and shoulders rolling with strength beneath his hide. They were soon near the gate, but all the time the policeman had kept glancing ahead and around as if he were expecting to see someone on the side of the road.

"Did you see anyone else?" asked the policeman after a while, as they went bowling through the park.



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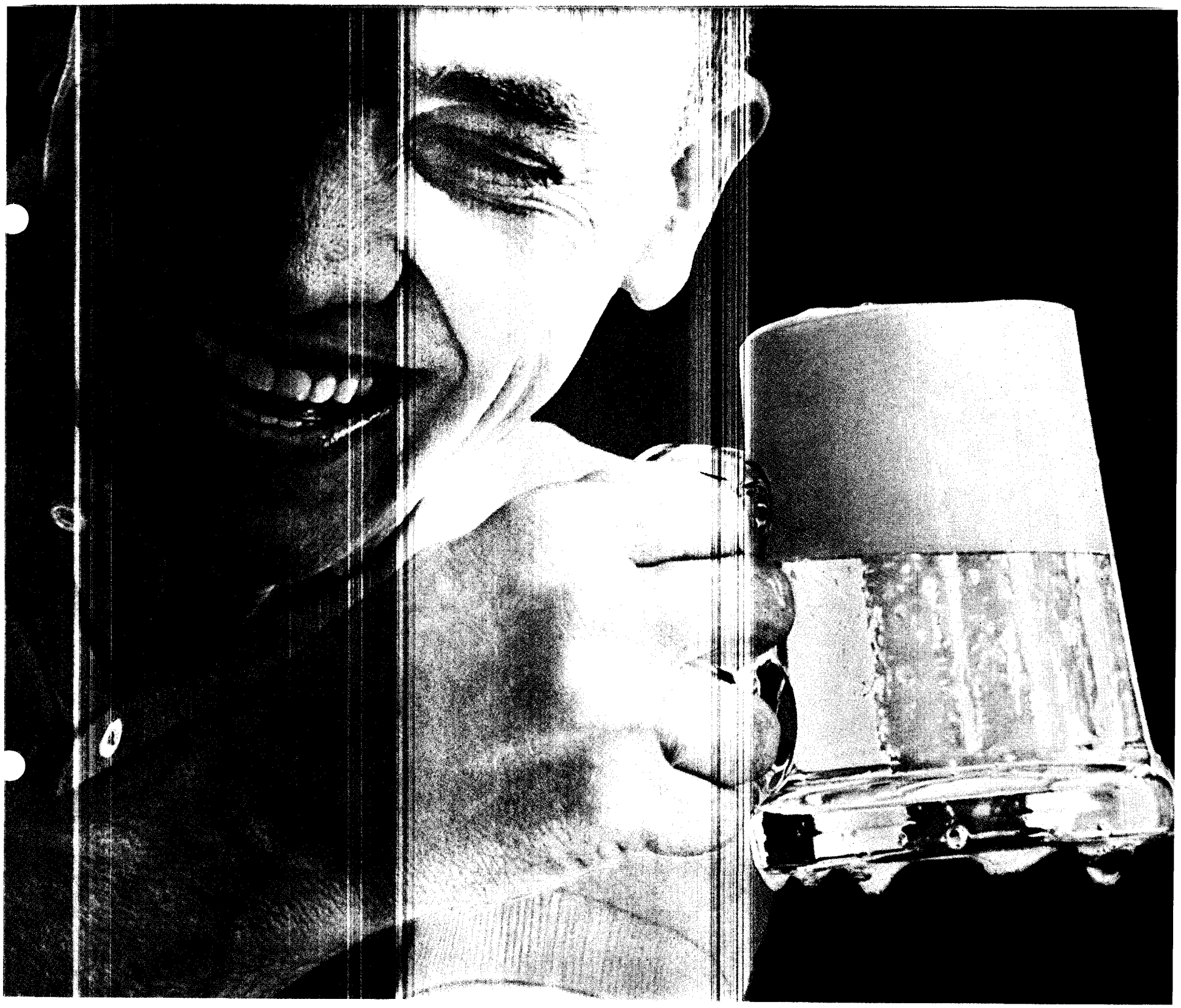

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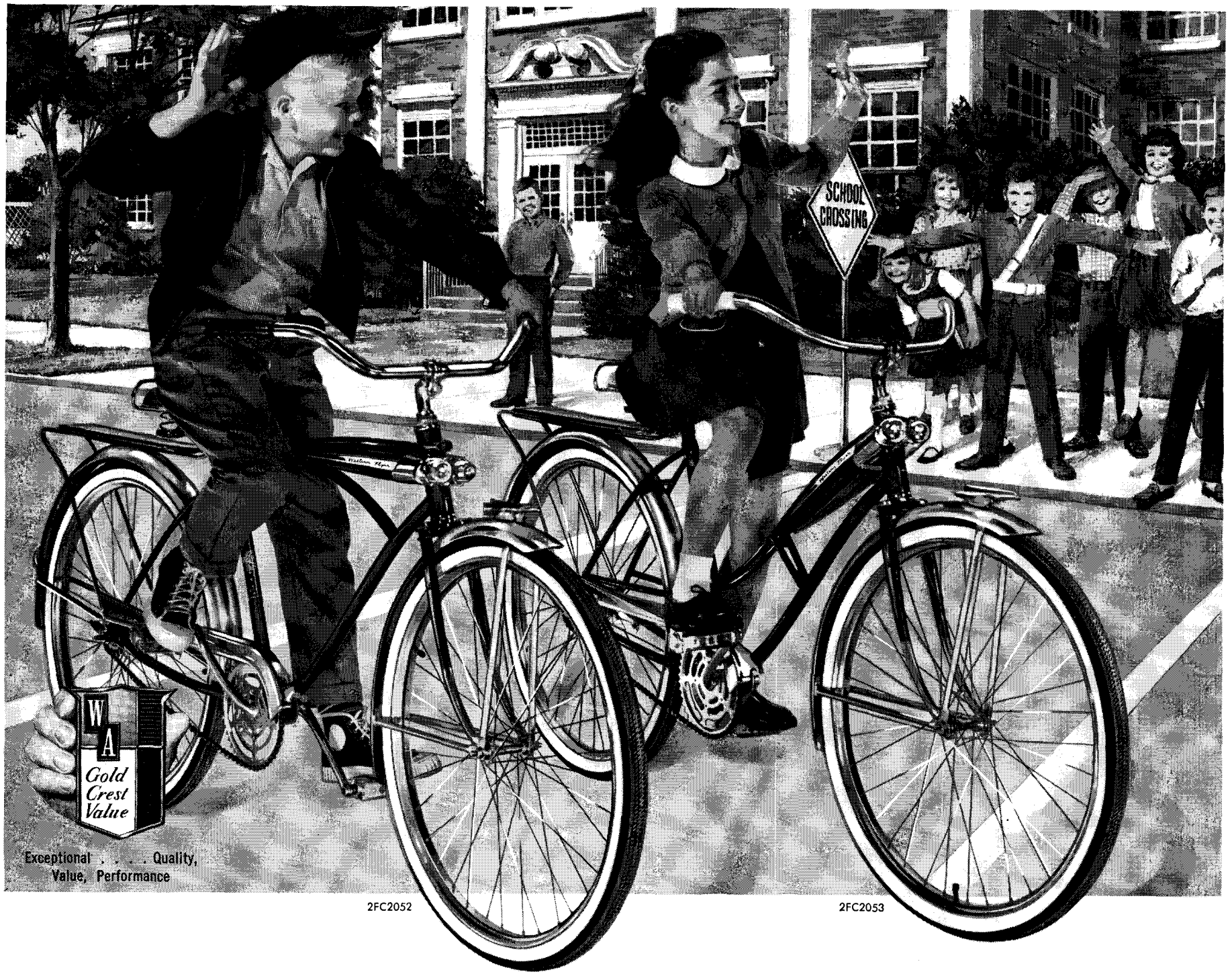

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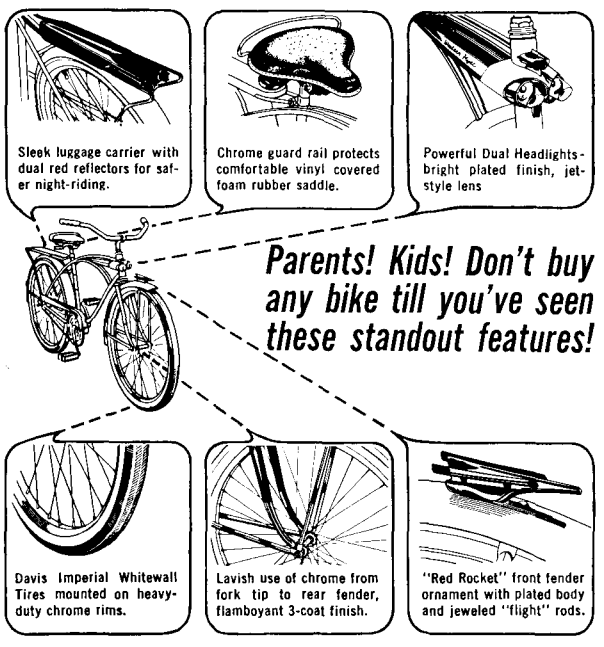
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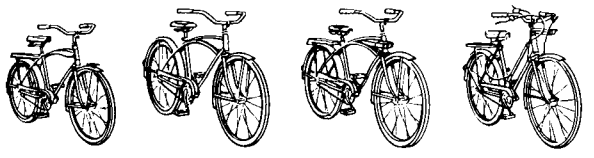

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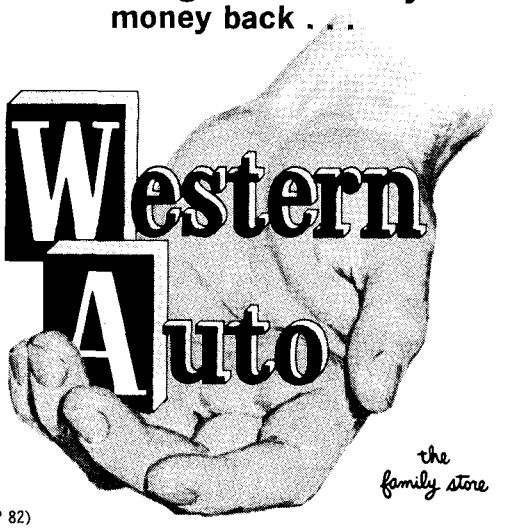

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"I met another policeman," said Johnny.

"What did he look like?"

"I didn't see his face. It seemed kind of dark. He wanted to take me home, but I ran away from him. I didn't want him to catch me."

"There were two of us sent out from headquarters. Me and the other one. He has a kind of a dark face. How long was it between when you met him and me?"

"About half an hour," said Johnny after considering the question for a while.

"Well, he's always on time but he doesn't hurry," said the policeman. "We have a chance." From this Johnny gathered that in looking around while he was driving, the policeman had been looking for his colleague. He was very troubled that headquarters should have sent two officers out for him and even more worried that they were now in such a hurry to get to his home. Perhaps he had been wrong after all in going out to look for an angel. Perhaps something terrible had happened to his mother and she had asked for him and he wasn't there. This thought was too much to be borne and he thrust it from his mind.

When they got to the gate the light was red, but the policeman ignored it and shouted "giddap" to the horse and drove on through the red light.

The policeman was standing now, calling to Kansas to give of his best, and Kansas broke into a canter, flinging the road behind him, the carriage rolling a little from side to side like a boat that has cleared the harbor and met the first swells of the ocean. A few people in the street, out late on pleasure or business, stopped in surprise to see carriage and horse and boy and policeman flying down the street. They called after them, shouts of excitement and wonder, and it was with a litany of such calls stringing behind them, like a streamer of sound, that the carriage pulled up before the walk-up apartment house where Johnny lived.

The policeman was out of the carriage in one jump, reached up and grabbed Johnny and started racing up the stairs, saying all the time, "I pray God we are not too late."

He was going up the stairs three at a time, for he was a big man, and when they got to the last flight there was the other policeman whom Johnny had first met in the park, going up more slowly, step by step. Hearing the commotion behind him, he turned, and the policeman who was carrying Johnny pushed his comrade aside, saying, "I'm here first. The duty is mine." He was in front of the door of their apartment a second later, flung it open without knocking, shut it immediately in the face of the other and then, resting his back against it, and with Johnny still in his arms, said, "Phew. That was a near one."

Johnny's father came out of the bedroom and looked at him.

"The boy's mother," said the policeman. "I've got to see her."

"You can't," said Johnny's father. All the sorrow in the world was on his face.

"I've got to," said the policeman. "It isn't too late yet." He moved past Johnny's father without another word, and went into the bedroom. Johnny followed. His mother was lying propped up on pillows, but her face was like wax and her eyes were shut.

"I've come," said the policeman softly, standing by the bed. "I was sent from headquarters. Because of the boy." Johnny's mother opened her eyes and looked up at the policeman who towered above her.

"You?" she said in surprise. "I was expecting someone else."

"Me," said the policeman. "I got here first."

"What is your name?" asked Johnny's mother.

"Gabriel," said the policeman gently. "I am the one who brings good news."

"And—the one I was expecting?"

"He has no name," replied Gabriel. "He is always on time and never hurries. I passed him on the stairs and got here first."

"He is the one who brings . . .?"

"He is the one with the dark face who brings—Death. You will not see him for a long time, though you must see him eventually."

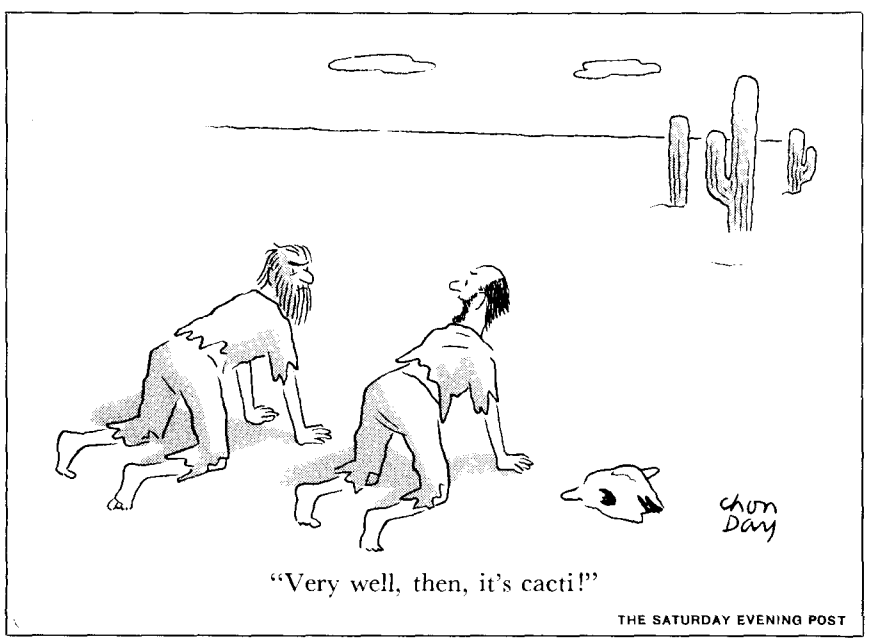
"Thank God," said Johnny's mother, and she closed her eyes. "I was ready except for my son," she said.

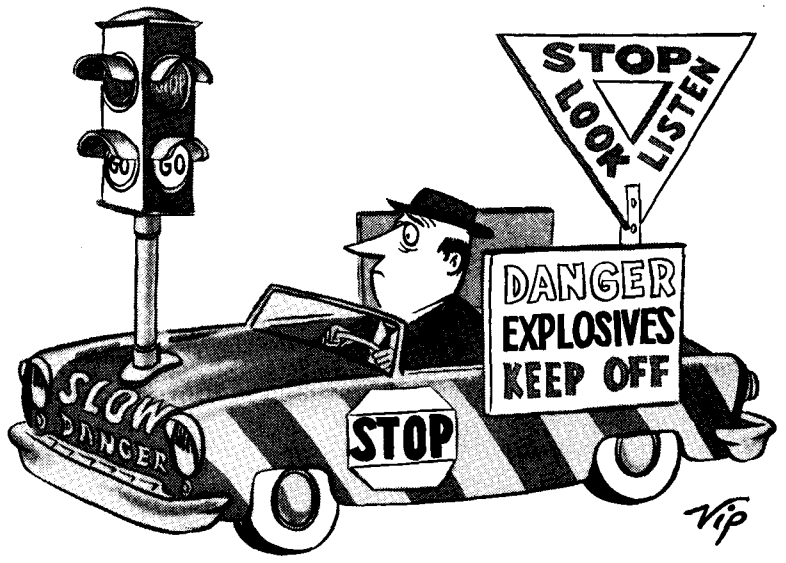
"It was he who came looking for an angel, with no doubt in his heart," said Gabriel. "He found the dark one first, but, still believing, he came on alone looking for me."

He turned and had reached the door of the apartment when Johnny remembered something and ran out of his mother's bedroom after him. "It's my best one," he said and handed him his Fanner 50.

"Thank you," said the angel. And he went back, smiling, to report to headquarters.

THE END





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Gabriel
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Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

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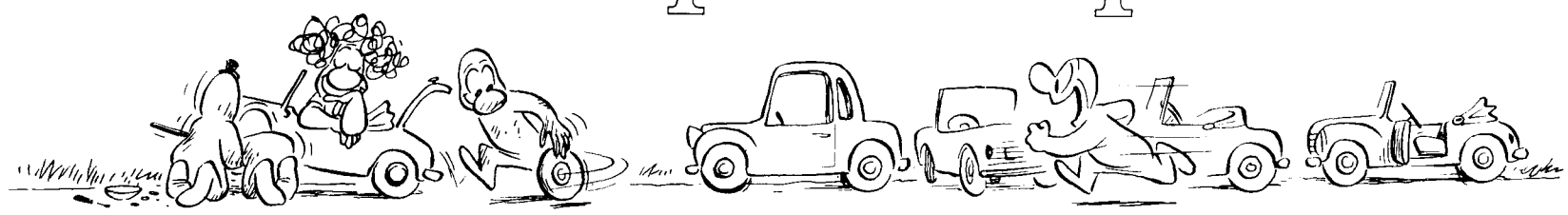
post scripts



"Not now, you fool!"

"You're not projecting."

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen

Der Frogs
In Das Milchenchurner

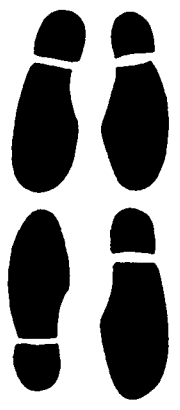
Ein smartisch frog und ein stupidisch frog ben fallen insiden ein milchen-churner. Ach! Das dummkopf ben quickisch upgiven und drownen! Das smartischer ben outkicken mit der strongisch legs und schloshen der milch mit churnen ein butterpatten. Mit upclimben, das frog is escapen der drownen und sitten ontoppen das butterpatten mit loud-isch croaken.

Soonisch, der hausfrau ben hearen das croaken und outliften das smartisch frog. "Ach!" das frog ben exclaimen, "mein strongisch legs ben saven meinself, und das loudisch croaken ben bringen der helpen!"

Der frau ben praisen der strongisch legs und insisten das frog ist croaken for der supper.

Der Lesson: Loudisch croaken ben causen der croaken.

DAVE MORRAH



BILL SHELLY

"My problem, doctor, is that I never know whether I'm coming or going."

this way

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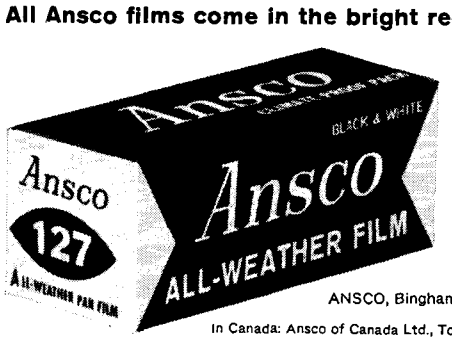
All Ansco films come in the bright red box!



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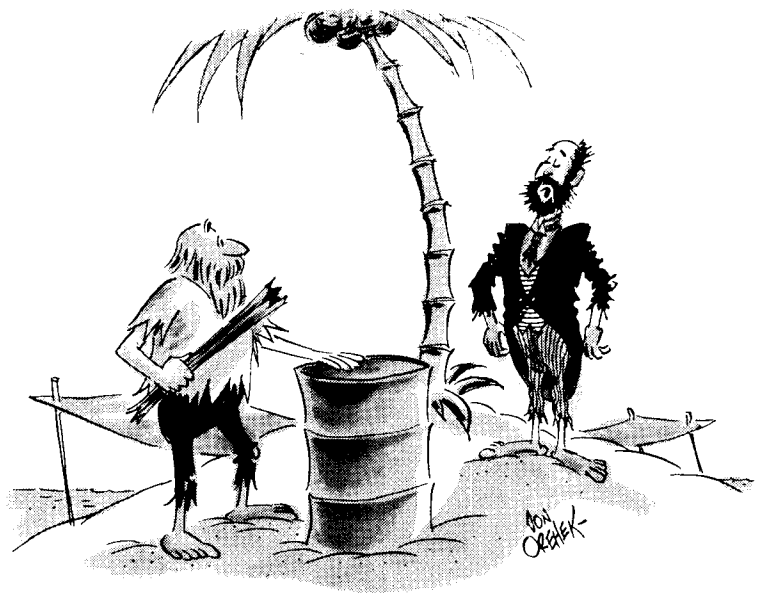
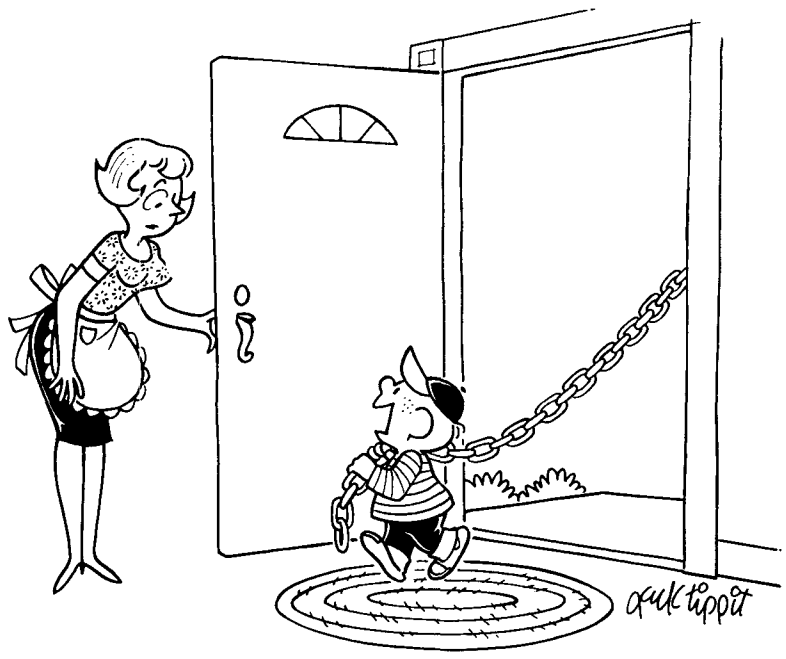


"Did you bang, sir?"

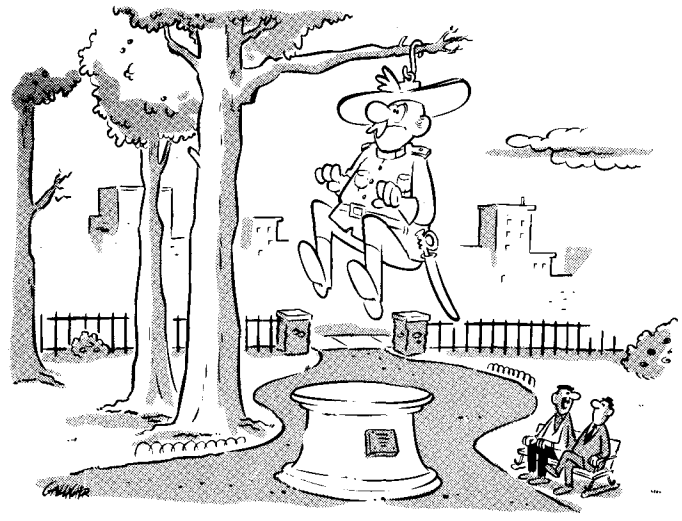


"He followed me home. Can I keep him?"

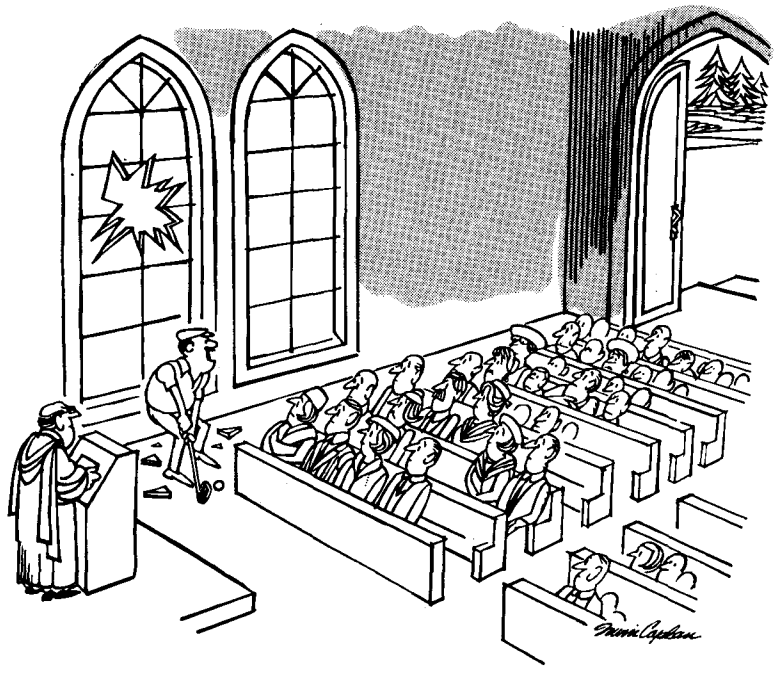
Fringe Benefit

Hail to the summer vacation,
A blessing to rejoice.
It leaves you in shape to go
back to work
And so broke that you have no
choice.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

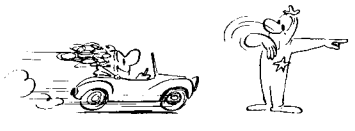


"It was on this very spot that his horse was shot out from under him."



"Fore!"

"How do you know you don't like it? You haven't tasted it."



keep moving

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Northern—the tireless towels

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SAVE 10¢

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2 regular rolls or
1 Jumbo roll

MR. DEALER: For your convenience in obtaining prompt, accurate payment for this coupon, send it to NORTHERN PAPER MILLS, P. O. BOX 1115, CLINTON, IOWA. You will be paid ten cents (10c) plus 2c handling, providing coupon is redeemed in accordance with our consumer offer.

Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock of our brands to cover coupons submitted must be shown upon request. Failure to do so may, at our option, void all coupons submitted for redemption for which no proof of products' purchase is shown. Coupons presented through outside agencies or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise will not be honored and will become void when so presented. The consumer must pay any sales tax involved. This offer void whenever taxed, restricted, prohibited, or license is required. Cash value 1/20 of 1c. Limit one coupon to a customer. Northern Paper Mills, A Marathon Division of American Can Company.

6

10¢ STORE COUPON

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND TAKE IT TO YOUR STORE

For a set of 3 portraits of Northern's little "All American Boys," in full color, 11" x 14" standard frame size, send 25c in currency to Northern Towels, Box 880, Hinsdale, Ill. (Offer limited to U.S.)

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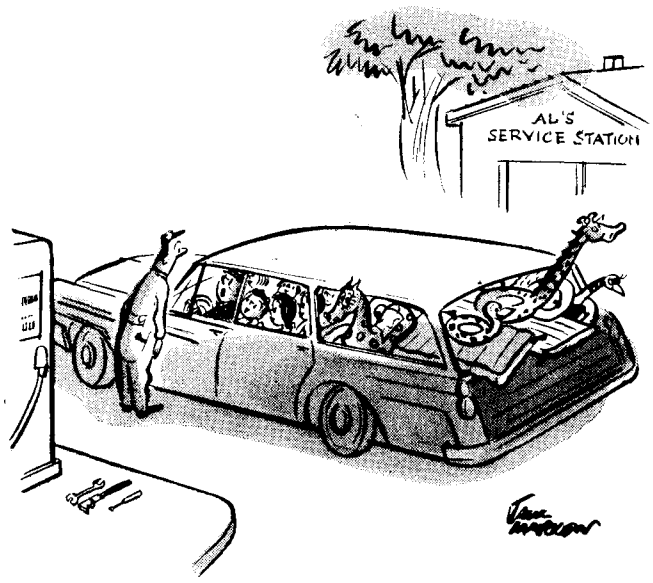
"Cut it, dad. This is strictly a three-piece combo!"

Sunday Song
With Counterpoint

Now, sip your coffee, munch your lotus,
Dear-my-lord, and take no notice
Of your helpmate's busy capers.
Save your strength to read the papers.
Stay in bed, my love. It's Sunday.
This, I stanchly swear, is one day
There shall be no rude demand
Upon your time. What had I planned
To do? Oh, merely mow the lawn
And nail that sun-porch awning on
And wash the car and dunk the pup . . .
Why, darling, are you getting up?

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

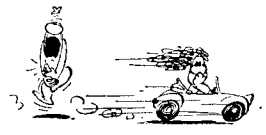
"Well, that's show biz."



"Mind checking the tires, floats and inflatable toys?"

"Heads!"

"I think he's about to speak his first word."



the end

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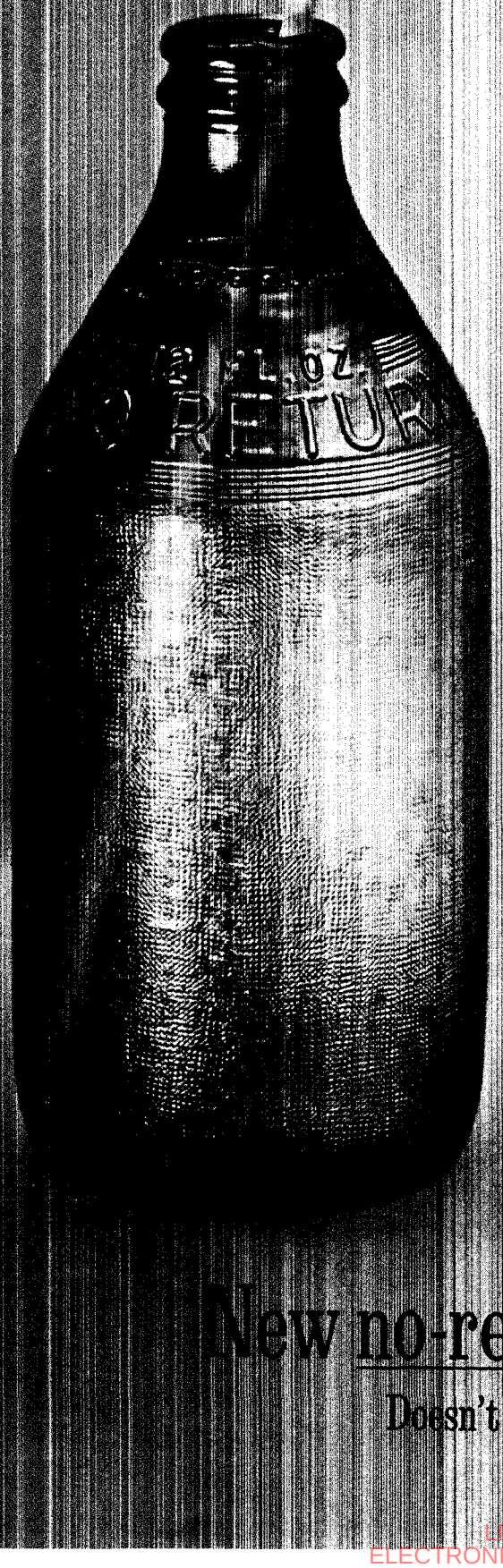
GLASS

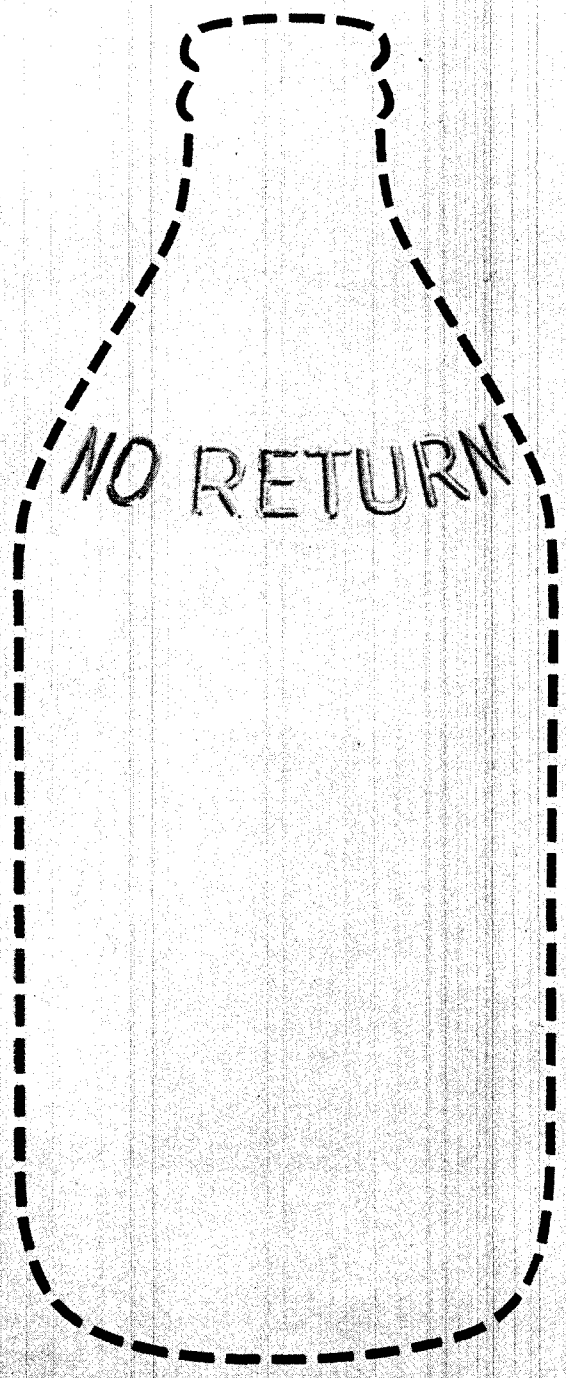
Flavor's in...

(when you buy soft drinks in bottles)



returns are out!

(with these handy no-deposit bottles)



New no-return soft drink bottles!

Doesn't everything taste better in glass?

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

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Guadalcanal

(*Continued from page 22*)

hours of the ninth, strike the warships guarding the Expeditionary Force, shoot up the unloading transports, and so leave the Marines out on a limb.

Owing to a series of blunders on our side, Mikawa's approach down the Slot (as we named the channel between the central Solomons) was not properly covered by air search on 8 August, and the morning sightings of Mikawa's force by Australian Hudsons were so mishandled that Admiral Turner did not receive the reports until more than eight hours had passed. The first report, moreover, was misleading in that the pilot mistook two Japanese cruisers for seaplane tenders. On that basis Turner made the bad guess that the Japanese were not coming through that night, but intended to set up a seaplane base at Santa Isabel Island, about 150 miles from Savo, and attack later.

This was not Turner's only mistake on that fatal night. He allowed his fighting ships to be divided into three separate groups to guard three possible sea approaches by the enemy.

Divide and Be Conquered

Rear Adm. Norman Scott with two light cruisers and two destroyers patrolled the transport area between Tulagi and Guadalcanal, and never got into the battle. The two western approaches, on either side of Savo Island, were guarded by six heavy cruisers and four destroyers, besides two more destroyers thrust out as pickets, under Rear Adm. Victor Crutchley, RN. This British flag officer in the Australian navy was a gallant and jovial figure, sporting a full red beard to hide a wound scar, and known to the bluejackets as "Old Goat's Whiskers." He divided his force into two groups: one half, under himself in *HMAS Australia*, with her sister ship *Canberra*, *USS Chicago* and two destroyers, guarded the southern entrance to the sound, while U.S. cruisers *Vincennes*, *Astoria*, and *Quincy*, with two destroyers, guarded the northern entrance. Turner was so certain that the enemy would not attack that night that he made the further mistake of summoning Crutchley, in *Australia*, to a conference on board his flagship, *McCawley*, twenty miles away, in Lunga Roads, Guadalcanal.

Turner's untimely, if necessary, conference stemmed from the worst of all blunders that night: Admiral Fletcher's decision to retire his three-carrier task force from its covering position, thus depriving the landing force of air cover. Consequently Turner felt that he must consult Crutchley and Vandegrift to decide whether the partly unloaded transports should depart that night or risk repeated Japanese air attacks without air protection. The result was that Crutchley and cruiser *Australia* were not on hand to fight when badly needed and that the depleted cruiser group south of Savo Island was commanded by Capt. Howard D. Bode of *Chicago*, who acted as a man dazed.

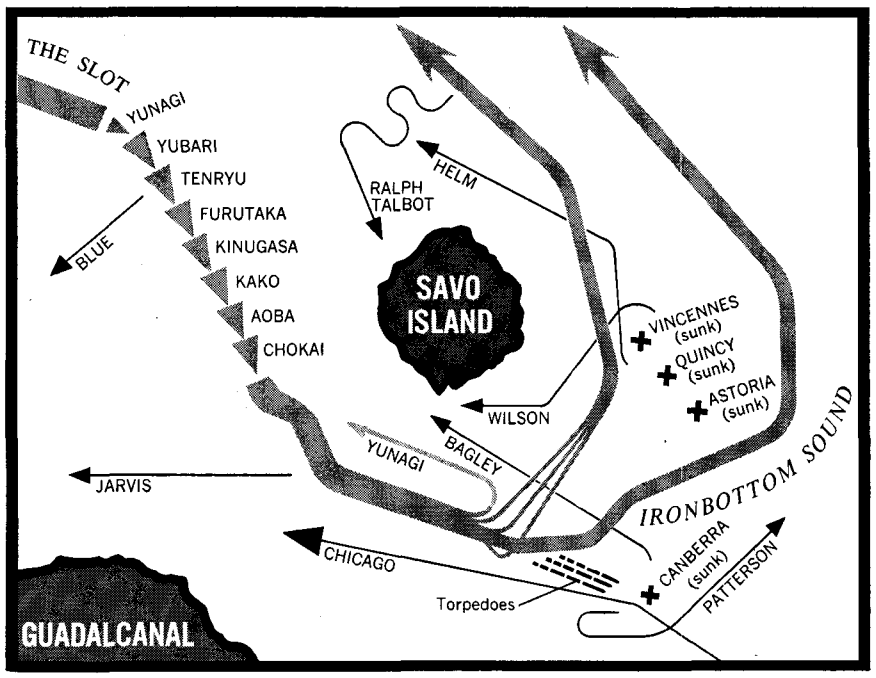
This was a hot, overcast and oppressive night. At 2315 the two cruiser groups off Savo Island were steaming at low speed on their monotonous patrol courses. Officers and men were dog tired after being at general quarters for forty-eight hours. Half an hour later came the first disturbance, an unidentified aircraft reported by picket destroyer *Ralph Talbot*. The cruiser captains even saw three planes overhead, yet with incredible optimism assumed that they were friendly. These planes had been catapulted by Mikawa's cruisers to scout for him. They droned unmolested over the sleepy American ships for an hour and a half, sending exact information of their movements that was very helpful to the Japanese admiral.

At 0040 August 9, Admiral Mikawa, having sighted Savo Island in the darkness, summoned his men to battle stations. Three minutes later, lookouts in flagship *Chokai* sighted a ship, obviously enemy, on their starboard bow. This was picket destroyer *Blue*. Mikawa wisely deciding that this was no moment to alert the enemy by shooting, ordered a slowdown to twenty-two knots. The Japanese column steamed stealthily by the destroyer, nobody in her suspecting a thing. Half an hour later the Japanese sighted ahead two American cruisers and two destroyers.

At 0136 Mikawa ordered "Commence firing." A flock of torpedoes leaped out of their tubes, aimed at *Chicago* and *Canberra*. For seven more minutes the Japanese force approached undetected. Not until 0143 did destroyer *Patterson*, the only American ship properly awake that night, sight them. Immediately she broadcast the tocsin: "WARNING, WARNING, STRANGE SHIPS ENTERING HARBOR!"

Too late, too late. The three Japanese float planes dropped brilliant flares which silhouetted the southern American group, and at that moment the Japanese cruisers opened gunfire. A few seconds later *HMAS Canberra*, with her guns still trained in, was hit by two torpedoes. Then she was taken apart by twenty-four shell hits. Her captain and gunnery officer were killed, unquenchable fires spread, and this fine Australian cruiser had to be abandoned and scuttled. *Chicago*, too, was completely surprised. Captain Bode, who in Crutchley's absence was O.T.C. of this group, awoke out of sound sleep, and, with a column of five heavy cruisers to shoot at, steamed off in the wrong direction, out of the battle. He even forgot to inform the northern American group that he was under attack.

Mikawa, having dealt with these two cruisers and their destroyers, divided his yet untouched column and promptly went after the northern group.



On August 8, in the battle of Savo Island, the U.S. Navy suffered its worst defeat. A Japanese task group raced down The Slot, torpedoed Australia's heavy cruiser Canberra *and surprised the* Chicago, *which raced off in the wrong direction. Splitting their force, the Japanese then sank three more cruisers and escaped northward.*

Ordeal by Shellfire

These had heard *Patterson*'s warning at 0143, but no other word; and, providentially for the Japanese, a heavy rain squall had dropped an opaque curtain between them and the southern group, so they could see nothing of the fight. *Vincennes* was followed in column by *Quincy* and *Astoria*. At about 0150 *Chokai* began pouring salvo after salvo of eight-inch shell into *Astoria*, which became a blazing shambles. She went dead in the water and sank next noontime.

Quincy was even less prepared for action and took the worst beating; but she put up the best fight of any Allied ship that night.

A searchlight from *Aoba* found her guns still pointing fore and aft. Promptly *Quincy* trained them on the target and got off two nine-gun salvos, from which two shells hit *Chokai*, one of them demolishing the Japanese admiral's staff chart room. Now the doomed cruiser was caught by cross fire between the two Japanese columns. Turret No. 2 exploded after a shell hit, No. 4 fireroom took a torpedo, engine rooms became sealed deathtraps, the sick bay was wiped out, a shell ignited the ammunition for a five-inch gun, fires raged all over. The only question now was whether she would burn to death or sink. Capt. Samuel N. Moore, mortally wounded by a shell hit that killed almost everyone on the bridge, ordered the helmsman to try to beach her on Savo Island, and died. The senior surviving officer—seventh in the chain of command—ordered "Abandon ship." *Quincy* rolled over and sank at 0235, first installment on the steel carpet to Ironbottom Sound.

Vincennes Meets Her Doom

Leading the northern cruiser column and last to be engaged was *Vincennes*. At 0150 Capt. Frederick L. Riefkohl was still speculating about *Patterson*'s warning, and what the sound of distant gunfire meant, when Japanese searchlights fastened on his ship. An eight-inch salvo from *Kako* near-missed her. *Vincennes* replied at 0153, and her second salvo registered on *Kinugasa*, but enemy gunfire exploded the planes on her fantail and their flames provided an illumination which helped the Japanese cruisers, as they swept by, methodically to destroy *Vincennes* by gunfire and torpedoes. She took three torpedoes in two firerooms, floundered to a halt and, pounded by repeated gunfire, with direct hits on every gun turret, went down into the depths a few minutes after *Quincy* took the plunge.

By this time the Japanese force, owing to each ship's maneuvering to fire at best advantage, was in disorder, and Admiral Mikawa had lost track of some of his units. At 0220 he ordered all ships to reform northwest of Savo Island, intending next to fall on the almost undefended transports.

He could see the victims of his accurate torpedoes and gunfire exploding and burning, but at 0240 he thought better of returning to the fray, and ordered all ships to make for Rabaul at top speed. His reason, curiously enough, was fear of being bombed in the approaching daylight by planes from Admiral Fletcher's carriers, which by that time were hightailing to safety.

Even though Mikawa lacked the strategic savvy to gather more fruits of victory, a resounding victory it was. In a battle lasting exactly thirty-two minutes he had sunk or put in a sinking condition four heavy cruisers and chased away a fifth, with negligible damage to his own force.

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The Navy held an investigation, which found the blame so evenly distributed that nobody was punished. And it is well that Admiral Turner, primarily to blame, was not put "on the beach," because he became the leading practitioner of amphibious warfare in the Pacific.

Many lessons were learned from this disastrous battle. *Canberra* and *Astoria* might have been saved but for their heavily upholstered wooden wardroom furniture, and the layers of inflammable paint and linoleum on their bulkheads and decks. All wooden furniture and linoleum was now cast ashore, and every ship in the Navy had to scrape down to bare steel; day and night for the rest of 1942, sounds of chipping hammers were never still on board ship. Improved fire-fighting technique was developed, communications were improved, and officers adopted a more reasonable battle-readiness condition which relieved them and their men from continual tension.

Battles Afloat and Ashore

Thus Savo Island was not a decisive battle and not an unprofitable defeat, although the cost was heavy—four heavy cruisers and one destroyer a total loss; 1270 officers and men killed and 709 wounded. It was the inaugural engagement of a bloody and desperate campaign for control of an island that neither side really wanted, but which neither could afford to abandon to the enemy.

The story of the next three months is complicated. On shore, the Marines with infinite difficulty defended their perimeter against constant assaults by the Japanese garrison, and built up their own air force on Henderson Field. In the air and on the surrounding waters, each side endeavored to beef up his garrison on Guadalcanal and prevent the enemy from reinforcing his.

In Ironbottom Sound a curious tactical situation developed: a shift in sea mastery every twelve hours. From sunup to sundown the Americans ruled the waves, big ships discharged cargoes, small ones plied between Lunga Point and Tulagi, as safely as in New York Harbor. But as the pall of night fell over the sound the Japanese took over.

Allied ships cleared out like frightened children running past a graveyard, and small craft sought shelter. The "Tokyo Express" of troop-carrying destroyers dashed in to discharge soldiers and supplies near Tassafaronga, and big ships tossed shells in the Marines' direction. But the Rising Sun flag never stayed to greet its namesake; by dawn the Japanese were well away up the Slot and the Stars and Stripes reappeared. Such was the pattern cut to fit the requirements of this strange campaign; any attempt to reshape it meant a bloody battle.

There were three big naval battles. The first, of the Eastern Solomons, was fought on 24 August northeast of Guadalcanal by the carrier planes of both navies. It was pretty much of a draw, the Japanese losing a light carrier and bombing but not sinking *Enterprise*. One Japanese submarine damaged *Saratoga* on 31 August, and another sank *Wasp* on 15 September. Rear Adm. Norman Scott in *San Francisco* beat off a big Japanese cruiser force in the Battle of Cape Esperance on the night of 11–12 October, enabling a regiment of the Americal Division to be landed at Guadalcanal. Two hellish nights followed for the troops ashore, when Japanese battleships and heavy cruisers bombarded Henderson Field.

Mid-October was the low point of the campaign for us; the Navy Department even began to prepare the public for a possible evacuation. But a new day dawned when the brilliantly aggressive Vice Adm. William F. Halsey relieved tired Ghormley as Commander South Pacific Force, and when President Roosevelt, overriding the Joint Chiefs of Staff, ordered that the reinforcement of Guadalcanal be given top priority, no matter what.

Again, on 26 October, Vice Adm. Kondo's four-carrier force pressed south to deal with the *Enterprise* and *Hornet* task forces, commanded by Rear Admirals Tom Kinkaid and George Murray. In the ensuing Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands the enemy concentrated on *Hornet* and succeeded in putting her under, but not before her planes and *Enterprise*'s had badly damaged two Japanese carriers. There was nothing decisive about this Santa Cruz battle, but it gave our side precious time to prepare for the next onslaught.

Tokyo Express Down the Slot

Adm. Isoroku Yamamoto now issued an operations plan which, considering the forces he deployed, should have secured sea supremacy in the Solomons. During the first ten days of November the enemy brought in sixty-seven destroyer loads of troops by Tokyo Express, and now for the first time Japanese troops on Guadalcanal outnumbered the Americans.

Two important American reinforcement echelons were due there on 11 and 12 November. The first comprised three loaded freighters escorted by Rear Admiral Scott in *Atlanta*, and four destroyers; the second comprised four transports, including Turner's flagship *McCawley*, escorted by Rear Adm. Daniel J. Callaghan in *San Francisco*, with two cruisers and three destroyers. Halsey also sent Kinkaid's *Enterprise* task force north to help. If "Big E," under frantic repair at Nouméa since her Santa Cruz bout, could not get there in time, Kinkaid had orders to detach his battlewagons for independent action, under the command of Rear Adm. Willis A. Lee in *Washington*. That is exactly what happened—and it was mighty fortunate that it did.

Scott's transports unloaded successfully on 11 November, and Turner's were about half empty on the afternoon of the twelfth, when an Australian coastwatcher sent word that numerous Japanese fighter-escorted bombers were flying down the Slot. Their attack on the transports in Lunga Roads opened the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal. This first round turned out very ill for the enemy. Admiral Turner, a past master at handling ships in such manner as to thwart air attack and bring all his own antiaircraft fire to bear, suffered only slight damage, and, helped by Wildcat fighter planes from Henderson Field, allowed very few of the two-engined "Bettys" to return.

Tense calm followed that afternoon's elimination shoot. As Turner steamed back to the unloading area through floating remains of downed planes, he realized that the enemy had just begun to show his hand. Abundant intelligence from search planes and coastwatchers indicated that the Tokyo Express that night would include two battleships and at least four cruisers and ten destroyers—too much for Callaghan's cruisers and destroyers to take on with much prospect of success. Yet, with Kinkaid's carrier-battleship force too far away to help, there was nothing else for Callaghan to do but block, and block hard.

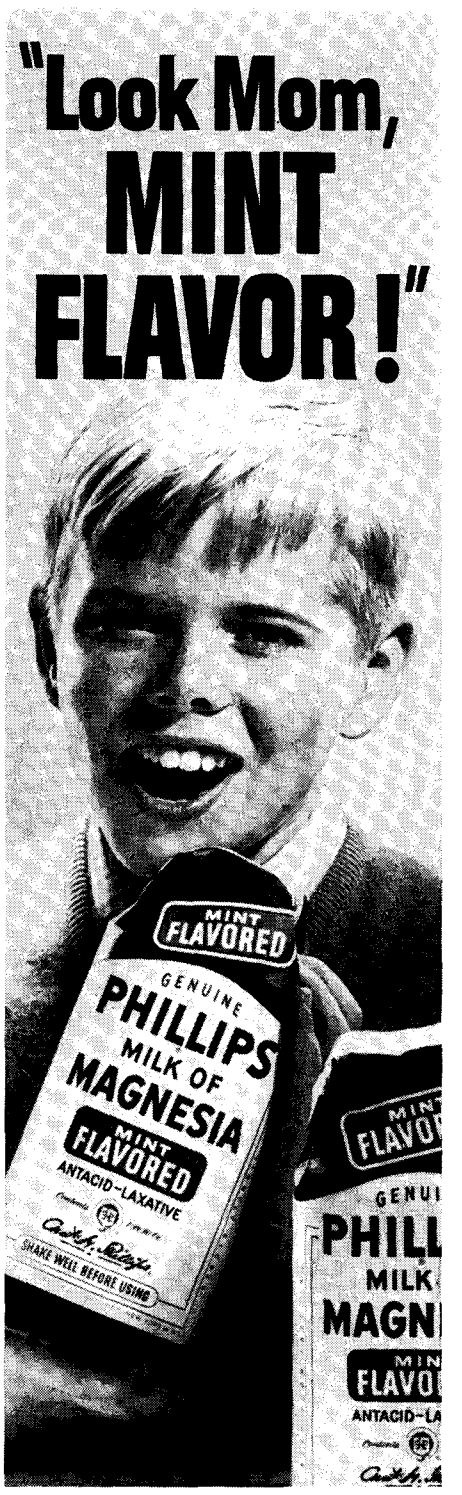
At dusk, 12 November, Turner pulled his transports out, Callaghan escorting them for a few hours only, when he had to return to face the Japanese onslaught. "Uncle Dan" Callaghan, austere, deeply religious, a hardworking and conscientious officer who possessed the high personal regard of his fellows and the love of his men, had reached the acme of his career. There was something a little detached about this man, since his thoughts were often not of this world; something, too, that recalled the chivalrous warriors of other days. One could see him as Ossian's dark-haired Duthmaruno, and beetling-browed Turner in the role of Fingal, exhorting him, when they parted that night: "Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They come forward like waves in mist, when their foamy tops are seen above the low-sailing vapor. . . . Sons of heroes, call forth the steel!"

Callaghan passed through Lengo Channel into Ironbottom Sound, his ships in single column. Four destroyers were in the van, then cruisers *Atlanta* (with Rear Admiral Scott embarked), *San Francisco* (Callaghan's flagship), *Portland*, *Helena* and *Juneau*. Four more destroyers followed.

Battleships Form for Action

Fast approaching was the Tokyo Express—battleships *Hiei* and *Kirishima* screened by a light cruiser and fourteen destroyers, under Vice Adm. Hiroaki Abe. Their mission was to knock out Henderson Field and slaughter the Marines with high-explosive shells. Abe was not looking for a naval battle. He assumed that the Americans as usual would be gone with the sun, allowing him to prowl Ironbottom Sound and bombard at will.

It was now Friday the thirteenth, last day of life for eight ships and many hundred American sailors, including two rear admirals. Callaghan's first radar contact, at 0124, showed Abe's battlewagons almost surrounded by his destroyer screen, approaching from the direction of Savo Island. At 0141 destroyer *Cushing*, leading the American column, sighted two Japanese destroyers about to



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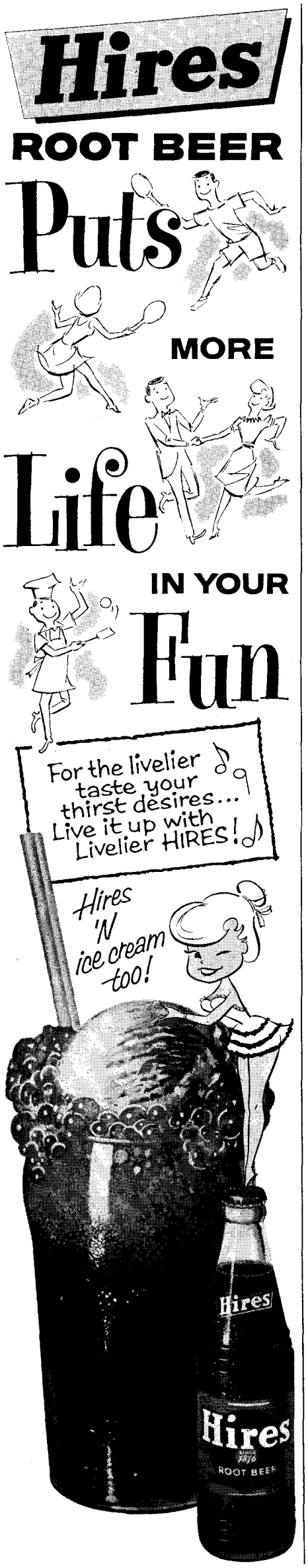

Guadalcanal

cross her bow. She turned hard-aport to unmask her torpedo batteries and avoid a collision. This maneuver threw Callaghan's line into disorder. Now surprise was lost, and Callaghan's delay of eight minutes before opening gunfire—owing to the confusion engendered by *Cushing*'s turn and fear of hitting friends—gave Abe precious time to change his bombardment shells for armor-piercing.

"Cease Firing Own Ships!"

At 0150, just as a Japanese destroyer's searchlight picked up *Atlanta*'s bridge, the cruiser's five-inch guns began shooting. Japanese destroyers were only 1600 yards away; they and the battlewagons opened up at the same time on *Atlanta*, and one of their salvos snuffed out the lives of Admiral Scott and all but one of his staff. This cruiser was out of the battle, which from that moment became an unplanned general melee. Although neither battleship was hit early in the action, Abe didn't like what was coming at him and countermarched. *Hiei* sank *Cushing*, which had launched six torpedoes fruitlessly at her, and then had a brush with destroyer *Laffey*, so close that her fourteen-inch guns could not depress sufficiently to hit the destroyer. A Japanese destroyer then got a torpedo into *Laffey*, and she sank. The battleship had a similar brawl with *O'Bannon*, which escaped almost unscathed, as she later did from many other actions. *Hiei* at one time was burning from stem to stern, but *Kirishima* took only one hit.

Admiral Callaghan, informed that *San Francisco* was shooting at disabled *Atlanta*, ordered, "Cease Firing Own Ships!" When that order took effect, his ship was the first to suffer. *Kirishima* and two other Japanese ships hurled at *San Francisco* an avalanche of gunfire, which killed Admiral Callaghan and his staff and Capt. Cassin Young. Cruiser *Portland*, next astern in the column, took a torpedo hit which bent her stern plates so that they acted as a giant fixed rudder; she could steam in circles only. As she sheered out of column she let fly at *Hiei*, range 4000 yards, with both forward turrets. That concluded the night's performance for "Sweet Pea," as her sailors called this great fighting ship. *Helena*, next astern, did some useful shooting that helped speed the enemy on his way; but *Juneau*, the rear cruiser, was put out of action by a torpedo that exploded in her forward fireroom.

Of the four rear destroyers, brand-new *Barton* had exactly seven minutes of life in combat. Two torpedo hits broke her in two, and down she went with most of her crew. *Monssen* was reduced to a burning hulk by some thirty-seven shell hits. *Fletcher*, the tail-end Charlie with radar, useless in that position, threaded her way shooting through the uproar and emerged without even her paint being scratched. Somewhere in the melee two Japanese destroyers, *Akatsuki* and *Yudachi*, went down, at whose hand nobody can tell.

Four bells of this sinister midwatch had struck during these fifteen minutes of raw hell. A surrealist nightmare presented itself to the participants. Greenish light from flares and starshell dimmed that of the silent stars. Red and white trails of tracer shells arched and crisscrossed overhead, magazines exploded in blinding bouquets of white flame, oil-fed fires sent up twisted columns of yellow flame and black smoke. Around the horizon smoldering hulks of abandoned ships now glowed dull red, now blazed up when fires reached fresh combustibles. Geysers from shells that missed their targets rose from the surface of the sea, now fouled with oil and flotsam.

At 0226 Capt. Gilbert C. Hoover of *Helena*, the senior undamaged cruiser, ordered all ships to retire eastward. Only *San Francisco*, *Juneau*, and three destroyers were able to comply.

So ended in less than half an hour the most desperate sea fight since days of sail. Ship losses were fairly balanced; two American light cruisers and four destroyers against two Japanese destroyers and a battleship so badly damaged as to be a sitting-duck target for airmen next day. But the enemy bombardment mission was completely frustrated; Yamamoto admitted as much by relieving Abe of his sea command. Callaghan, dying, had completed his mission. His force saved Henderson Field from a heavy bombardment which would have stopped American air operations; and these on the 14th disposed of eleven troop-laden Japanese destroyers and transports.

Mistakes Erased by Valor

Thus, in the end, mistakes were canceled out by valor. Let none deny praise to those who fell that bloody night, with two great seamen and gallant gentlemen, Daniel J. Callaghan and Norman Scott.

Dawn on 13 November rose on a glassy, metallic sea, stippled by the floating litter of death and destruction. The mountains of Guadalcanal turned to purple and then to lush green. Sailors of both nations on crippled warships stood, or slept, by their remaining guns, grimly aware that between ship and ship no quarter would be given. Eight damaged vessels, five of them American, were visible between Savo Island and Guadalcanal. *Atlanta* edged painfully over to Kukum and landed her survivors, but she was past saving and had to be scuttled. Around noon a Japanese submarine sank *Juneau*. Almost 700 men, including the five famous brothers Sullivan, went down with her.

Each side now prepared to renew the battle. Vice Adm. Nobutake Kondo, who had been idling off Ontong Java, pushed south with his yet uncommitted heavy cruisers to gather up battleship *Kirishima* and cover a big Tokyo Express, commanded by Rear Adm. Raizo Tanaka, composed of eleven destroyers escorting eleven troop-laden transports. Carrier *Enterprise* and battleships *Washington* and *South Dakota* were boiling up from the south, "Big E" ringing day and night with hammer blows and the sputter of welders' arcs to repair the forward elevator. Admiral Kinkaid decided that the best thing he could do for the cause was to fly off nine Avengers and six Wildcats to beef up Brig. Gen. Roy S. Geiger's Marine air forces on Guadalcanal, and to do what good they could en route. They found *Hiei* limping along north of Savo Island, got two torpedoes into her, proceeded to Henderson Field, refueled, picked up some Marine SBDs (dive bombers), and this time made the battleship go dead in the water. B-17's from Espiritu Santo added an "egg" or two to the collection, and at about 1800 *Hiei* plunged. She was the first enemy battleship to be sunk by American forces.

Ashore, as 14 November dawned, airmen, ground crews and stranded sailors rolled out of their foxholes, and Henderson Field warmed up to one of the busiest days in its history. The first strike flown off the field holed a retiring light cruiser and heavy cruiser *Kinugasa*. A strike from *Enterprise* finished her off.

Tanaka the Tenacious

American aviators, both land-based and carrier-based, now concentrated on Tanaka's transports that were barreling down the Slot. In a series of bold attacks they succeeded in sinking seven transports with all their supplies and most of their troops. But Tanaka the Tenacious refused to retire. With the four transports left and eleven troop-laden destroyers he pressed on to Guadalcanal. The big ones discharged their troops before dawn by running onto the beach, whence they never got off; but Tanaka and his destroyers scampered safely back to Shortland Islands.

As the second day of this almost continuous naval battle came to an end, orders were given which led to another night action. Now Halsey's wise plan went into effect. Battleships *Washington* and *South Dakota* and four destroyers were sent forward to thrust into Ironbottom Sound and clean up. Rear Adm. Willis Augustus Lee, who commanded this detachment, knew very well how to handle battleships. Blessed with a scientific mind, he had studied how to make best use of radar, that new and vital aid to navigation and shooting. Coming south to meet him was Admiral Kondo with the yet undamaged battleship *Kirishima*, two heavy and two light cruisers, and a destroyer squadron, bent on delivering the heavy bombardment on Henderson Field which Callaghan's sacrifice had prevented Abe from performing.

At 2215 November 14 Lee's force entered Ironbottom Sound. A first-quarter moon was shining. Lookouts could pick up looming heights on every side and shore outlines appeared on radar screens, but neither eyes nor radar discerned any trace of enemy. A rich, sweet odor like honeysuckle floated out from the land over the calm waters, a pleasant change from the fecal smells usually exuded by the Guadalcanal jungle. This seemed a good omen to the sailors.

Light cruiser *Sendai* of the Japanese advance screen sighted Lee first, at 2210. Kondo now split his fourteen-ship task force, sending the big units west of Savo Island to lay for Lee, while *Sendai* shadowed him. At 2317 Lee opened fire on *Sendai*. The American gunners missed, and the Japanese ship doubled back

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northward. Next, the four destroyers in Lee's van encountered two Japanese destroyers, steaming so close to Savo Island that radar was useless. The ensuing destroyer battle was disastrous to the Americans. *Preston* and *Walke* were sunk, and the other two went out of action.

Lee pressed on with two battleships only, his men tossing out life rafts to the destroyer sailors as they passed over their ships' graves. Now *South Dakota*'s luck ran out. She suffered an electrical-power failure, so that the only help she could give Lee was to absorb numerous hits which might have crippled his other battleship. *Washington* picked up *Kirishima* on her radar, and at midnight opened up on her at 8400 yards' range. Nine of her seventy-five sixteen-inch shells, and forty five-inch shells scored; and within seven minutes the Japanese battleship, steering gear wrecked and topsides aflame, was out of the battle. Admiral Lee now directed lone *Washington* to the northwestward to draw off the enemy cruisers and destroyers that were punishing *South Dakota*, and succeeded in so doing. At 0025 on 15 November, Kondo decided he had had enough and retired.

The Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, which had begun on the afternoon of 12 November, was over. *Washington* and *South Dakota* rejoined south of Guadalcanal at 0900; helpless *Kirishima* had already been scuttled.

U. S. Shift to the Offensive

This night battleship action was excellently fought. Admiral Lee had a positive doctrine that he maintained, despite the loss of his entire destroyer screen. He made quick, accurate analyses from the information on his radar. *Washington*, conned by Capt. Glenn Davis and directed by Admiral Lee with a skill and imperturbability worthy of old George, saved the day for the United States.

The conclusion of this battle marked a definite shift of America from defensive to offensive, and of Japan in the opposite direction. Fortune now for the first time smiled on the Allies everywhere: not only here but in North Africa, at Stalingrad, and in Papua. President Roosevelt, while mourning the loss of his friend Dan Callaghan, announced, "It would seem that the turning point in this war has at last been reached." Churchill chose this moment to proclaim "the end of the beginning." And a captured Japanese document admitted: "It must be said that the success or failure in recapturing Guadalcanal Island, and the vital naval battle related to it, is the fork in the road which leads to victory for them or for us." The war followed the right fork for us. It was rough, tough and uncharted, but it led to Tokyo.

Two more naval battles, sundry skirmishes and frequent ground actions were required before the Japanese finally evacuated their remaining forces from Guadalcanal on 9 February 1943.

Ironbottom Sound is paved with the hulks of sunken ships and the bones of sailors. Each side, in the six-month-long campaign, lost twenty-four combatant ships and almost as many more transports, auxiliaries, motor torpedo boats and small craft. Guadalcanal and Tulagi became important advanced bases for American amphibious forces until Operation "Watchtower" was completed in February, 1944, with the neutralization of Rabaul.

Guadalcanal has now reverted to its primitive condition. Jungle growth soon covered the extensive camps, the supply dumps and the abandoned tanks and vehicles.

The island is one of memories and ghosts. The natives have strange tales of spectral *banzai* charges ashore and of phantom naval battles offshore. They even say that the wreck of a Japanese warship is visible on a bright day at low water, with rusting planes still secured to her deck, and the skulls of dead sailors caught under the wreckage grinning up at you through the now-clear waters of Ironbottom Sound. **THE END**

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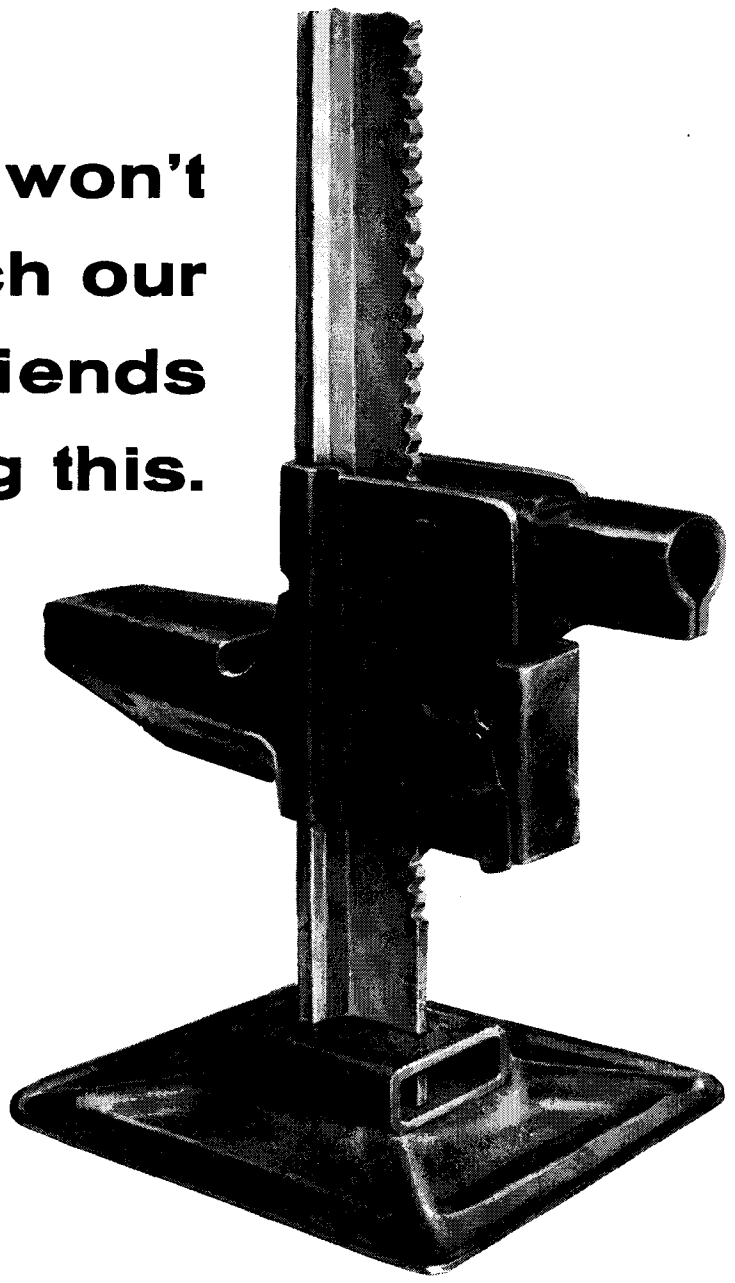

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Happy Birthday,

A close look at America's eldest statesman—gentle boss, good company and still busy as he approaches his 88th birthday.

By BEN HIBBS

It was a routine question, but sometimes it is the obvious that brings a sparkling answer. I asked former President Herbert Hoover if he has a secret recipe for a long and vigorous life.

"I have a recipe," he replied, "but there's no secret about it. I am always glad to pass it along to anyone who asks, and I can state it in one simple word: Work." Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes: "If I sat around in some club with other elder citizens, discussing ills and pills, I probably wouldn't be here very long."

Mr. Hoover, who will be eighty-eight on August 10, is still one of the most fantastically busy men I have ever known. His combined living quarters and suite of offices in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers in New York City is a beehive of activity. It takes a staff of eight secretaries and clerical workers—all women at the moment—to keep up with him. He often works seven days a week, and even on vacations—summers in California, winters in Florida—he takes along part of his staff, to keep from falling behind his rigorous schedule.

Friends, Writing and Canasta

Visitors come and go in his offices, many of them on business errands having to do with the ex-President's many projects and interests. Some stay for a meal with Mr. Hoover, served by a waiter from the hotel staff in the handsome dining room of his suite. Mr. Hoover enjoys good company, and on many a day he has guests for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Mealtimes are his time to see people. The rest of the daylight hours are sacred to his writing, which has so absorbed him during these later years. In the evenings he reads or sometimes plays canasta with friends—or he may have another go at a difficult passage in one of the several books he is working on simultaneously.

At nightfall his secretaries usually leave a stack of correspondence on a table in his living quarters. In the small hours of the night, if something is troubling him and he can't sleep—the problems of the nation are still very close to his heart—he often gets out of bed, dons a bathrobe and reads and answers his mail, using a lead pencil and a big scratch pad. (The next day these letters are neatly typed by his secretaries.)

"It is the best possible sedative for me," he said. "After an hour or so of writing letters, I can usually go back to bed with an easy mind and sleep. I do get my eight hours of rest. I have to."

Mr. Hoover particularly likes to answer children's letters—of which he receives thousands—at two o'clock in the morning when all is still in the apartment and his mind can roam back over his fruitful life to his own boyhood in the long-ago days of the pioneer West. The words come simple and warm at that hour, and many a youngster has received a letter from Mr. Hoover with a bit of philosophy woven into it—stated in terms that a boy or girl can understand. He is now compiling a book of these letters from children and his own replies. Titled *On Growing Up*, with an introduction by Mr. Hoover, it will be published in November, and the publisher has stated expansively that he will sell a million copies.

"I hope he's right," said Mr. Hoover, with one of those brief, almost gay little smiles which occasionally break through his reserve.

Herbert Hoover has often been called austere, but I think the word is too strong. He is a serious man with a quiet dignity that frightens some people, but in conversation much of his reserve drops away, and his words have radiance as well as meaning. Occasionally his remarks crackle with dry, gentle wit.

Perhaps the best measure of the inner warmth of the man is the devotion of those who know him best. His many intimate friends, who call him "Chief"—a term of respect dating back to his years as a mining engineer—have a deep and unwavering affection for America's eldest statesman. Any one of them will tell you human little stories about him for hours on end.

The attitude of his staff people is one of glowing pride in the accomplishments of the boss. He never censures a member of his staff, and if a staff mistake is made which causes embarrassment on the outside—as happens now and then in any office—Mr. Hoover takes the responsibility. He has never been known to write a letter which started off, "Owing to a mistake of my secretary. . . ."

Last year, as a birthday present to Mr. Hoover, his staff girls spent many hours in hard research and then prepared a globe of the world with little pinned-on flags marking all the earthly spots where he had spent one or more of his eighty-seven birthdays. Almost anywhere you looked, except at the North and South poles, there was a flag. When the globe was presented to Mr. Hoover, he was fascinated and delighted, and the day was a great success.

Deadpan Talk About Mr. Truman

Mr. Hoover came from his living quarters into the offices to greet me, and we then walked into the dining room to have lunch. In some ways he is showing the weight of his years. His shoulders are a little stooped, and his walk is less brisk than it once was. He suffered a back injury some years ago, and when he is in his living room he sits in a special straight-backed armchair for greater comfort. Yet he is far from infirm. His handclasp is strong, his eyes are bright, and his omnivorous interest in everything under the sun belies his fourscore and eight years.

Seated at the dining table, he attached a hearing aid and placed the little microphone on the table halfway between the two of us.

Mr. Hoover speaks good-naturedly of his hearing aid as a "decoration" for certain public services which he performed following World War II. President Truman asked him to coordinate world food supplies in a time of savage famine, and in doing this job he made innumerable take-offs and landings in planes with no cabin pressurization. As a result, his hearing was badly affected. The next year, in 1947, Mr. Truman again sought him out and asked him to go to Germany and Austria to help those flattened nations get back on their feet, industrially and otherwise. There was little coal for heat, and the intense cold of the rooms in which Mr. Hoover worked for endless hours did further serious damage to his ears.

One Loud Yelp Often Helps

We talked of many things at lunch, and after huge slabs of apple pie for dessert—which Mr. Hoover consumed with just as much gusto as I did—we went into his large living room. A few days earlier the Supreme Court had issued its controversial edict against prayers in the public schools, and Mr. Hoover, who is a deeply religious man, was shocked and incensed. Newspaper reporters had asked him for comment, and he had given them an emphatic dissent, which made the front pages of most of the papers. "I consider the Court ruling a disintegration of the basic rights and traditions of the American people," he said to me.

Just that morning, however, he had learned, with satisfaction, that constitutional amendments would be offered in both houses of Congress to circumvent the decision of the Court. I asked him if he had anything to do, behind the scenes, with this swift move for official action.

"Nope," he said, with an economy of words somewhat reminiscent of another President, named Cal Coolidge. "All I did was to give one loud yelp. But you know," he added with a wry smile, "long experience has taught me that sometimes it does a lot of good to yelp."

We talked of his work, and he spoke of himself as a historian. It is an apt description of his present occupation. Twenty-nine books by Herbert Hoover have been published—twenty-five of them since he left the White House in 1933. These include his three volumes of personal memoirs, compilations of his state papers and addresses, his fine and perceptive book on Woodrow Wilson and many others. In addition to the book of children's letters, he is now at work on the fourth volume of his historical series, *An American Epic*, and he is also well started on an untitled book on how this weary old world got into the Cold War. "That one," he said, "is a year or so away from publication."

To conserve his strength for his writing projects, he no longer accepts commissions to do the vast governmental studies, organizational jobs and other chores that formerly consumed so much of his energies. He still participates in youth organizations and various educational, scientific and charitable activities. His mail is enormous, and he personally answers as much of it as he can. (The day I visited him, the mailing machine in the office registered 47,209 outgoing letters for a period of slightly over a year.) He is still besieged for speeches and public appearances of all kinds but doesn't accept as many of these invitations as

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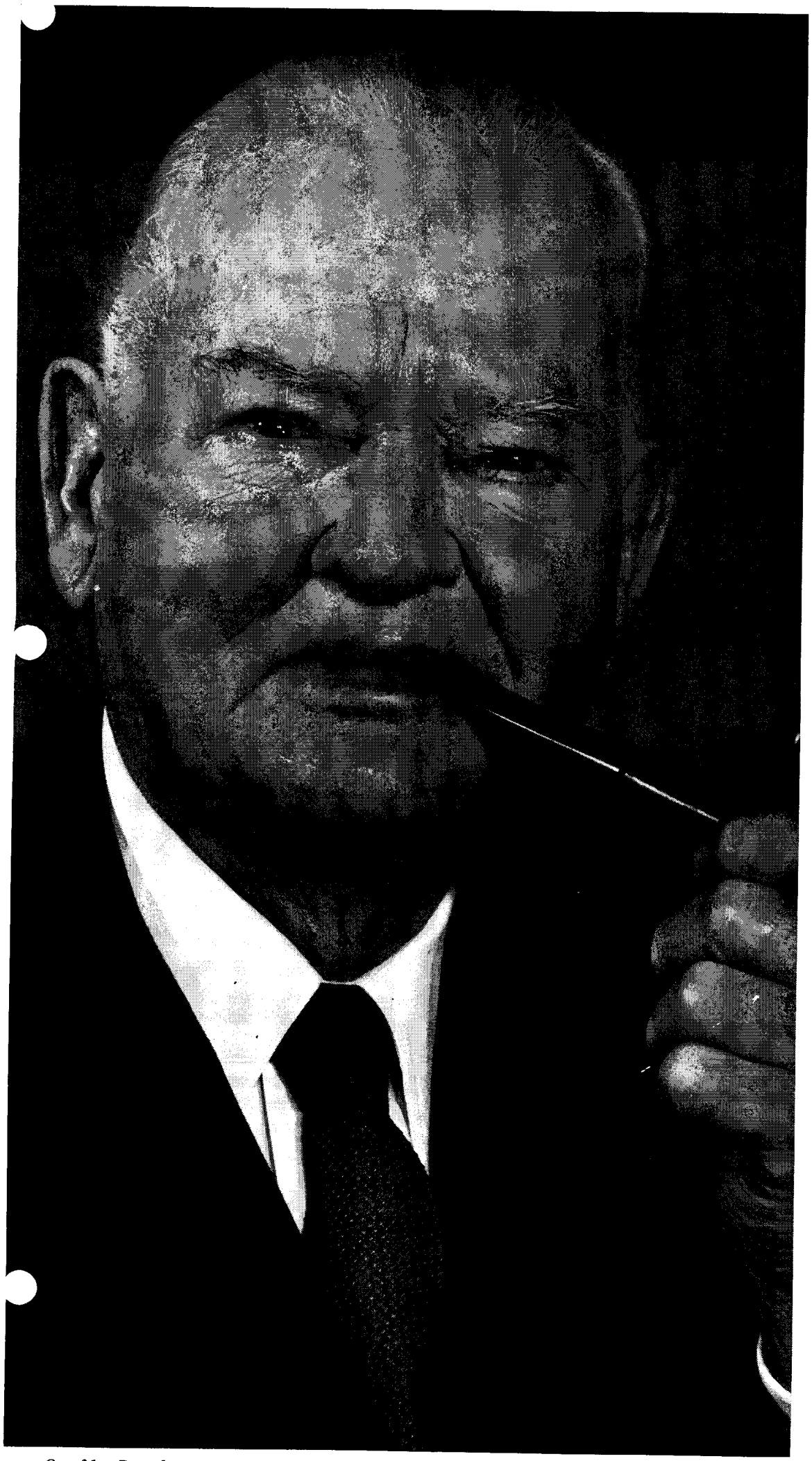
Herbert Hoover



Photograph by Philippe Halsman

Our 31st President, 88 on August 10, gives a recipe for a long, vigorous life: "Work."

formerly. On his birthday he will be at West Branch, Iowa, his birthplace, to dedicate the new Hoover Library with a brief address.

During his long lifetime Mr. Hoover has been given 468 medals, awards and honors, both American and foreign—many of them of great distinction. He has been invested with eighty-five honorary degrees. I suggested that he must hold more degrees than any other man, living or dead.

"Well, I'm not sure about that," he said. Then he chuckled. "You know, Nicholas Murray Butler, who was president of Columbia University for so many years, and I used to be in a neck-and-neck race on honorary degrees. Then Doctor Butler passed away, and I thought it would be unfair to continue the competition." (Actually, Butler could muster only thirty-eight degrees at the time of his death in 1947.)

Was it true, I asked Mr. Hoover, that he had never profited personally by as much as one dollar from all his long years in public service? "Yes, it's true," he said slowly. "I have never accepted any kind of stipend for my work on commissions or anything of that sort, and I often paid my own traveling expenses. In salaried Government jobs such as the Presidency, I took my salary and used it for charities and public-service projects."

He paused, then added with a deep emphasis on every word: "Why should I take pay for what I have done? I was a boy with nothing, and this magnificent country of ours gave me my education and my opportunity. After I had made my competence—fortunately rather early in life—I wanted in turn to do something for my country. It's that simple. Besides, I didn't need the money."

Thoughts for a Troubled Time

Was there anything, I asked, that he would like to say to the American people in this time of perplexity and worry and danger?

"There is," he said. "I want to say that despite our troubles and the implacable enemies in many parts of the world who threaten our way of life, we will come through. We will come through because we have the best form of government man ever devised, because we have great creative and productive genius, because we have freedom and the courage to protect it and, above all, because we believe in God. That last is a priceless advantage that our atheistic enemies don't have."

Then he added: "Don't forget that I am still in touch with the youth of this country, and I see its idealism, its eager aspirations, its vigor. I also see youth in trouble, and we—all of us—must help the unfortunate ones and the wayward. But I do believe in our young people. They are good Americans and we can count on them."

"Good Americans!" They were the words of Mr. Hoover, but it occurred to me, as I sat chatting with this unselfish man who has done so much for people everywhere, that we might pick up the term and lay it as a tribute at the door of our thirty-first President. We could say, "Happy birthday, Mr. Hoover. Happy birthday, Good American!"

THE END

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He was a mean bird who bossed by the book.

Chicken Colonel

by FRANK HARVEY

We were playing darts in the squadron ready room at Hohenburg Air Force Base in West Germany. We had this picture of Khrushchev on the board, and we were using his big open mouth for the bull's-eye. Khrushchev, as usual, was yelling at somebody and pointing his finger. We are the 407th Tactical Fighter Squadron, known as the Velvet Gloves, because our insignia is an iron fist with a yellow velvet glove lying beside it. We fly the F-105D Thunderchief jet, which moves at 1200 mph, throws everything from 20-mm cannon shells to a big H-bomb and has been called "the deadliest one-man airplane in the world."

Our squadron commander, Maj. Al Dykes, was fixing to throw a dart at Khrushchev when this tall pale-faced colonel and this little busybody major stepped into the ready room and stood there looking at us. There was a little silence. Then the colonel said, "I take it you pilots know everything there is to know about the F-105D."

Major Dykes put down the dart he was holding and came to attention. "No, sir, colonel," he said.

"Do you expect to learn it by throwing darts?"

Major Dykes got dull red. "No, sir," he said.

The colonel stared around the room. The little major beside him had a pad and a pencil ready to take notes. We'd been warned, of course. The grapevine had told us we were getting a hot shot from the Strategic Air Command to shape us up, and this colonel—his name was Nathan L. Lockhart—certainly lived up to the billing. Little Poised Pencil by his side wasn't doing so bad either. The little major had compiled a manual which spelled out the duties of everybody on the base, from the cooks to the chaplains, down to how many strokes they should use brushing their teeth. And that wasn't all. You got brownie points for how well you performed every little job in the manual. There was One Best Way to do any job, the manual said, and that was exactly how they wanted that job done.

Finally, Col. Nathan L. Lockhart would know if any of us fighter jocks tried to beat his manual. At every Saturday briefing Poised Pencil presented a bar graph, in color, showing how all of us were doing. Blue, we were OK. Yellow, we were in trouble. Red, we were in deep trouble.

Colonel Lockhart walked over to our coffee bar and examined our cups, which had the iron fist and the velvet glove—along with each man's name—painted on them. Then he noticed the Rock, which occupied its own little pedestal. The colonel walked around the coffee bar, close to the Rock, and bent down and stared intently at it. Then he said, "What's this for?"

"That's the Rock, sir," Major Dykes said, and I could see a vein beating in his neck.

"I'm aware that it's a rock, major. What's it for?"

"It's our squadron good-luck piece," Major Dykes said.

"How much does it weigh?"

"About a hundred and five pounds, colonel."

Colonel Lockhart looked more closely at the Rock. It was painted dark green. The name of every pilot in the 407th for the past six years was lettered on it. Also some of our choicer sayings—a few not suitable for repeating in polite society. The colonel reached out and put his hand on the Rock and somebody in the room drew in a quick breath. The colonel tried to pull the rock toward him but couldn't. He said, "A hundred and five pounds. That's a lot of weight to carry around."

Nobody spoke.

Then the colonel put his back to the bar, put his elbows on it, and leaned back as he told us what the Name of the Game was going to be around Hohenburg from now on. He pointed out that the F-105D cost the taxpayers over $1,500,000 a copy, and plenty of corporations weren't worth that much. So a pilot in an F-105D had the same responsibility, in one sense, as the president of a corporation. The days when we could run down to the flight line and kick the tire and light the fire were over, and he wanted all of us to understand this. From now on we would standardize and evaluate, Colonel Lockhart said. *Staneval*, for short. That was what they had called it in the Strategic Air Command, where it had worked like a charm. When he was finished he asked if anybody had any questions. Lt. Jerry Bonham who is a young wisehead—too wise for his own good, I guess—said, "Colonel, we heard you flew B-52's in SAC. Is that right, sir?"

"Yes," Colonel Lockhart said. "That's true. Why do you ask?"

"Maybe I better not say, sir."

In the back of the room, somebody snickered. Colonel Lockhart looked up quickly. "Something funny here?"

"Oh, no, sir," Jerry Bonham said. "It's nothing funny, sir. It's just this thing we've got in the squadron—about the Rock, I mean. We've got a rule that if a bomber pilot, or any other nonbeliever, touches the Rock, it's like contaminated. We have to purify it with pure Scotch."

Colonel Lockhart said, "How old are you, lieutenant?"

"Twenty-two, sir."

"I see," Colonel Lockhart said. "I wonder if you could tell me the cause of duct buzz?"

Jerry Bonham looked blank. He knew what duct buzz was, of course. All of us did. You get it in the F-105D sometimes at high speeds, and it shakes the airplane like crazy. Can be dangerous too, if you don't react in a hurry. But what caused it—I myself didn't exactly know.

"Duct buzz?" Jerry Bonham said.

"That's right," Colonel Lockhart said. "What causes it?"

"Well," Jerry said, "when you get up past Mach 1, every now and then you get this buzz ——"

"I know that," Colonel Lockhart said. "But why?"

Jerry swallowed. "It's in the handbook," he said, "but I can't give it to you offhand."

"I didn't think you could," the colonel said. "But you're a fine dart player, I'm sure." He turned to Major Dykes. "I have no objections to dart games, major. Even carrying 105-pound rocks all over the world, if it makes you feel lucky. But I won't tolerate incompetence. I want professionals—not hot rods. Do I make myself clear, major?"

"Yes, sir," Major Dykes said.

"All right," Colonel Lockhart said. "Carry on." He and his boy major walked out to their staff car and drove away.

"I'd like to walk in on old Iron Pants," Jerry Bonham said. "I'd like to pop him a question out of the middle of his bomber handbook and see how great he'd do!"

"Oh, he'd do fine," somebody said. "You're talking about the great Strategic Air Command now, son. The old bold pilot's multiengine

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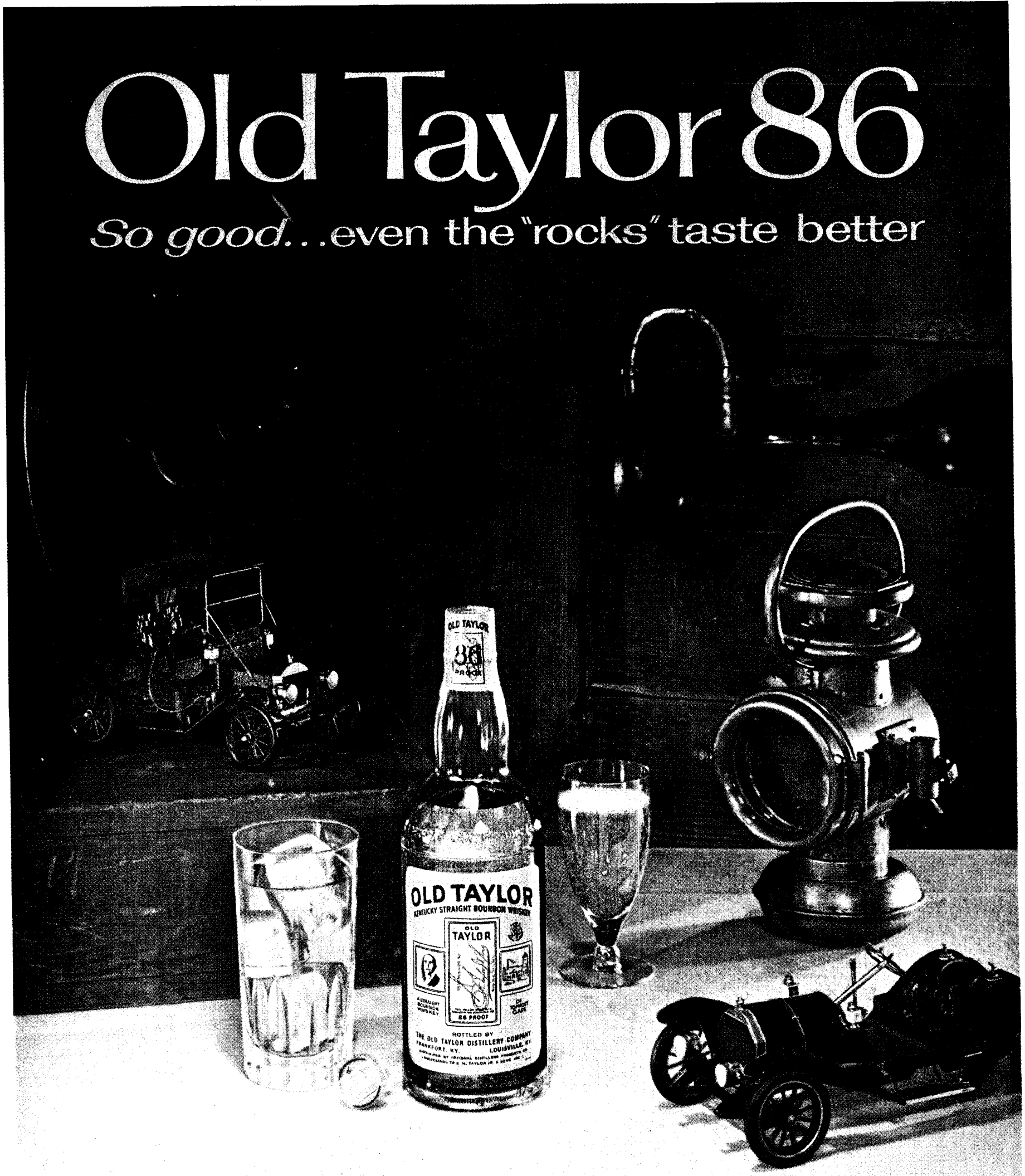

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Chicken Colonel

protective association. They got pilots, copilots, bombardiers, navigators, gunners, and countermeasures operators. I hear they even got a guy on board who turns on the autopilot and makes the afternoon tea!"

Some of the guys laughed, but not Major Dykes. The major is a jet ace—eight Migs in Korea. A stocky guy with a busted nose, freckles all over his face, and a bald spot coming through his red crew cut. A rough boy in anybody's league. I don't know if he could come up with the book definition of duct buzz, but the last time we were practicing with dummy H-bombs, Dykes had a circular error so small I can't mention it. It's classified. I can tell you this. The wipeout circle of the bombs we carry is three miles across, and Major Dykes was threading the needle on every drop.

"All right, you guys," Dykes said. "We're getting on that flight manual. If the Strategic Air Command walks in here again, I want every man in this squadron to know the book cold. Right down to the cotton-picking footnotes!"

"Major Dykes," Jerry Bonham said. "Could I say something?"

"Shoot."

"I'll learn the manual cold," Jerry said. "But if you want my opinion, this Colonel Lockhart's wearing the right collar pins. Chickens!"

The way things went from then on, Jerry Bonham couldn't have been more right. Poised Pencil hadn't been kidding in the manual. I used to think that taking off in our F-105D was just a matter of getting off the ground. Not in the manual it wasn't. There was a certain exact unstick speed, a certain exact climb-out speed and a certain exact angle of climb. This nosy little major and his gang of helpers couldn't ride in the F-105D, thank God, because it's a single-seater; but they could observe, with the help of some kind of snooper equipment, from the sidelines, and they did. It all appeared on the color graph on Saturday morning in Colonel Lockhart's staff meeting. The base got like some kind of a Gestapo headquarters. You went out on a two-hour flight, they didn't trust your log. Maybe you sneaked over to Paris and caught the Folies Bergères or something. They cross-checked it with the hangar, and if you'd used more than two hours' worth of fuel, little Poised Pencil was riding your tail.

Well, a thing like this has to come to a head, and it happened in the stag bar over in the officers' club. Before Colonel Lockhart and his little bird dog arrived, we used to go over after work and drink beer and maybe Martinis and tell lies and blow fire, using mouthfuls of lighter fluid for fuel. Sure we got loud and sure there was breakage, but when you fly supersonic jets you have to let off steam from time to time, and these sessions were our safety valve—until the little major started showing up and standing there quietly at the bar, sipping a beer and watching and not saying anything. No note pad. He didn't need one. He could take notes in his head.

It was little wisehead Bonham who put the screws to the major, using that old Air Force joke which isn't printable in its exact form, but which I can give you in a polite version. Fighter pilots have latched onto the tag lines of this old joke, and they frequently use it on people they like very much—or can't stand the sight of. I can't recall this little major's name. Let's call him Zilch.

When Jerry Bonham, after three very dry Martinis, spotted the little major mincing in for his nightly snoop session, Jerry turned around and stared at him, and the bar got quiet. Then Jerry piped up, "Let's say hello to Major Zilch!" The answering roar from his fighter-pilot buddies rocked the rafters, "HELLO, MEATHEAD!" Jerry's voice piped up again, "Let's say hello to the Meathead!" The happy fighter jocks roared out their reply, "HELLO, MAJOR ZILCH!"

Now it is customary when this routine occurs—if the victim is a friend—for him to yell a reply which goes like this: "Hello, you miserable little finks! Let me buy you a drink!"

The little major from Gestapo headquarters was no friend, and he didn't say anything. Not to us, that is. He said something to Col. Nathan L. Lockhart, however, because the next time we came into the bar, there was a big sign up: LOUD OR INSULTING LANGUAGE FORBIDDEN AT ALL TIMES! Lockhart had signed it, but little Major Zilch had written it, I'll bet my last dime on that.

We had a few beers, but our hearts weren't in it. We tried gagging it up, complaining to each other that we'd been insulted by some word like Darn or Golly, and were going to go and tell the base commander. But it didn't work. To tell you the truth, the stag bar just wasn't very much fun anymore.

Then a thing happened which tied everything up in a wet hard knot. Major Dykes had sent one of our boys, Lt. Dave Lucas, back to the States to pick up a new F-105D from the factory and ferry it over here to Hohenburg. Lucas did fine until he hit the coast of France. Then he got a malfunction in the heat control, which supplies cooled air to the cockpit. The temperature jumped to nearly 300 degrees. Dave could have jumped out. I would have. But he was a young kid and he had this feeling about bringing in an airplane. Anyhow, Dave Lucas was so dehydrated by the time he touched the runway at Hohenburg that he couldn't see his drag-chute handle. He got it by feel, yanked it and passed out. The bird went off the end of the runway, wiping out the landing gear, but by some great stroke of luck she didn't burn.

With Dave Lucas, however, it was touch and go. Not from the landing, because he was strapped in tight, but from the depletion of body fluid. The doctor said he wouldn't know for maybe twenty-four hours if Dave would make it or not. The kid was right on the edge, the doc said. Which was how things stood when we got back to the squadron. Colonel Lockhart didn't mention Dave Lucas. He spoke directly to Major Dykes. "You didn't inform me of this accident, major," he said. "Why?"

Major Dykes looked at him. "Why?" Dykes said. "Why, because I haven't had time. I've been out on the field helping to pull our boy out of his airplane."

The colonel looked at his watch. "This happened almost an hour ago," he said. "You weren't pulling him out for an hour, were you, Major Dykes?"

"No, sir," Dykes said, and I could see the cords on his neck. "I was over at the hospital to see how Dave was going to make out."

"I see," Colonel Lockhart said. "What was the cause of the accident?"

You could have heard a pin drop. Cause of the accident! Brother!

"I'm not sure, colonel," Dykes said. "Dave's still unconscious but we're pretty sure he got a runaway heat condition. His antiexposure suit was too hot to touch with bare hands when they pulled him out."

"You say you're 'pretty sure' it was runaway heat," Colonel Lockhart said. "I'm afraid I'll have to have a more exact report than that. These airplanes cost over a million and a half dollars and ——"

The colonel never got it finished. Major Dykes suddenly yelled, "What's the deal, colonel? You gonna dock Dave Lucas fifty brownie points, is that it? You gonna put him down in the red end of your list because he wiped out the landing gear on an airplane anybody else would have jumped out of two hundred miles back? If that's what you have in mind, sir, please don't say it. Not to me. Not with Dave Lucas maybe going to die!"

Major Dykes stopped. You could hear his breathing all through the ready room. Colonel Lockhart was cold as a piece of ice. "Have you finished, Major Dykes?"

"Yes, sir," Dykes said. "I'm finished."

"Very well," Colonel Lockhart said, "then I suggest you go to your quarters and wait until you hear from me. . . ."

Colonel Lockhart relieved Major Dykes of command the next day. I guess he'd have court-martialed Dykes if he hadn't thought it over and decided the testimony might look a little cold-blooded—even though Dave Lucas did pull through OK. He made Capt. Art Kirtland, our operations officer, the acting squadron commander. Not that Art asked for it. Lockhart just appointed him.

Anyhow, that was when the Silent Treatment began. As far as the 407th was concerned, Colonel Lockhart might as well have been on the moon. If you saw him coming, you crossed the street. If you met him unexpectedly and had to salute him you did it, but you didn't look at him. And the 407th weren't the only ones. The other F-105D outfit on the base, the 408th Black Blasters, who normally didn't give the Velvet Gloves anything but static, closed ranks with us on this one. So did everybody else on the base except Major Zilch and his standardizers and evaluators.

I'll say this for Colonel Lockhart. He didn't back off. He put Major Dykes in Supply making some kind of an inventory, and he didn't relax an inch on the brownie points. And then Khrushchev started another one of his extortion routines—you know what I mean, where he calls in the top officials of a country and tells them he can wipe them out with nine bombs of such and such a megatonnage—and Hohenburg went on Yellow Alert. We're nine minutes from the Soviet Zone in a fast jet—and about six minutes from those missile bases Khrushchev has spotted around over there. Six minutes from launch. Only four minutes, though, between the time our long-range radar paints the rocket coming in on us, and its actual impact on the field.

We set up what we called a Victor Alert: four F-105D's sitting on the end of the runway, fueled, manned and armed with H-bombs. We ran frequent tests on getaway time for the Victor. Two minutes and fifty seconds was the record between the siren and wheels in the well. Three minutes and five seconds was the over-all average. Which was enough to beat even a sneak missile attack.

Every so often—about once every three weeks—USAFE headquarters pulled a no-notice alert. They blew the sirens. You didn't know, at the time, if the radar showed rockets or if it was just another

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Chicken Colonel

test. But nobody goofed around on those no-notice scrambles. It was a matter of fear, for one thing. Nobody wants to die, and if there was a chance to get in the air, we fighter jocks wanted to grab it. Then too, it was a matter of being fed up. Khrushchev had yelled at us, threatened us, yanked us overseas away from our people, and we never knew from one minute to the next whether he was going to burn us up with one of his big nuclear warheads. You get so much of that stuff you get mad. You get sick right down to your feet when some characters back home start making sounds like they want to crawl on their bellies, anything, just so Mr. Khrushchev won't hurt us.

They blew the sirens at Hohenburg at 2:30 in the morning and I was sitting up stabbing my feet into my flight boots before I was really awake. About twenty seconds later the door burst open and Lt. Jim Coy yelled, "Get the lead out, boy! We ain't got all night!"

Jim and Ed Van Trees, the other pilot in our alert pool, beat me to the car but not by much. The parking lot outside was a madhouse of jazzing motors and screeching rubber as the guys belted their cars out of there, headed for their battle stations. I was just getting into the car when the first jet went over about a hundred feet up, and the blast of his passage drove me down on my knees. Then a heartbeat later the wingman came over like a big screaming shell.

"Two off!" Jim Coy yelled as Van and I piled into the car. "Two in the clear!"

Jim gunned around the corner onto the main drag of the base, and we saw the second element streak through the lights thrown out by the hangars like big blazing bullets, lift off and suck in their wheels like the Thunderbirds at an air show, and go over us flailing the base with their giant thunder. *Two more*, I thought, and something vicious made my eyes burn. *Two more, Khrushchev. That makes four.*

Squadron was going crazy. Guys were swarming into their planes. Crew chiefs were on the ladders helping buckle in. The four planes which we call the Victor Backup were leaving the bomb dump—armed—and they were racing for the active in the fastest taxi I'd ever seen—almost like a takeoff run. My line chief, Sergeant Witkowski, was out in the floodlights with a power megaphone, and I heard it boom out over the screech of the jets. "No test," Ski's voice was booming. "Not a test!" And then I saw Colonel Lockhart's staff car squeal in, with his command flag snapping at its staff in the floodlights. The colonel jumped out and headed for the Combat Operations Center.

I didn't know what happened, then. Out on the line there was a heavy grinding bang, like two cars having a wreck, and when I looked I caught a flash of a tractor tug which had apparently backed into one of the F-105D's. Then the fire came in a soft rush like a great big orange butterfly, where the 450-gallon drop tank had ruptured and the tug's hot exhaust had flashed it. In that instant the entire cockpit of the fighter was buried in fire, and beside me in the car Jim Coy's voice said, "No . . . oh, no!"

It was Lt. Joe Baker's plane and Joe was in it, and I could hear him screaming and see everybody scatter from the fire and from the explosion that they expected any second. I had tensed my legs to run when I saw a pickup truck slam out from behind the hangar, screech to a stop, cut the wheels and back. In the floods I got a glimpse of the driver's face. It was Colonel Lockhart. Lockhart leaned out and yelled something at Joe Baker. Joe was standing up to jump into the fire. He didn't have a prayer trying that. But he didn't have a prayer if he stayed.

I saw Baker's head twist toward the truck. Then the truck shot backward into the fire and was swallowed up. I saw Baker jump and vanish. Then the pickup lurched out of the flame like one of those horror shots from a stockcar race—a flaming torch. Then the truck was stopped and the driver and Joe Baker were out, and they were both on fire, rolling on the ground together, and one of the crew chiefs was spraying them with a CO_2 fire extinguisher.

The foam trucks were on the ball or we'd have lost every plane in the line. They hit the burning jet from three directions and pumped a foam blanket two feet thick over it, and suddenly the whole thing was over and there was nothing but a dense haze of smoke where the billows of fire had been. I couldn't stay to see how Lockhart and Baker had made out. I ran for my plane. My crew chief hadn't panicked and taken off like some of them had. As he helped me buckle in he said, "This ain't no drill, lieutenant. There's a buildup of planes over behind the line. Our radars are lousy with them, the sarge said. . . ."

Nine minutes later I was airborne, and the base was behind me, and I was climbing out of there with an H-bomb in the jet's belly. A Ground Control Intercept station in the mountains near Spanghalem was working us. His code name was Meadowlark, of all things. Meadowlark had me and sixteen other F-105D's on the horn that night—right through into the daylight—when KC-135 jet tankers from SAC bases in England showed up to refuel us in midair. It is what we call a vertical dispersal. You shuttle your fighter-bombers up and down, using all the fields available, and keeping a lethal number of them armed and flying at all times. The midair refuelings beef up the capability. It's rugged and it costs a lot of money, but, as Meadowlark told one jock when he radioed that he was getting very tired, "Those Russians over there are just as tired, buddy."

We kept flying, and the Strategic Air Command—back in the States and on the overseas bases—was flying too. And our missile bases were counted down for a hip shot, every one of them.

About noon the concentration of Russian planes began to ease up on the radar scopes. It cost them just as much fuel and effort to stay up there as it did us. By midafternoon our radars were back to normal. Khrushchev had thrown us a rough one. And we'd fielded it. Khrushchev had knocked and Katie barred the door.

But I was mighty glad when my turn came to land, and they told me I could go hit the pad. I asked how Joe Baker was. Sergeant Witkowski said Joe had it bad around the face and on his hands, and he'd broken a leg jumping into the pickup—but he was going to make it.

"How about Colonel Lockhart?"

"He got it worse," Ski said. "The gas tank blew up under the seat. But he went down into Combat Ops and tried to man the big board, and while he was walking across the room he collapsed."

There wasn't much else to say. I don't remember who drove me to quarters. I just remember walking into my room and seeing the bed and making for it.

There is a short sequel to this story. You are no doubt expecting that Colonel Lockhart became the hero of our squadron because he saved Joe Baker's life, and we all became good little organization pilots. Never happen.

What really did happen was this: The 407th went to see Colonel Lockhart as soon as the doctor would let him have visitors. Not all of us could get into the room at once, and those who couldn't stood out in the hall. The colonel was sitting up in bed with a big turban of bandages wrapped around his head and some kind of purple medicine smeared on his burned face. Capt. Art Kirtland, our acting CO, served as spokesman: "Good morning, colonel," Kirtland said, kind of formal. "How are you feeling, sir?"

"Pretty well," Colonel Lockhart said. "How is Baker?"

"He's fine, sir," Kirtland said. "The doctor says he'll be back on the flight line in a month." He looked down at the floor. Colonel Lockhart couldn't help but notice Art's embarrassment, and he said, "What is it, captain? You needn't be worried about speaking out."

"Well, sir," Kirtland said, "we were kind of thinking about Major Dykes."

"What about him?"

"He's almost through taking that inventory over at Supply, sir. And the gang is getting a little worried. A man has to keep flying our big bird, sir, if he hopes to stay proficient, and we've been thinking that Major Dykes is getting pretty rusty."

Colonel Lockhart didn't speak for a couple of seconds, and I braced myself for the blast. Then he said, "I've been expecting you people, captain. There's a package for you on the dresser."

Kirtland couldn't move in all that mob, but somebody passed him the package, which was wrapped in brown paper. He tore off the paper and it was a bottle of Scotch—a very good brand.

"There's no note," Colonel Lockhart said. "I'm not writing much until I get rid of these bandages on my hands. Remember when I visited your squadron a while back, captain? I touched your rock and this meant you had to purify the rock with pure Scotch. That right?"

Captain Kirtland was very red. "Well, sir . . ."

"All right," Colonel Lockhart said. "I'm a man who pays his just debts. I figured I'd better replace that Scotch—just in case some bomber pilot or other nonbeliever gets in there and defiles that rock again." The colonel looked at us staring at him like a bunch of morons and then he said, "About that inventory of Major Dykes'. I've been watching that too. I'm glad it's nearly finished because I agree with you. I never like to let a good tool get rusty."

There was maybe ten seconds of utter silence, and then that little wisehead Jerry Bonham pipes up out of the silence: "Let's say hello to Colonel Lockhart!"

I felt myself get cold all over, the way you do when something really awful happens, which makes you die with embarrassment every time you think of it, even years later. Some guys might take it the way Jerry meant it—taking Colonel Lockhart aboard, really—but bomber pilots and fighter pilots are two kinds of people. I looked at Lockhart's face, waiting for the deep freeze—and then those purple cheeks began, amazingly, to grin at us, and Colonel Lockhart said softly, "Hello there, you miserable little finks. When I get out of here, I suppose I'm going to have to buy you all a drink."

We gave it to him then, all the way, so loud the windows rattled. We said hello to Colonel Lockhart the way we say it to our good friends and then we bugged out of there. We had work to do. We never can tell when old Khrushchev might shove a gun in our belly again, to find out what we'll do. **THE END**

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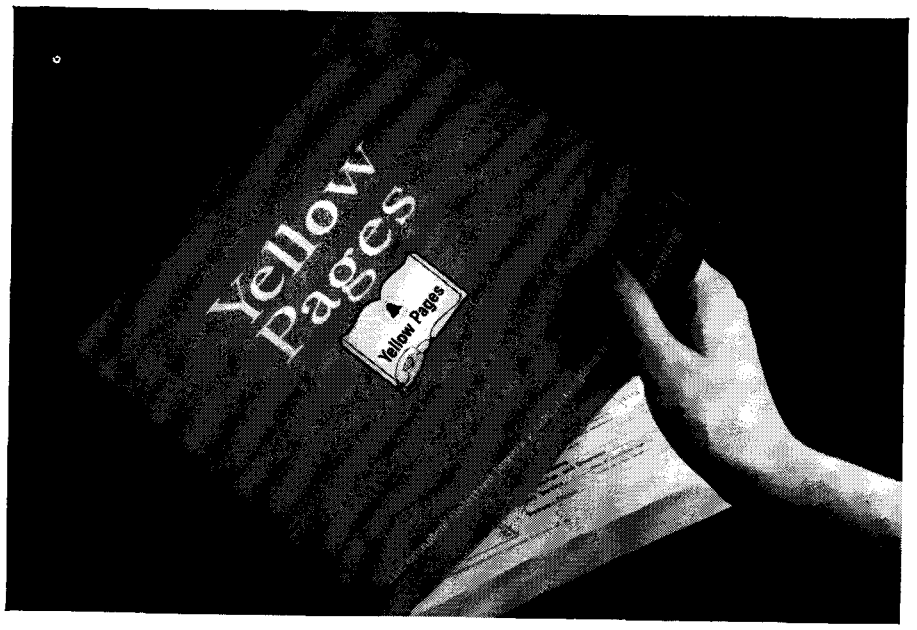

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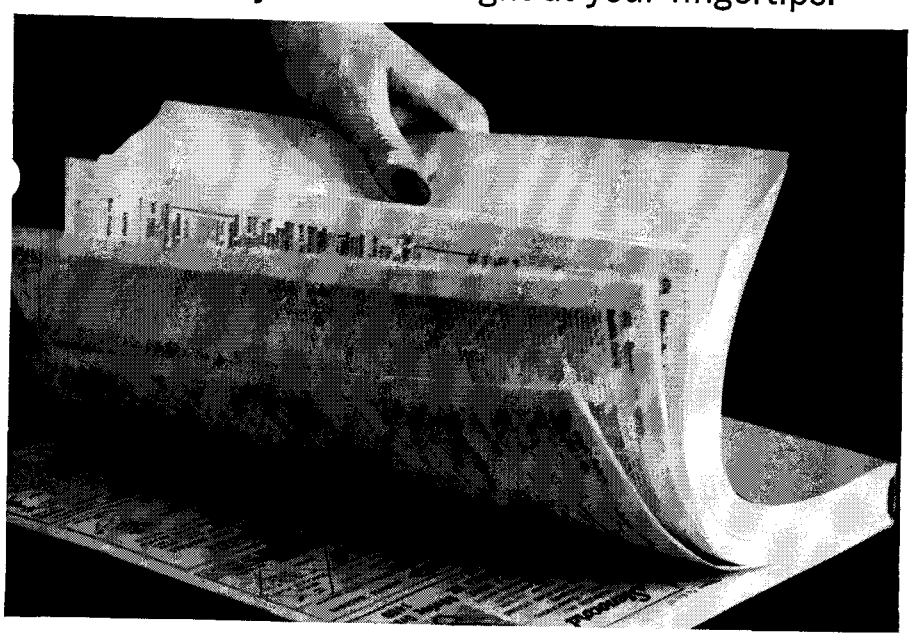

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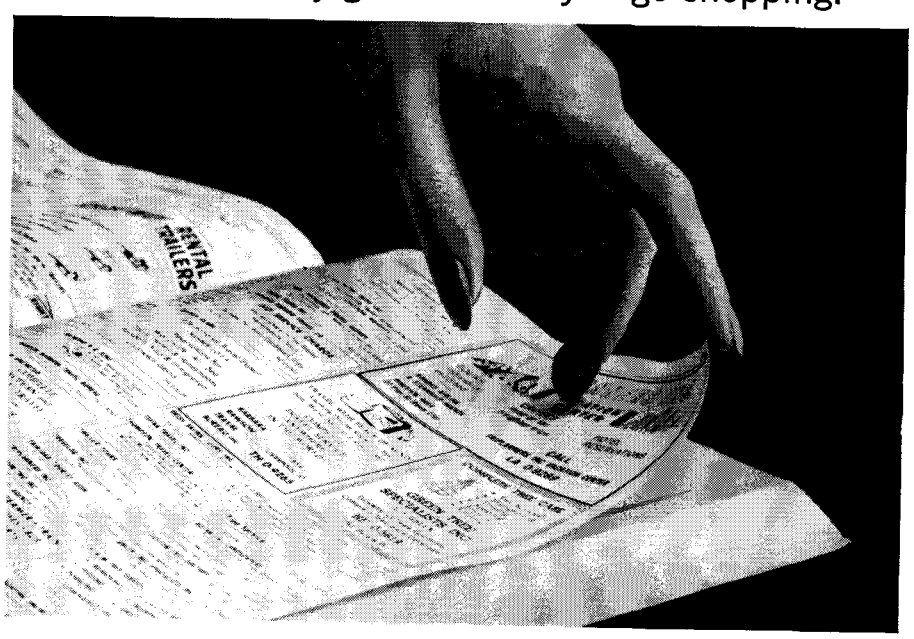

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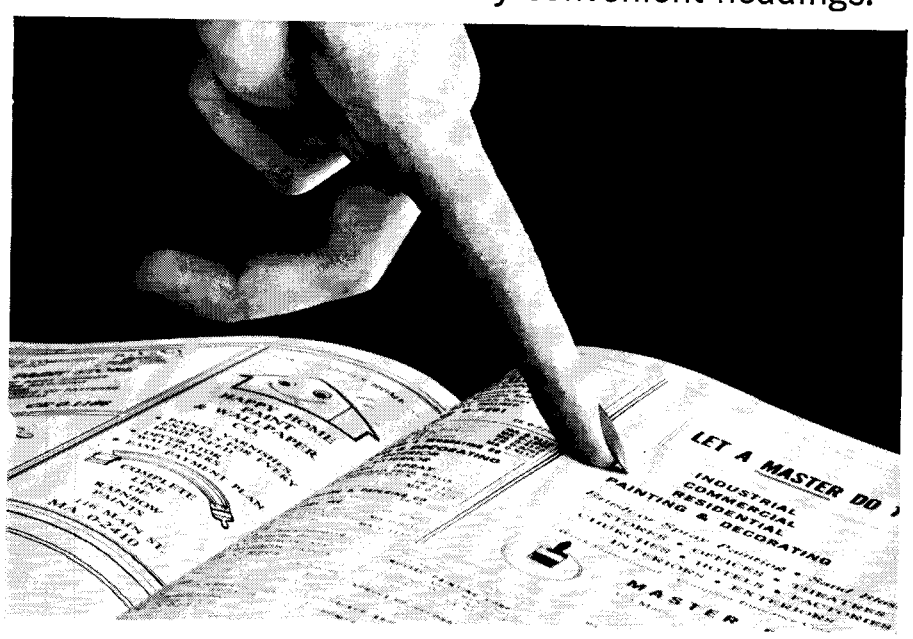

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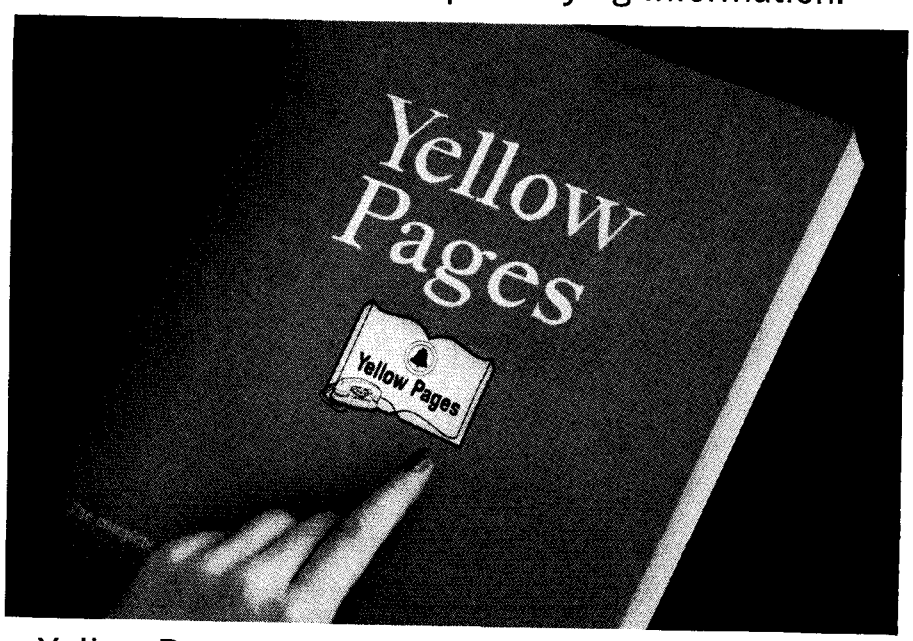

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Brazil's Hungry Millions

Latin America's Number One trouble spot is Northeast Brazil, where starvation threatens 23,000,000 peasants. The U.S. is helping, but it may be too little too late. • By NATHAN A. HAVERSTOCK

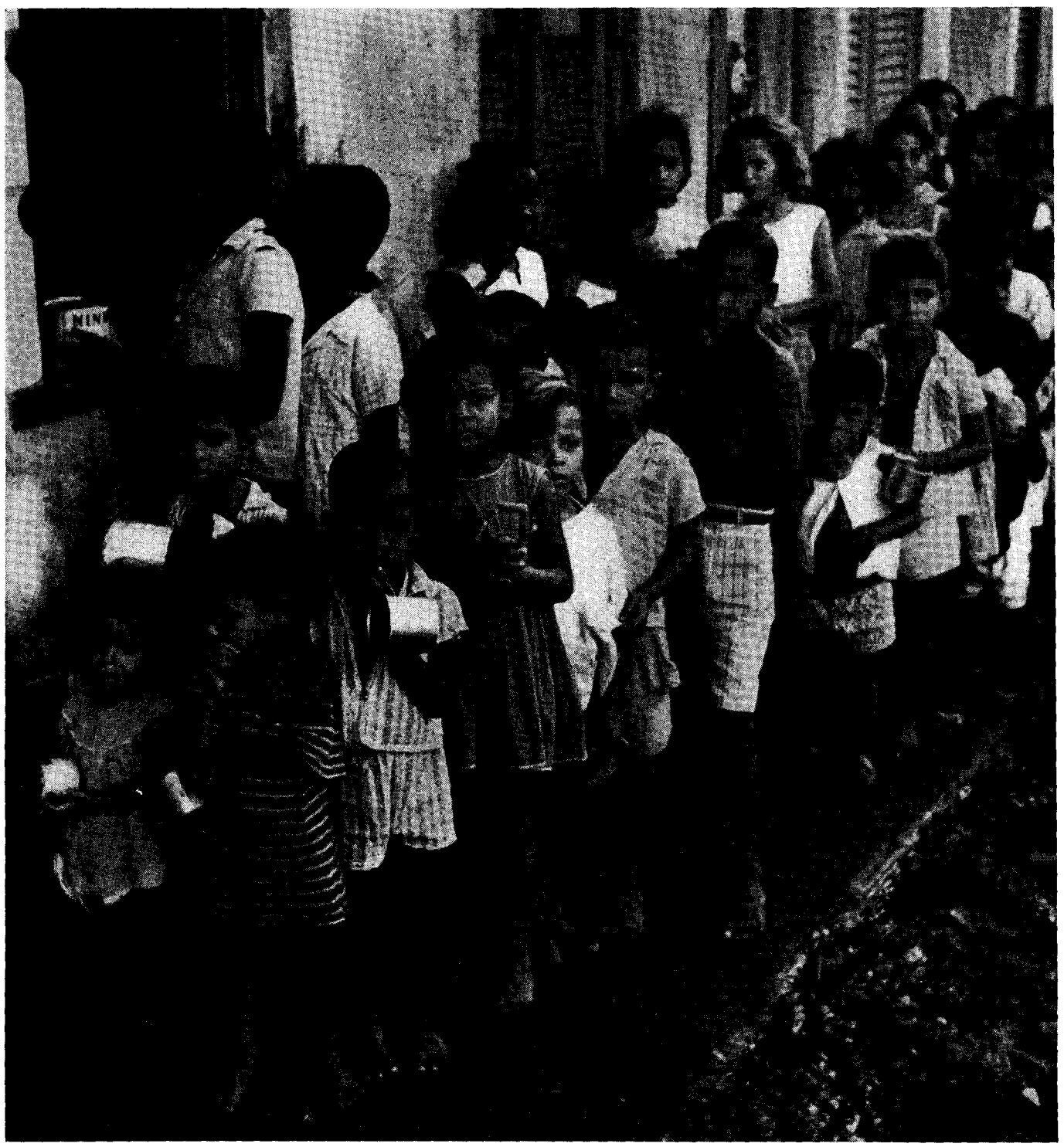
"Antonio won't eat," said the doctor, looking down at the tiny, shrunken infant in the crib at Albergue Santo Antonio, a hospital in Bahia, Brazil. "At eighteen months he weighs only eight and one half pounds." Gently the doctor stroked the baby's bony head. The child stirred and began to cry. It was the shrill, desolate cry of *miséria morta*—the deathly misery of Brazil's forgotten poor.

Antonio is one of 23,000,000 peasants—one third of Brazil's population—who live in the Brazilian Northeast, where *miséria morta* is the central fact of existence. When rains come and the Northeast's semiarid hinterland turns green, the peasants have almost enough to eat. When drought strikes, as it regularly does, the peasants starve. Some, like Antonio's parents, trek hundreds of miles from their parched farms to find work.

Suffering is not new to the Northeast, but until recently few outsiders have known of it, much less cared. Now some outsiders have come to care very much. So concerned is the United States that it plans to spend many millions in the region through the ten-year, $20,000,000,000 aid program for Latin America known as Alliance for Progress.

Why the sudden interest? The disastrous turn in our relations with Cuba, among other events, prompted the Kennedy Administration and Congress to take a fresh look at Latin America. The Northeast, it was found, was the Number One trouble spot. If the social revolution now gaining momentum there produced a Communist take-over, Brazil and all of Latin America would be endangered. And since the Northeasterners were in no shape to help themselves, even with a hand from their national government, the remedy had to be U.S. aid. Early this year, to underscore the seriousness of his Administration's purpose, President Kennedy announced he would pay an official visit to Brazil.

The Northeast, an area more than twice as large as Texas, hangs out into the Atlantic, an enormous, bloated paunch protruding from the edge of the Amazon basin in the north, then receding. Along the coast, like buttons on a vest, are the port cities—among them Natal, Recife



Children in Bahia wait for the daily dipperful of milk dispensed to youngsters under the age of 12.

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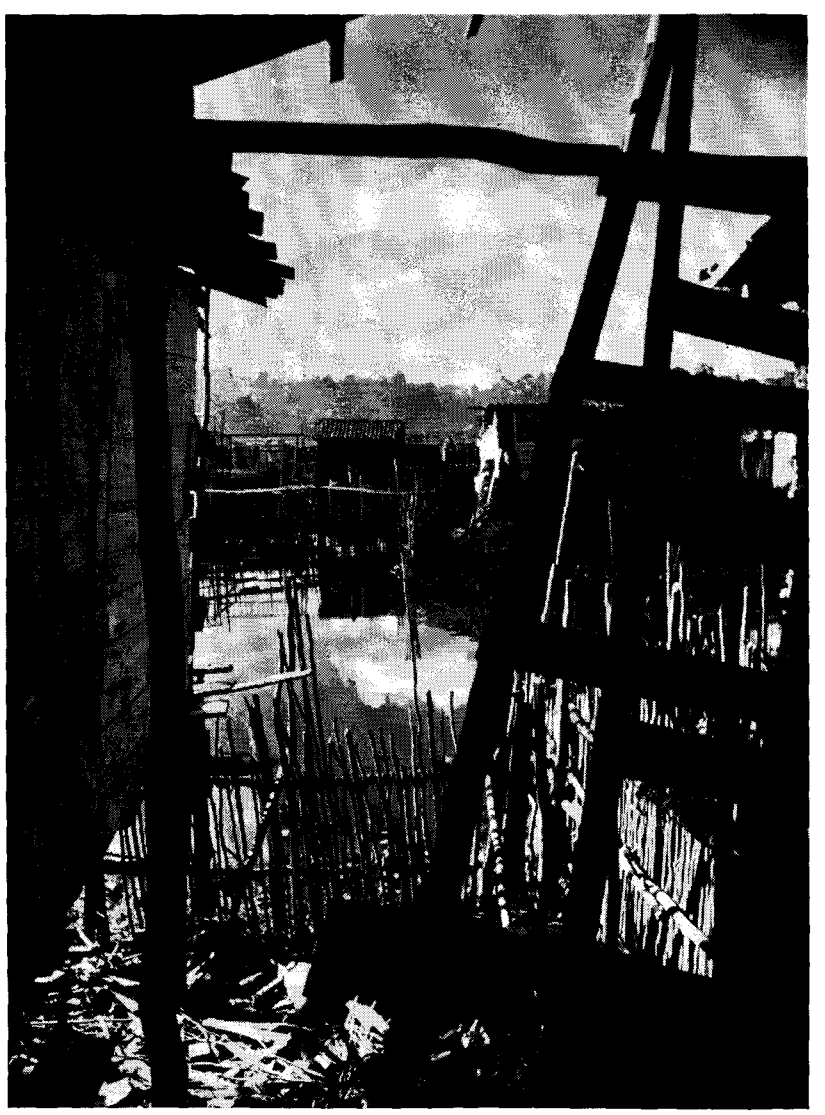
A peasant's tragic story: "God has seen to the increase of my children this year, but He has not helped me feed them."

Twice the size of Texas, Brazil's Northeast has a fertile coast. But the interior is dry, a chronic drought area.



Bahia's alagados, *the slums that shelter refugees from the interior, are built on garbage dumped in the Bay of Itapagipe.*

and Bahia—through which flow the cocoa, cotton and sugar cane grown in the land near the ocean. This narrow coastal strip—largely in the hands of a few wealthy men—is moist and fertile, but the peasants of the great interior work poor, dry soil.

This last year has been especially dry, with only slightly more rainfall than in the disaster year of 1932. Farming techniques in the interior have improved not at all since 1932, but in that period the population of the Northeast has increased 70 percent—in the arithmetic of poverty, a tragic statistic. A peasant from Nosso Senhor do Bonfim, the place where little Antonio's parents were born and reared, expresses the tragedy in personal terms. "God has seen to the increase of my children this year," he said, "but He has not helped me feed them."

"The truth of the matter," said a U.S. agronomist, an expert on the area, "is that, even under ideal conditions, the soil of the Northeast cannot support its population." According to his estimates there are 7,000,000 people too many.

Aid at $6 a Person

Heeding such gloomy predictions, the United States will spend $131,000,000 over the next two years for public works in the Northeast, an amount nearly equal to six dollars per inhabitant. (The Brazilian government, which in the past almost completely ignored the woes of the region, has promised to put up even more.) In addition, the U.S. has appointed Bruno Luzzatto as head of all U.S. aid programs in the Northeast. Luzzatto has the job of translating what so far has been merely a slogan—Alliance for Progress—into a meaningful effort.

I toured the Northeast recently, arriving several weeks before President Kennedy's scheduled visit to Brazil, to judge for myself whether the massive U.S.-Brazilian aid program stands a chance of solving the problem. In my travels I talked to all manner of Northeasterners—officials, peasants, clergy, businessmen—in their own language, Portuguese.

For the visitor nothing more vividly dramatizes the Northeast's plight than the *alagados*, the wretched slum towns which refugees from the drought-stricken interior have thrown up in the major coastal cities. The worse conditions are in the interior, the more crowded, clamorous and miserable the *alagados*. The *alagados* are a thermometer which gauges the sickness of the region as a whole.

No one lives in an *alagado* by choice. Antonio's parents, for example, left their thatched hovel near the interior town of Nosso Senhor do Bonfim only after the hostile sun had scorched their land for months and taken away their livelihood. Then they put their belongings on their backs and walked the 217 dusty miles to Bahia, a city of 650,000 inhabitants and the capital of the state of Bahia, in search of a job. But there were no jobs. So, like the sewage of the golden-cathedraled city, they gravitated to fetid *alagados*. Here their son Antonio was born.

Approximately 100,000 people live in Bahia's *alagados*, a five-mile horseshoe of land that has been created by dumping garbage into the Bay of Itapagipe. To make shacks, would-be residents scavenge sticks, crates and driftwood and weave them into frames resembling wickerwork. Then they throw mud at the inside and outside of the frame. If the mud sticks, they have walls for their hut. The roofs are made of bits of clay tile, tin cans and the like.

The dwellings have no walkways or lawns. There is only a vast spread of refuse, punctuated by mounds where garbage trucks have distributed their cargoes unevenly. Human excrement collects in stagnant pools between the fingers of higher ground. Barefoot children dig through each fresh load of garbage, hoping to find something edible. Everywhere hum swarms of flies, and overhead black vultures circle.

I arrived at the *alagados* at 6:30 in the morning. An American doctor, Frank Raila, was waiting for me outside the *alagados*' only hospital, the Albergue Santo Antonio. Across the narrow street sat a huddled family of lepers waiting for the papers which would give them access to a leprosarium in the interior of the state.

Doctor Raila is a well-built man of thirty-seven, a graduate of Loyola Medical School at Chicago. He carries his head forward, which makes him seem slightly stooped. When he stops to talk to a patient or lean over the cribs of sick babies like Antonio, his eyes darken with sadness.

In December of last year Raila, whose practice in suburban Chicago brought in about $1000 a week, offered his professional services free of charge to the Brazilian government. The offer was accepted, and he was assigned to Bahia.

According to Raila, the infant-mortality rate in Bahia's *alagados* is 80 percent. (In the *alagados* of other cities, the rate ranges from 40 to 50 percent.)

So it wasn't surprising that, during their first year there, Antonio's brothers and sisters died. Soon afterward his mother and father died too. For a while neighbors looked after the orphaned Antonio, but the neighbors had a big, hungry family of their own and soon turned the starving baby over to the hospital for the care he desperately needed.

My guide through the *alagados* was William Brokaw, a forty-six-year-old American who came to Bahia in 1940 to go into business as an automobile importer. When stiff import taxes drove him out of business, Brokaw switched to selling auto accessories. He now manages three shops—each is called "The American"—and they have been so successful, Brokaw told me, that "it began to hurt when I thought of how little I had done for the local community."

Protestant Helps Catholics

Early this year he and other like-minded American businessmen in Bahia formed the American Society of Bahia. The society has launched the first relief work undertaken in Bahia by private U.S. citizens. Among other activities, it helps support the work of Roman Catholic Sister Dulce, who founded the hospital where Doctor Raila works.

"She's a Catholic, and I'm a Protestant," Brokaw said. "So what! Kids suffering from malnutrition don't know the difference."

The frail Sister Dulce has her hands full attending to the refugees fleeing the persecution of hunger and disease. "She can't say no to anyone," said Brokaw, "so she just charges the thing she needs to carry on her work, saying, 'The Lord always seems to provide a way to pay the bills.'"

On March 20 the American Society received its first imported shipment of

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powdered milk, 180 cases with sixty pounds in each case, from Caritas, a Roman Catholic relief organization. The society, through Brokaw and Raila, set up four stations in the *alagados* for the distribution of the milk. Each station is the house of a woman who has offered to give out the milk without pay.

Maria Leal de Souza is one such woman. Short and motherly, she wears her hair in a neat ponytail. Every day she boils water in her huge caldron and pours in a box of milk powder. Then she adds M.P.F. (a multipurpose food) and sugar. Maria's own children stand by the door, passing out tips on when the milk will be ready to the children who begin lining up in front of the house at six in the morning. Thin arms hold out tin cans for the one large dipperful each child under twelve receives. In all, 1500 children in Bahia's *alagados* receive milk through this modest program every day.

Born a Year Too Early

Besides running a milk-distribution station, Maria is also an unpaid nurse in the American Society's medical program. Almost 300 people show up at the dispensary hut next to her home for Doctor Raila's regular Tuesday call. At the end of each visit the doctor leaves Maria medicines which she has been trained to administer.

It was unfortunate that Antonio came into the world a year too early to benefit from either the milk or the medical program. By the time the starving child was taken to the hospital, he had contracted tuberculosis. "For Antonio," said Doctor Raila the first day I visited the hospital, "it is only a matter of time."

To learn more of the situation which the *alagados* represent, I flew by light plane into the Northeastern interior. Below me, as the plane left Bahia and the coast, was the *massapê*, the thickly planted, fertile strip with its large estates, each dominated by the great house of its master. On higher ground farther inland, small vegetable farmers worked the soil; beyond lay the interior.

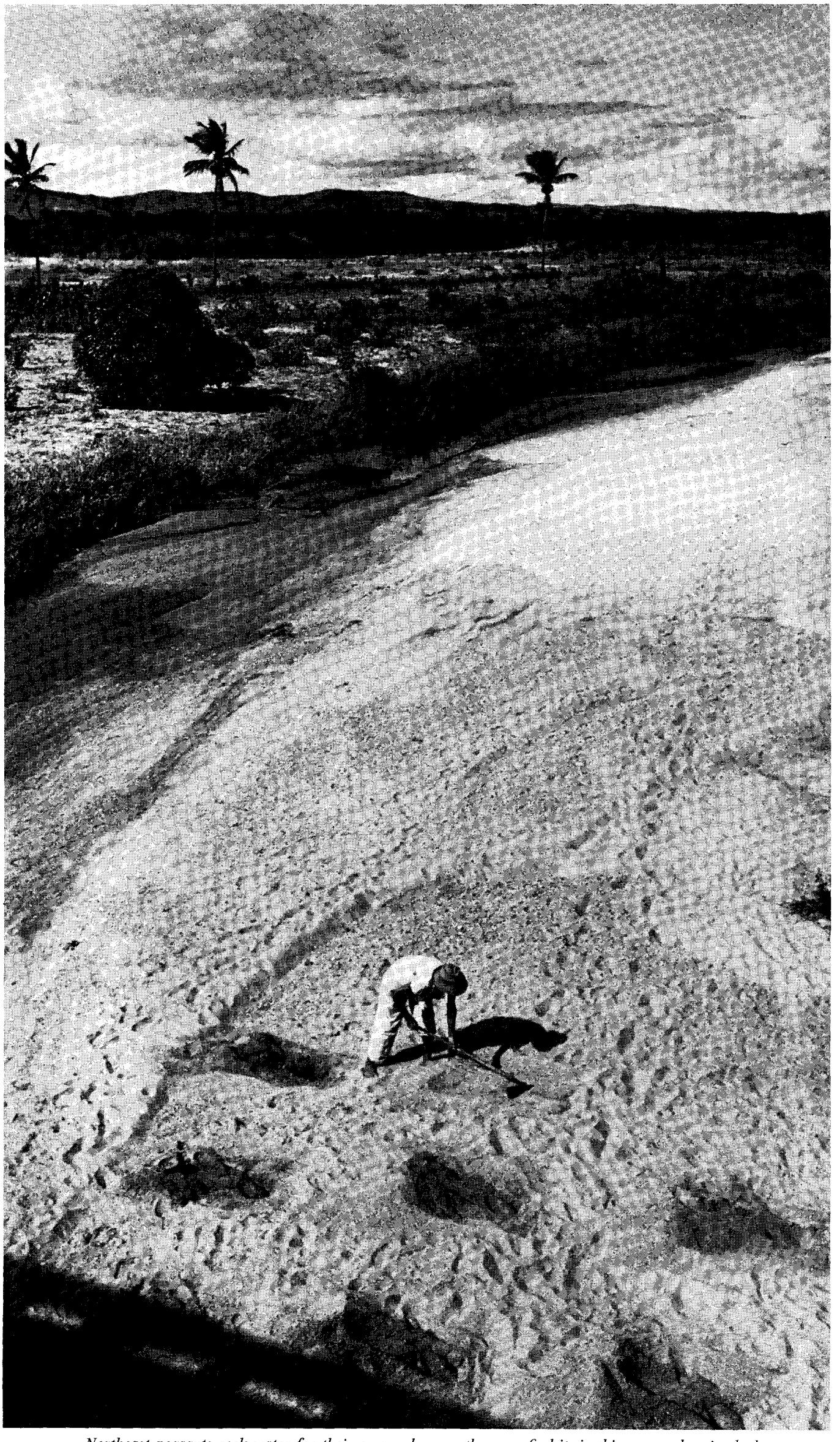
It looked like West Texas in a very bad year. The fields were burnt and brown. The potholes which catch rainwater were dry; no one stirred on the dirt roads linking the tiny plots of land and the thatched shacks of the *sertanejos*, the peasants. "Here nature is impoverished," wrote Euclydes da Cunha in his Brazilian epic, *Rebellion in the Backlands*.

I thought of Da Cunha whenever we landed, when I saw the *sertanejos* who haunt the country towns, loitering because they cannot work. "They are ugly, awkward and stooped," Da Cunha wrote, "with a downtrodden mien and air of depressing humility."

In Itiubá, a dusty town deep in the state of Bahia, there was a long line of women with buckets waiting at one well and dozens of water carts at another. "The lines are always long," a young cart driver told me. "There is no other place to get water within many, many miles."

"Northeasterners are in the depths of misery," said Itiubá's mayor, a young man who tries to conceal the fact that his hand is missing by hiding the stump in his pocket, "so for them any change is good. When a leader comes along who is making any sort of movement on this barren landscape, they are likely to follow him."

So far no single leader has emerged to mobilize the Northeast's discontent.



Northeast peasants seek water for their crops wherever they can find it, in this case a dry riverbed.

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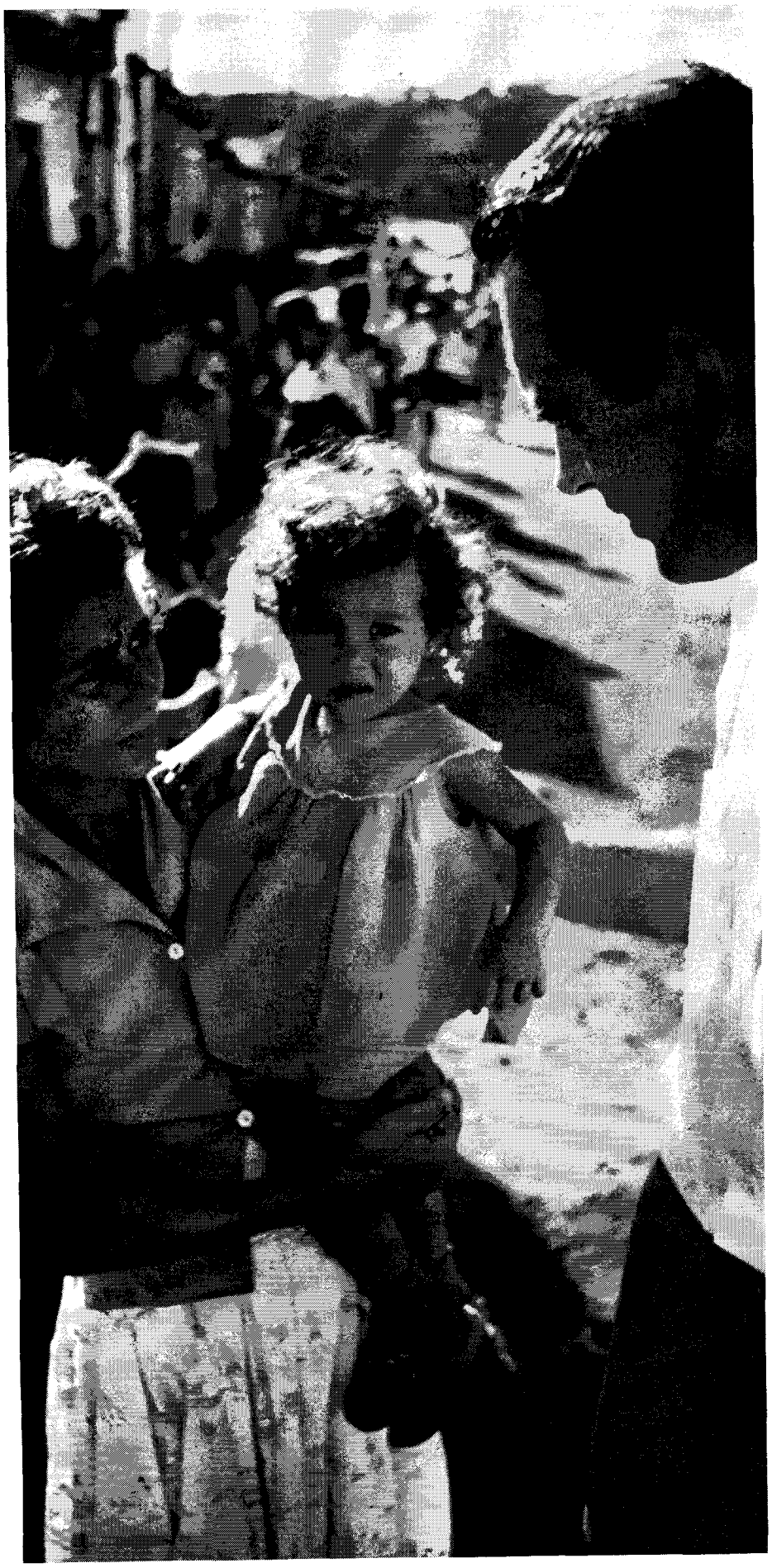
"She's a Catholic and I'm a Protestant. So what! Kids suffering from malnutrition don't know the difference."



American doctor Frank Raila talks with a mother in an alagado. *Dr. Raila gave up a $1000-a-week practice to work without pay in Brazil.*

Indisputably, however, the peasants of the Northeast are entering upon a social revolution and, if the infant Antonio were a grown man, he would be taking part in it. The outcome of the revolution is uncertain, for it is only now beginning to take form. But its existence is already apparent in the rich coastal strip, controlled for four centuries by a handful of feudal-minded landholders. Their estates—*latifundias*—are worked by tenant farmers whom they severely exploit.

In the past decade many of the *latifundias* have been inherited by soft youths educated in expensive schools in Rio de Janeiro and Europe. They do not have the business acumen of their fathers, and their ineptitude, combined with poor farming techniques, has reduced profits. So the youngsters, since their estates no longer furnish them with the money to support themselves in apartments in Rio, have lost interest and are trying to sell out. In the absence of the leadership traditionally exercised by the landowners, the peasants are turning to new leaders.

There is a tendency to oversimplify the situation and see in one or another of these leaders a rising Castro. Nonetheless, some of the popular leaders who call themselves socialists actually sound like Communists. Their pamphlets exhort the peasants to follow the example of the Cubans and to seize "a piece of land for every man." Such a leader is the much-ballyhooed Francisco Julião. The author of a novel, Julião was wryly described to me by one of his professors as "a man with a literary disappointment." Julião has been trying to weld the peasants of the *latifundias* into leagues to take over their masters' estates. He formed the first league seven years ago; now there are close to 100, and he claims they control more than 12,000 acres of coastal land.

In the interior few of the peasants I talked to had even heard of Julião. In the coastal strip the spread of his influence is checked by his mistakes. Recently Julião lost face when opposition leaders organized a peasant league to take over Julião's own estate outside the seacoast city of Recife. Like those he has been attacking, Julião also called the police to oust the peasants.

Priest With a Plan

Outside a church in Cabo, a town in the fertile region near Recife, I talked to peasants who, while critical of the big landholders and in favor of reform, unanimously denounced Julião as a demagogue. They were parishioners of Padre Antonio de Melo Costa, one of a number of Roman Catholic priests who are trying to guide the Northeast's social revolution along non-Communist lines.

Twenty-eight-year-old Padre Melo is a small man. His voice grows husky with emotion when he talks of the woes of the peasants. At such moments he calls to mind Padre Hidalgo, the priest who sparked the Mexican Revolution more than a century ago. Melo was reared as one of fifteen children on a little plot of land which never supported his family adequately. However, this son of a land-poor farmer does not see agrarian reform as the principal solution.

"The land will never support a farmer population," Padre Melo told me. "There are just too many people. We must overleap agrarian reform by developing city-based industries. Industries are needed all the more because of the migration of peasants to the cities."

The Roman Catholic Church, according to Melo, is the only force in the communities of the Northeast which reaches down to the level of the common man. He does not exaggerate. The Church's mission is to help educate the peasants to their rights and to organize them so that they may demand their rights. Melo himself runs a school in which he teaches bright young men how to form unions.

"There is no such thing as a bad government," he said, "if men can express their dissatisfaction through organizations."

The social revolution is a just one, Melo believes. He feels that, with education and aid, the demagogues can be thwarted. As an official of a farming town in the interior said to me: "Men like Julião have awakened the responsible people of Brazil to our problems. And this is the only victory the Juliãos will win if the Northeast gets help in time."

The United States has already helped the Northeast through the Point Four program, a technical-assistance plan now being superseded in the Northeast by Alliance for Progress. But a new, more immediate form of U.S. aid has begun to flow. The day I arrived in Brazil, at Bahia, the first shipload of grain under the U.S. Food for Peace program was being unloaded there. Later I went down to the dock for the ceremony marking the transfer of the shipment—4000 tons of dried corn—to Brazilian authorities.

Needed Corn Stored Away

Under the blaze of a fierce noon sun speeches were made, and the corn was poured symbolically through the fingers of U.S. and Brazilian officials. But the corn was not given out to the hungry on the spot. According to the agreement, only 10 percent of the corn would be distributed immediately. The remainder would be held in reserve against future needs, eventually to be filtered out through the hands of various government officials.

Plenty of reasons were given for not directly distributing the corn. First, it had to be bagged and labeled FOOD FOR PEACE. Also, I was told, if such a quantity were to be distributed free, the local market would suffer. A more likely explanation is that in Brazil, as in all hungry countries, he who has food has power. Brazilian politicians may be reluctant to give away indiscriminately an asset which could be so useful if parceled out *quid pro quo*.

I left the ceremony with a troubling contrast in mind: Doctor Raila and Bill Brokaw were reaching 1500 undernourished children every day with a half ton of food, making a dent in the misery of the *alagados*. Yet most of the 4000 tons from the U.S. Government were going to wind up in the grain elevators of Bahia.

U.S. aid programs will fail to reach needy people until we start backing up our programs with officials to see them through. There were, at the time of this writing, only six Americans staffing our aid programs in the Northeast (Alliance for Progress, Food for Peace and Point Four) who were actually living there. Quite naturally, they all live in the agreeable coastal cities where they can deal with Brazilian officialdom.

"Our aid program," said an experienced American diplomat, "is largely a matter of looking over the shoulders of Brazilian bureaucrats who are supposed

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to be doing a job with our dollars. And that seems kind of silly to me, when what we Americans are good at is pitching in and helping to do a job ourselves. If we want to win the Northeast to our side, we must combine more people with our dollars." He was too diplomatic to point out a fact acknowledged both inside and outside Brazil: The country's underpaid local officials are often inefficient, sometimes dishonest.

There are of course, many exceptions. For example, the parents of suffering children, like Antonio, cannot in fairness blame the governor of the state of Bahia, perhaps the best governor in all the Northeast. Famed for his insistence on punctuality, he is a go-getter without fear of his local or national opposition.

Half a Billion in Aid

His program, which includes the building of new roads, the increase of electric power, the establishment of a central bank and the diversification of his state's cocoa economy, is designed to fulfill the most urgent community needs and to attract federal and private investment. In short, he wants to build a permanent economic base for more production and more jobs.

To help the state governors and to coordinate all of the relief measures and development plans for the Northeast, the Brazilian government has created a single organization, the Northeast Development Agency. Its director is a dynamic and well-trained economist. With U.S. administrator Bruno Luzzatto acting as his adviser, he will control the spending of the half billion dollars the U.S. and Brazil will pour into the Northeast under the Alliance for Progress.

The prescription for the Brazilian Northeast obviously calls for long-range development programs. For a more immediate effect, however, men with technical knowledge and regional know-how are needed—men such as Frank Raila and Bill Brokaw. The fact is that few Americans (or, for that matter, Brazilians from outside the Northeast) get into the interior. The people I met in the interior—all of them friendly—were astonished that a North American had come to see them.

Lack of contact with the people of the Northeast causes some American officials mistakenly to believe that Northeasterners are anti-American. Robert Peterson, who has been for several years the administrator of Point Four programs in the Northeast, cites the case of an American official who recently advised Washington not to send Peace Corpsmen into the area because he feared for their lives.

"The truth," said Peterson, "is that we American technicians have been hailed wherever we go. We have no problem at all with anti-American sentiment. The people we meet give us a warm embrace. They go along with us on any kind of problem. They are our friends."

But the friendliness may wither if it is not soon nourished by down-to-earth action in the controversial Alliance for Progress. If we do not meet the immediate problems, as dramatized by the Antonios of the *alagados*, there may be neither the time nor the elbowroom to work on the long-range programs.

Unfortunately Antonio can't wait. On May eleventh in the Albergue Santo Antonio, the only hospital in Bahia's *alagados*, he died. **THE END**

Photographs by John Bryson

At the hospital she founded, Sister Dolce cradles the TB-ravaged body of Antonio, an 18-month-old orphan.

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EDITORIALS

That Man in the White House

The President was riding the crest of a wave, and suddenly the wave came tumbling down. When U.S. Steel abruptly announced its price increase last April, the Administration pressured the company into rescinding the order. Keeping prices lower should have been a popular move, but various polls showed that the President's popularity took a sharp dip. A *Wall Street Journal* reporter, sounding opinion in New Jersey and Indiana two months later, found a residue of fear and resentment against the President. "I voted for him in 1960," one woman said, "and I'll probably vote for him in 1964, because the Republicans don't have anybody. But his toughness scares me a little. I think it's OK if he wants to be real tough with Khrushchev, but why should he be tough with his own people?"

The steel episode was only the beginning of Mr. Kennedy's troubles. The stock market crashed, and he took the brunt of the blame. Former President Eisenhower, restrained in his criticism of his successor up to that point, charged that the Administration was "floundering, thrashing aimlessly and a bit desperately about." (General Eisenhower will amplify his views of the Kennedy Administration's domestic policies in the next issue of *The Post*.) The House killed the Administration farm bill; Democrats on Capitol Hill grumbled that the President wasn't giving them an issue to run on in the fall. Brother Teddy did the President no favor by insisting on running for the U.S. Senate, although he was barely of senatorial age and his public-service career consisted of a year and a half as an assistant district attorney. Teddy's candidacy was a growing embarrassment to his brother, and the President made a mistake by not taking him aside and telling him that there wasn't room at the top for another Kennedy. Criticism welled up all around, some of it aimed at Teddy and the family, much of it a vague rumble of discontent against the Kennedy family's "lust for power." "One dog barks," noted an observer, "and all dogs bark, whether they know why they are barking or not."

What happened? Why did the wave break so suddenly and unexpectedly? The steel crisis was the crucial episode, and Roger Blough was the Hamlet of that drama. The Administration, sitting in on U.S. Steel's contract negotiations, had extracted an agreement from labor to forgo a wage increase. Clearly, the understanding, acquiesced in by U.S. Steel through its silence, was that industry would hold the line on prices.

Then Roger Blough walked into the President's office and handed him a sheet of paper informing him of the price rise, after first releasing it to the press. That was an incredible piece of arrogance and an extraordinary affront to the Presidency. From a public-relations standpoint it was a real blunder; Mr. Blough admitted he didn't know much about politics.

The President had every right to feel that he had been betrayed. But one blunder does not necessarily call for another. Understandably but unwisely the President reacted in anger. He held a potent club: the power and prestige of his office, and he clobbered Mr. Blough with it. The FBI, in an outrageous invasion of privacy, routed reporters out of bed to find from them what they knew about a Bethlehem Steel stockholders' meeting where the price increase was discussed. Big Steel was threatened with a grand-jury investigation, congressional investigations and the loss of Defense Department contracts. Every possible pressure was brought to bear. The Administration beat back the price rise, but it wasn't *what* they did that was remembered. It was the way they did it. The spectacle of the badly mauled Mr. Blough stuck in many minds after the rollback was forgotten.

The President since then has made many attempts to placate business. At times it has seemed that the caustic Washington wit Fletcher Knebel was justified in writing, "Businessmen say they might get along better with JFK if he'd just quit swatting them over the head with that olive branch." The President never retracted his remark that "My father always told me that all businessmen were s.o.b.'s, but I never believed it till now," which he was said to have made at the height of the steel crisis. He merely modified it to apply to steel executives only. It rankled deeply, and it remains the principal evidence supporting "Kennedy's antibusiness bias." His Yale speech was an attempt to mollify business, but he brandished the club again. "If a contest in angry argument were forced upon it," he said, "no Administration could shrink from the response, and history does not suggest that American Presidents are totally without resources in an engagement forced upon them because of hostility in one sector of the society." That, rather than the peacemaking attempts, is the part of the speech that businessmen will remember.

Government intervention and regulation, unbalanced budgets and the "power plays" of the Kennedy Administration are anathema to business. The Roger Blough incident shook them to their shoes.

But despite these misgivings, John F. Kennedy is no wild-eyed radical. He is a man of action, and he comprehends the necessity of change in order to preserve. He is also determined that the public shall be represented in the great labor-management disputes, as it should be. We live in parlous times, and great decisions must be made in the months and years ahead. Whether we like it or not, we must place a great deal of faith in the occupant of the White House, regardless of his identity or his political party.

The House of Representatives in passing the trade bill with the help of Republicans paved the way for Mr. Kennedy to assume great powers ov tariffs which affect the whole economy—and that is the way it has to be in these swiftly moving times. We have learned that we cannot isolate ourselves from the economy of the world at large, just as we learned twenty years ago that we cannot stand off while the rest of the world burns.

The President has shown that he has ability to adjust. His anxiety to improve his relations with business is a hopeful sign. Businessmen would do their country and themselves a disservice if they were to adopt a rigidly hostile stance toward Mr. Kennedy. As he himself has said, the time to try to throw him out is the next election. Meantime, he is the President.

"Dear Senator:"

Few subjects in recent memory have brought down upon Capitol Hill such an avalanche of letters as the proposal in the Administration's tax-reform bill to withhold the income tax on interest from savings and dividends. Congressional staffs have been all but swamped by the volume of mail. In less than a month Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois received more than 60,000 letters and postcards condemning the tax-reform bill (which probably is dead for this year).

Many of the letter writers have frankly admitted that they were inspired by savings-and-loan companies who are violently opposed to the bill (because, among other things, it would raise their own taxes). Some correspondents merely filled in the blanks on postcards supplied them by the savings-and-loan organizations. Comments in the letters showed that many of the authors didn't know the first thing about the bill.

They thought the withholding was a new tax, which it wasn't (it is designed to catch tax dodgers who fail to pay the Treasury an estimated $800,000,000 a year). They protested that it would deprive poor widows and orphans of their income, which it wouldn't. (The bill doesn't apply to persons under the age of eighteen.) Nonprofit trusts are exempt, and low-income citizens who would not owe any tax would simply file a certificate which would exempt them from the withholding.

In the mountain of mail arriving on Capitol Hill one letter stood out for its lack of subtlety and its utter innocence of even the most elementary knowledge of the withholding provision. It was addressed to Sen. Lee Metcalf (Democrat) of Montana and is reproduced below:

Dear Mr. Metcalf

When I received my notice of savings and loan interest the other day, there was enclosed a request to write to my Senator in opposition to some bill. I can't find the slip and don't know what bill, but you probably know, and I want to tell you I am against it.

Thank you.

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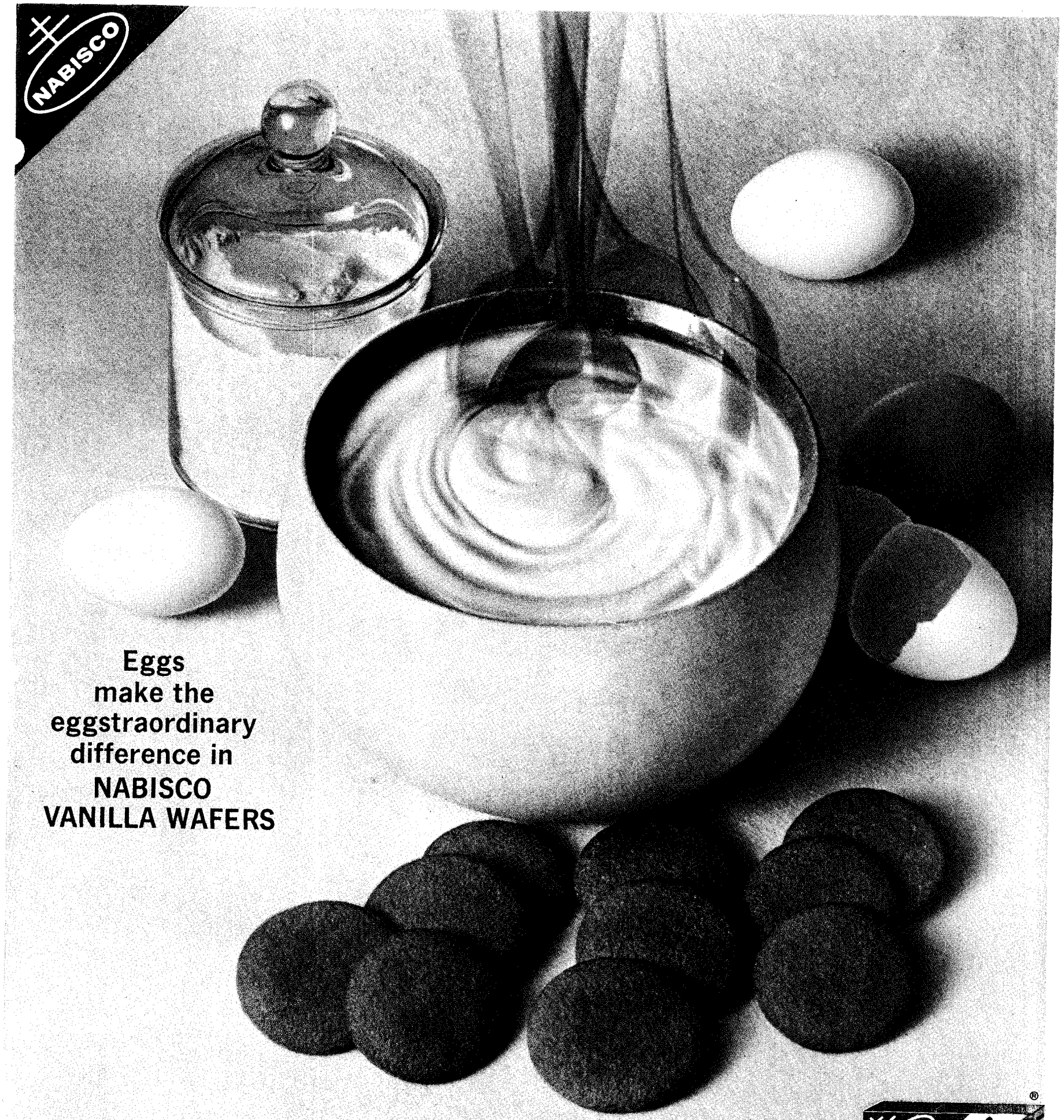

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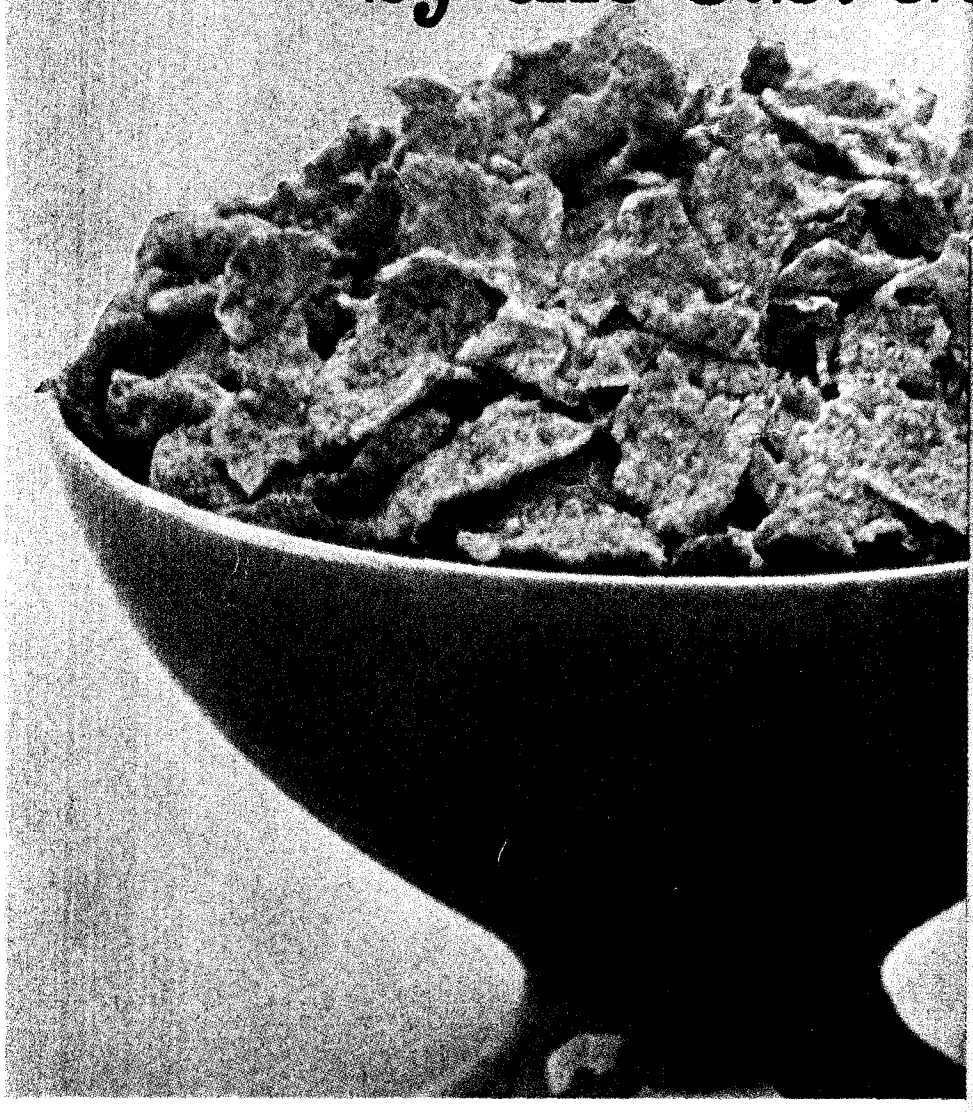
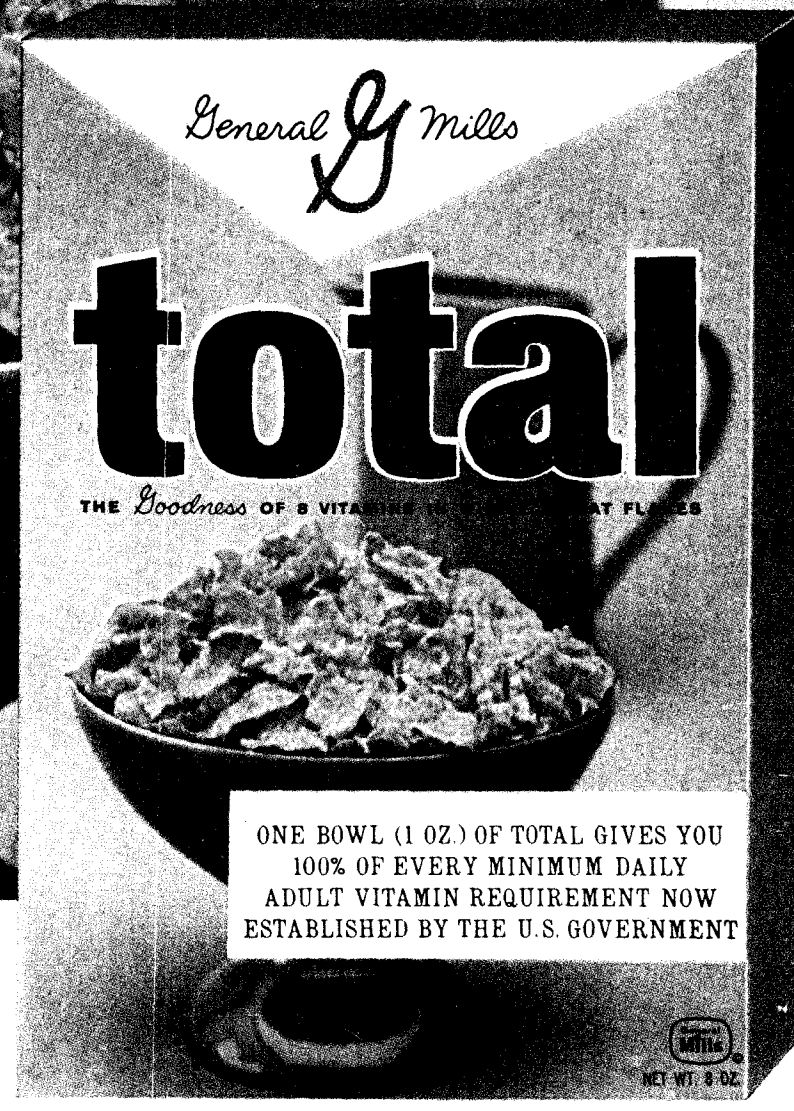
new! **total**! low-fat, low-calorie cereal!

One bowl (1oz.) of total gives you 100% of every minimum daily adult vitamin requirement now set by the U.S. Government




General Mills
total
THE Goodness OF 8 VITA
AT FLAKES
ONE BOWL (1 OZ.) OF TOTAL GIVES YOU
100% OF EVERY MINIMUM DAILY
ADULT VITAMIN REQUIREMENT NOW
ESTABLISHED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
NET WT. 8 OZ.

Enjoy total in the morning—
feel more vitamin-safe all day!

No other cereal—no other food on earth—gives you this **"total"** combination of five big advantages in a single one-ounce (1 cupful or bowl) serving **just as it comes out of the package!**

1. **VITAMIN ASSURANCE**—one hundred percent of every minimum daily adult VITAMIN requirement now set by the U. S. Government.
2. **LOW FAT—ONLY 2.2%.** One ounce has about as much fat as a ripe pear!
3. **ONLY 106 CALORIES**—about the same as a cup of fresh orange juice!
4. **NATURAL BULK** to comfortably satisfy the appetite!
5. **SUPERB FLAVOR!** Children as well as adults love the taste of these golden, richly-toasted wheat flakes. **"total"** is the good tasting way to give your family these 8 vitamins!

NEWEST BIG G CEREAL FROM GENERAL MILLS

Get all these vitamins in just one serving

% OF MINIMUM DAILY REQUIREMENTS IN 1 OZ.	
VITAMIN A	100%
THIAMINE (B_1)	100%
RIBOFLAVIN (B_2)	100%
NIACIN	100%
VITAMIN C	100%
VITAMIN D	100%
VITAMIN B_6	1.2 mg.*
VITAMIN B_{12}	2.2 mcg.*

*Minimum daily requirements have not been established for Vitamins B_6 and B_{12}.

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